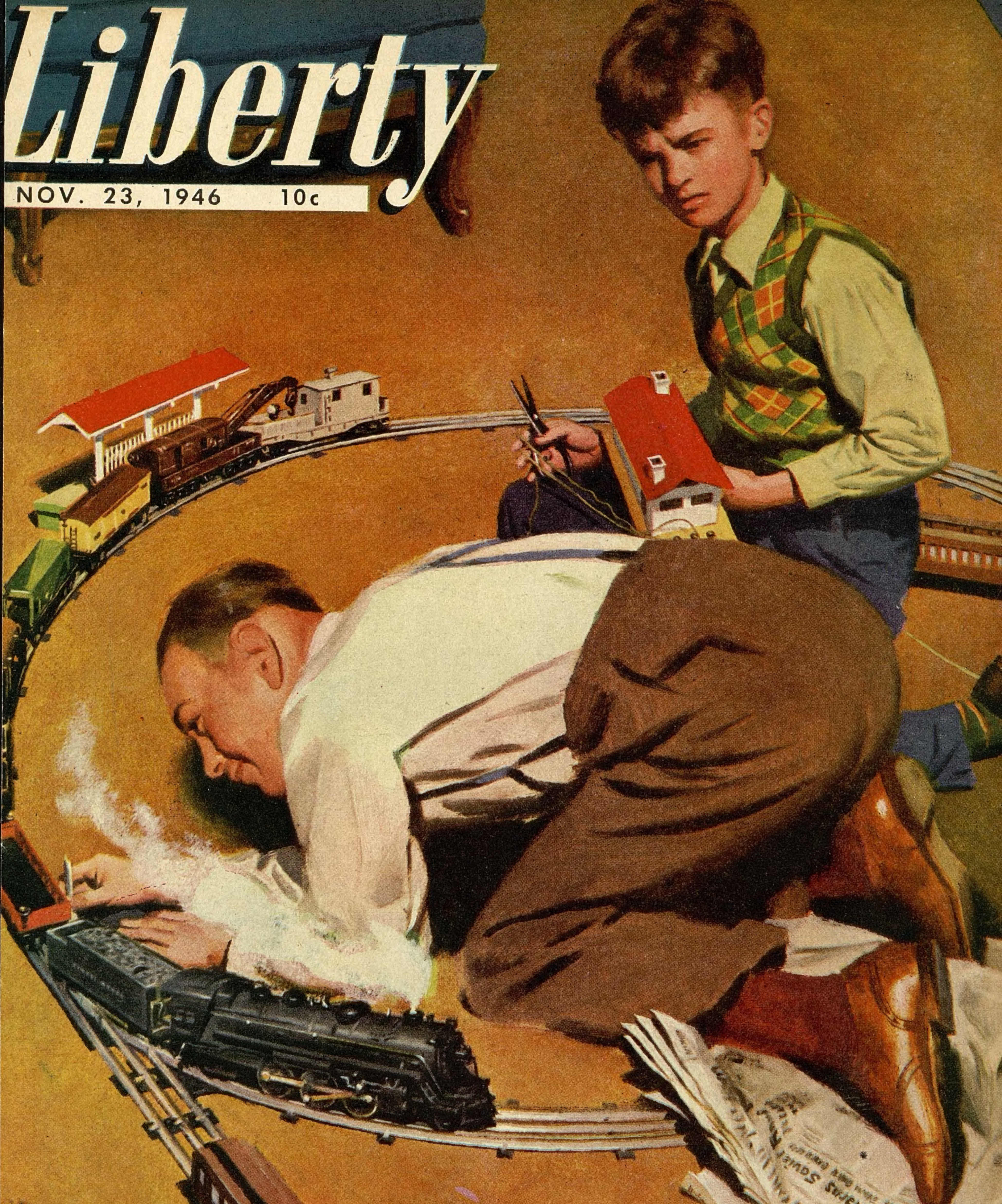
# Liberty

NOV. 23, 1946 10c



**ok: GRANDFATHER OBJECTS**
to almost everything—and little wonder!

**Starting: FOR LOVE OR MONEY**
Tense thriller by Samuel W. Taylor

*To sight the old gun*
*On a high flyin' one*
*Is a thrill for sportsmen true.*

*And to make the fun greater*
*In that drink that comes later*
*Only Old Thompson will do.*

H. E. Kelley

## ...now for another perfect retrieve

A perfect day calls for a drink that's perfect. Recipe: Take one tired but happy hunter and add a tall glass, ice cubes, a little water and a jigger of Old Thompson. Then a sip and a smile as your happy hunter savors the matchless flavor of Old Kentucky, put there by Glenmore.

*Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof — 67½% Grain Neutral Spirits*
Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

A Glenmore Product

OLD THOMPSON BRAND
Glenmore's
OLD
THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey

# OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

COPYRIGHT 1946 G. D. CO.

☆ ☆ ☆ A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS ☆ ☆ ☆

# Should a Mother continue to Model?

**Boo!** Jean and Lynn often visit the Museum of Natural History for nature study. But thanks to "model" mother care, they need no lessons in care of teeth and gums. Sensitive gums, "pink" on your tooth brush, mean *see your dentist*. Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

### Winning, wholesome smiles of Jean and Lynn Rushmore provide your answer

"I WAS DOUBTFUL myself, at first," admits "model" mother Frances Rushmore of Jackson Heights, N. Y. "But I think you'll agree that Jean and Lynn show no signs of neglect. Look at their smiles!"

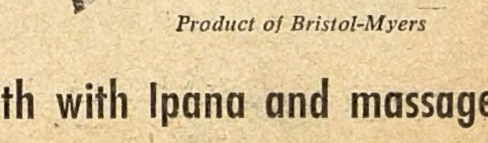
Stressing the importance of a smile as she does, this very blond, very beautiful mother reveals her John Robert Powers training. *Valuable* training that Frances passes on to her two adorable daughters, who carefully follow her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

As the wife of Howard Rushmore, feature writer for the N. Y. *Journal-American*, Frances keeps abreast of the times. She knows what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching today—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

**Raid!** Smiling her approval, Frances watches Jean and Lynn "drink up." Like most of us, these youngsters are also fond of the soft, creamy foods that rob gums of exercise. But their "model" mother knows that Ipana is specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

**Beauty Contest winner at 14,** Frances knows how important a smile is. Here she reminds 8-year-old Jean that, "Every time you brush your teeth, massage your gums a little." This brief workout with Ipana speeds up needed circulation within the gums, helps safeguard her future smile.

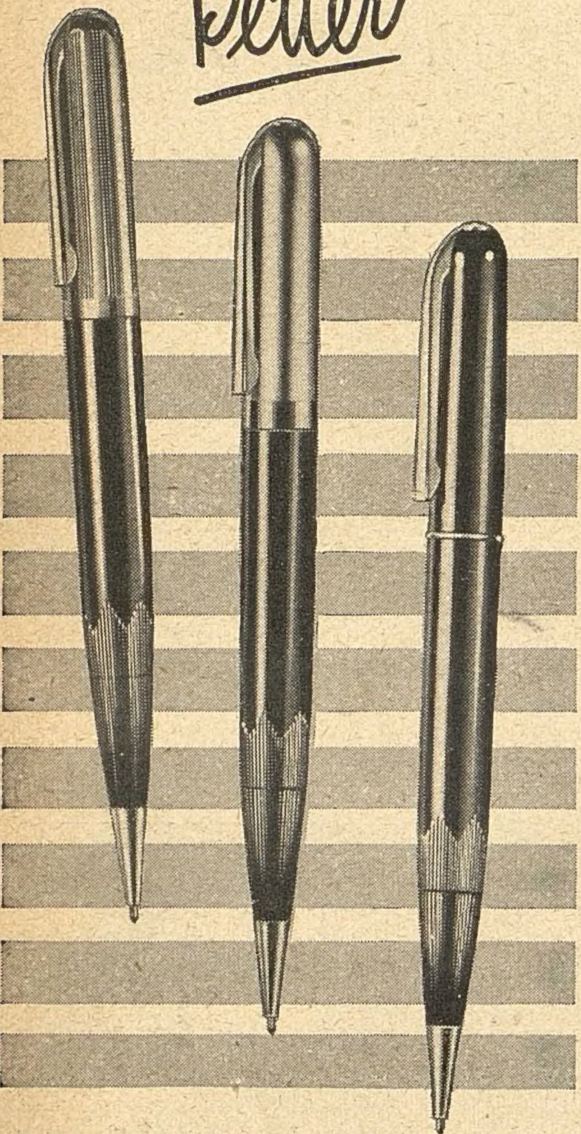
**If only parents knew** as much as most children about the importance of gum massage which is taught in thousands of today's classrooms. Also that 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, nationwide survey shows. (And prefer Ipana 2 to 1 *for their own use!*) But let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.



*Product of Bristol-Myers*

**Firmer gums—brighter teeth with Ipana and massage**

Always Incomparably Better



The new "Autopoint" pencils, as always, are incomparably better in smart styling with gleaming gold trim and new "pocket-level" clips . . . better in the flawless, trouble-free writing they deliver. Their famous "Grip-Tite" tips won't let leads wobble, turn or fall out. It takes time to precision build quarter-century proved "Autopoint" pencils. So while they are not plentiful now, accelerated output soon will put an "Autopoint" in your pocket or purse. Pencils shown, left to right: $3.75 (plus excise tax), $2.65 and $1.75 (no excise tax). Models for standard or real thin leads.

**Autopoint Leads in New Improved Plastic Tube**

Ask your dealer for "Autopoint" leads in the new "Turn-top, Tilt-lead-out" plastic tube—the greatest improvement ever made in a lead container. Turn top and tilt leads out. No cap to remove and lose. Stops leads spilling out. With standard leads 10c—Real Thin leads 15c.

*Business organizations give imprinted "Autopoint" Pencils to spark up sales, build good will.*

Autopoint Company, Dept. L-11, 1801 Foster Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill.

**Autopoint**
TRADE MARK
BETTER PENCILS
FIT ANY POCKET . . . EVERY POCKETBOOK

THE WORLD TODAY IN FACT AND FICTION

# This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER

EDWARD MAHER, EDITOR

*Associates*

William E. Rae, *Articles*
Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*
Helen Greenwood, *Books*
Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*
Stacy V. Jones, *Washington*
David Brown, *Executive Editor*
Lee Pasquin, *Management*
John B. Danby, *Ms. Editor*
Mary G. Clarke, *Ms. Editor*
Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood*

## ★ ARTICLES

**When You Call 'Em That, Smile!** *J. Charles Davis, 2d* . . . . . . . . . . 10
**Muscling in on Labor,** *Victor Riesel and Will Chasan* . . . . . . . . . . 15
**Society Bible,** *Earl Welch* . . . . . . . . . . 18
**They Hit the Pay Dirt,** *Stanley Frank* . . . . . . . . . . 20
**Resolute Roz,** *Elizabeth Wilson* . . . . . . . . . . 21
**No. 18 to Barstow,** *Wessel Smitter* . . . . . . . . . . 24
**Magic Swamp,** *Leonard Engel* . . . . . . . . . . 28
**Stalin's "Little Brothers,"** *William van Narvig* . . . . . . . . . . 29

## ★ STORIES

**For Love or Money—Part I,** *Samuel W. Taylor* . . . . . . . . . . 16
**Buried Treasure—Short Short,** *Fred Gipson* . . . . . . . . . . 22
**A Husband for Julia,** *Isabella Taves* . . . . . . . . . . 30
**That's My Boy,** *Jerome Brondfield* . . . . . . . . . . 32

## ★ PICTURES

**The Camera Eye** . . . . . . . . . . 26

## ★ BOOK CONDENSATION

**Grandfather Objects**—*Walter Beebe Wilder's mirthful chronicle of an old gentleman with too many female companions—abridged to a reading time of one evening* . . . . . . . . . . 35

## ★ FEATURES

**Vox Pop** . . . . . . . . . . 8
**On the Beam** . . . . . . . . . . 13
**Books in Review** . . . . . . . . . . 66
**Crossword Puzzle** . . . . . . . . . . 66
**Veterans' Bulletin Board** . . . . . . . . . . 80
**Woman-Talk,** *Margaret Fishback* . . . . . . . . . . 84
**Liberty Goes to the Movies** . . . . . . . . . . 88
**The Thropp Family** . . . . . . . . . . 92

## ★ EDITORIAL

**It's Not Our Fault Russia Won't Warm-Up,** *Paul Hunter* . . . . . . . . . . 98

*Cover: Father Takes Over*
Painted by Percy Leason

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

*President,* Floyd B. Odlum; *Executive Vice-President,* Paul Hunter; *Vice-Presidents,* Homer Rockwell, Lester Tunison; *Sec. and Treas.,* Thomas W. Kavanaugh; A. J. Cutler, *Circulation Director*

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, November 23, 1946, Vol. 23, No. 47. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. When entering a new subscription, please allow not less than 60 days for your first copy to reach you. When renewing your subscription, prompt remittance helps to assure continuous service. Change of address must reach us five weeks in advance. Be sure to give both old and new address and zone or other information necessary. Copyright, 1946, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

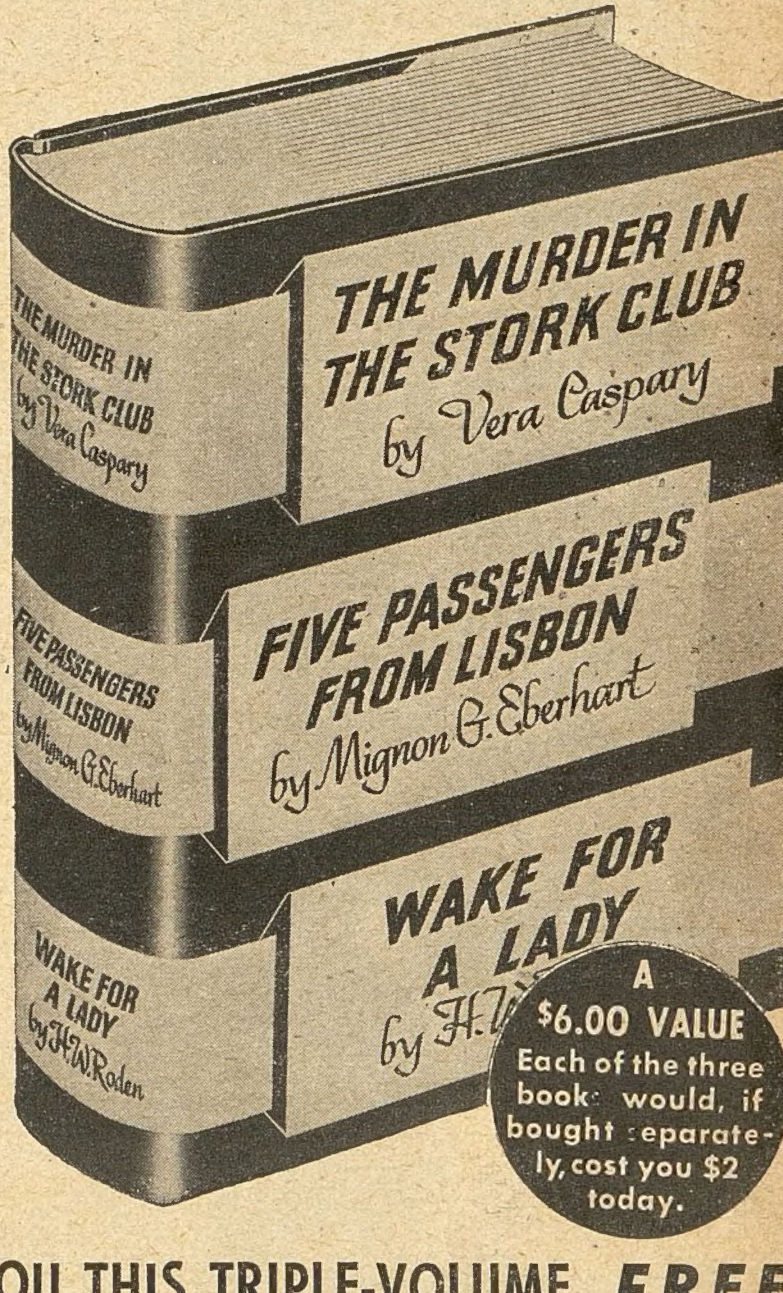
# FREE-ALL THREE

TO NEW MEMBERS

## The Very Latest Mysteries By VERA CASPARY (AUTHOR OF "LAURA") MIGNON G. EBERHART and H. W. RODEN

HERE'S a great three-in-one detective book that brings you hours of exciting reading. And it's now yours FREE, as a Membership Gift from the Detective Book Club! You get this volume containing three COMPLETE $2.00 mystery novels—a $6.00 value—without paying a cent for it!

Each of these three novels is a suspense-packed brand-new thriller by a topnotch mystery writer! Each is *absolutely complete* and *unabridged.* Yet this volume is just the right size for comfortable reading — with large type for hour-after-hour enjoyment. Accept this great "three-decker" book now as a *gift!*



THE MURDER IN THE STORK CLUB by Vera Caspary
THE MURDER IN THE STORK CLUB by Vera Caspary
FIVE PASSENGERS FROM LISBON by Mignon G. Eberhart
FIVE PASSENGERS FROM LISBON by Mignon G. Eberhart
WAKE FOR A LADY by H. W. Roden
WAKE FOR A LADY by H. W. Roden

A $6.00 VALUE Each of the three books would, if bought separately, cost you $2 today.

### The Murder in the Stork Club

**By Vera Caspary (Author of "LAURA")**

**1**

HENRY PENDLETON was the most notorious jilter in the famous Stork Club circle. And all his ex-girl friends were there that fateful evening. Suddenly Henry's mink-clad companion left. Then—Henry was found *murdered.*

Police combed the city for the "mystery woman in mink." Nobody knew who she was, except Detective Collins — HER HUSBAND! And who does the Stork Club hire to investigate—*Collins!*

Don't miss that final, killer-trapping feast!

### Five Passengers from Lisbon

**By Mignon G. Eberhart**

**2**

EIGHT people in a lifeboat—are dragged aboard a rescue ship, nearly dead. One of them IS dead—with an ugly knife wound in his back. The others are now safe aboard the ship. BUT ARE THEY SAFE? A man can quickly be pushed overboard — AND HE IS! In the blackness, it's simple for a deck stroller to get his neck slashed — AND HE DOES! In a stateroom a man can easily be shot — YES, THAT HAPPENS, TOO!

### Wake for a Lady

**By H. W. Roden**

**3**

ALL Veronica Gorgeous O'Hara WANTED was a ticket to Hollywood fame. What she GOT was a ticket—TO MURDER! No. 1 on the murder parade was Spike Madigan. And Gorgeous had been seen visiting him at 2 A. M.—the very *hour the coroner said Spike had died.*

The murderee's widow pays the sleuths a fee to "confuse the case"—but the killer sends Spike *two more corpses for company!*

## WHY THE DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB GIVES YOU THIS TRIPLE-VOLUME *FREE*

MEMBERS of the Detective Book Club can get, in one handsome volume, three BRAND-NEW top-notch mystery novels each month—for the usual price of ONE! *And* EACH of the three is a complete, full length, unabridged and uncondensed novel. So that your eyes may be opened to what our members have been enjoying, you are invited to accept this latest three-in-one Club volume FREE.

If you bought *separately* these very LATEST triumphs of three famous modern mystery authors you would pay a total of $6. (THE MURDER IN THE STORK CLUB has not been published separately in book form. It's an exclusive publication of the Detective Book Club.) Yet as a new member of the Detective Book Club, you don't pay a cent for these three mystery novels! This is the Club's way of introducing to you the many big advantages you can enjoy as a member.

***How This Club Brings You the Best Mysteries***

About 300 new detective books are published every year. You can't read them all. It's hard to find the best. But a mystery by Ellery Queen, Mignon G. Eberhart, H. W. Roden, Erle Stanley Gardner, Vera Caspary, Agatha Christie, or Frank Gruber is sure to be good! ALL OF THESE, and many other famous writers, have had their books selected by the Detective Book Club. Many are members of the Club themselves!

The selections of the Club are ALL new books, *not* cheap reprints. As a member of the Club, you get three of them in one volume (a $6.00 value) for only $1.89! You do not have to take a volume every month—you may accept as few as four during the whole year and still save two-thirds of the usual price on those you purchase.

***You Enjoy These Five Advantages!***

(1) Every month you are offered the cream of the finest brand-new detective books—by the best authors. (2) You save two-thirds the usual cost. (3) You do NOT have to accept every monthly triple-volume selection. (4) Your books are fresh, clean, unopened—delivered right to your door. (5) You will receive volumes so well printed, so handsomely bound, that month by month they will grow into an attractive lifetime library of modern detective masterpieces you'll be proud to own.

***Mail Coupon NOW for Your Free Book!***

Accept your FREE COPY of the triple-volume described above NOW! Your acceptance of this book, as a membership gift from the Club, will not obligate you to take every month's three-in-one selection. You may take as few as four each year that you are a member. You may cancel your membership whenever you wish. A description of the next month's selections will be sent to you with each month's triple-volume, and you may reject in advance any volume you do not want.

SEND NO MONEY! Simply mail the coupon *promptly* and receive your membership gift book FREE—and, receive in addition, the current triple-volume containing *three more* complete new detective books! Address the coupon NOW to:

**DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB**
**One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.**

### SEND NO MONEY 9

**Walter J. Black, President** YYJ
**DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB**
**One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.**

Please enroll me as a member and send me, FREE, the three-in-one gift volume pictured on this page. In addition, send me the current triple-volume of the month, which *also* contains three complete new detective books.

This does not obligate me to take every monthly triple-volume during the next 12 months. I may take as few as four during this period, if I so wish.

I will receive an advance description of all forthcoming selections and may reject in advance any volume I do not wish to own. I need send no money now, but for each volume I do accept I will send only $1.89, plus few cents mailing charges, as complete payment, within one week after I receive it. (*Books shipped in U.S.A. only*).

Mr.
Mrs. } ..............................................
Miss
Please Print Plainly

Address..............................................

City....................Zone No. (if any)....State........

Have hair that looks Alive

Successful men exercise to feel good . . . and look good. Just as they use the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" to make their scalp feel good . . . their hair look alive. For here's a workout that leaves your scalp feeling *tingling*. And Vitalis brings new "live" lustre to dull hair. Man, you can be a new man . . . with *vigorous*-looking hair! Ready . . . ?

*Go!* 50 seconds to massage Vitalis' pure vegetable oils on your scalp. You prevent dryness, rout embarrassing loose dandruff, even check excessive falling hair. And, man, doesn't your scalp *feel* good! Now, 10 seconds to comb. Why, you hardly recognize you . . . with that handsome, vigorous-looking head of hair!

On your way up the ladder or down the aisle, the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" boosts your stock. Buyer, bride or boss . . . people just don't say "no" to a vital-looking young man. And a vigorous-looking head of hair spells *vital* in any company. Try it. Get Vitalis today!

with the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

Product of Bristol-Myers

# JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

**YOUNG-LOVE EXPERT**

ISABELLA TAVES, author of the short story, A HUSBAND FOR JULIA (page 30), likes to write about young love. Her dog stories (she owns a Dalmatian, Fiorello) are familiar to Liberty readers. Most of her heroes are redheads (her husband, an editor of Look Magazine, is one), and many of her characters date back to the radio and movie people she knew as an entertainment editor. She's a graduate of Northwestern University, and the job she remembers best was supplying inside information on college life to novelist Holworthy Hall. Each time she went to see him, he gave her a white rose and ordered artichokes under glass sent up to his room.

**INSIDE LABOR**

"LABOR is a colorful field, led by colorful men," says Victor Riesel, and he ought to know. He's labor editor of the New York Post (his is the only nationally syndicated labor column), and he's met most of the world's labor leaders, from John L. Lewis to Clement Attlee. He was born on the lower East Side of New York City where poverty is the rule, and ever since has gone after people who kick other people around—whether Communist, Fascist, or racketeer. To expose such people was one of the reasons he wrote MUSCLING IN ON LABOR (page 15). He remembers what the gangs did to the unions during the Lepke and Al Capone days. His collaborator, Will Chasan, is an expert labor researcher, just out of the Army Air Corps. Mr. Riesel, by the way, plans to write a play some day—not about labor, but "full of sex and newspaper people."

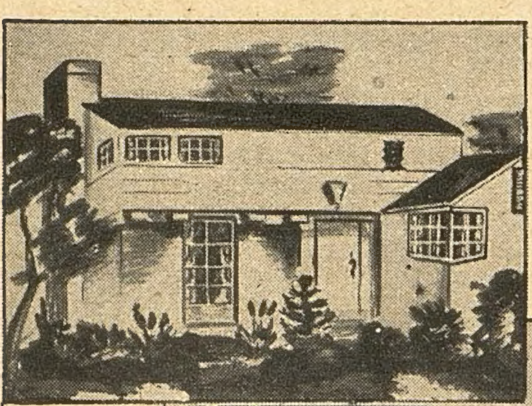
# NEXT WEEK

Liberty
NOV. 30, 1946 10c
Book: THROUGH PURPLE GLASS
The gay story of a "man's woman" in Back Bay Boston
BLACK MARKET IN HOUSES
BY MORRIS MARKEY

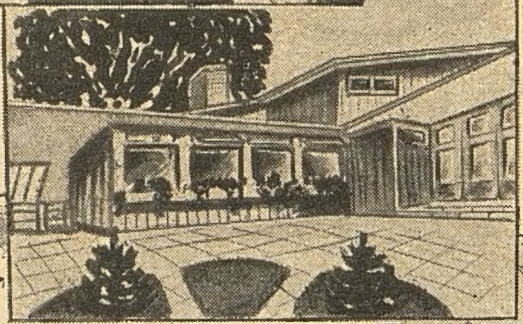
WHY must you pay $10,000 for a $6,000 home? What's behind the flourishing BLACK MARKET IN HOUSES? In a revealing interview with Morris Markey, a building contractor lays the unpleasant facts on the line. . . . THE DECISION, by Jerome Weidman, is about a girl who found the answer to a dilemma behind the bolted door of a hotel room. . . . In Liberty's Book Condensation, THROUGH PURPLE GLASS, Letitia Preston Osborne writes about a vivacious woman in stodgy Back Bay Boston.

# FREE WITH THIS GIANT PLAN BOOK OF LOW-COST HOUSES

## . . . *a table size model of any of these 116 beautiful homes*



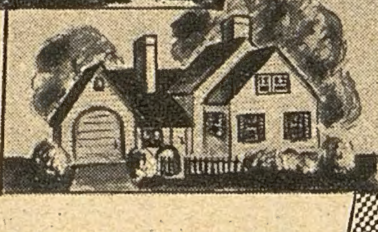
Now, for the first time, you can plan that wonderful new home you hope to build, with the aid of the biggest, most authoritative, most completely illustrated book on low-cost houses available today . . . AND . . . actually own a real, three-dimensional, true-to-scale LIVING miniature of your dream home before you spend a nickel on construction. Read on and learn how to obtain this sensational miniature absolutely free with this offer.



### 116 LOW-COST HOMES BY FAMOUS ARCHITECTS

**With House Plans, Floor Plans and Pictures in Full Color**

HOME PLANNERS MANUAL is presented by the famous Small Homes Annual under the guidance of the HOME BUILDING RESEARCH INSTITUTE, a nationally recognized non-profit organization of experts, who have gathered together many of the foremost architects, contractors and home specialists in America to help you. They tailor your home to your needs in more than 100 articles covering every detail in planning, choosing, financing, building, furnishing and decorating your home, plus 116 plans and pictures, 21 of them in full color. Every chapter is jam-packed with house-designs, floor plans, room plans, interior, planning and building shortcuts. Every basic idea is illustrated or photographed, showing its use in actual homes, treated in terms of materials you can obtain now or in the near future, tested and proven methods that eliminate costly experiments or guesswork.



HOME PLANNERS MANUAL

### FREE HOME PLANNERS REPLICA KIT CONTAINS THESE AMAZING FEATURES

*Replica Sheets include . . .*

WALLS: Stucco, Brick, Stone, Clapboard.
DOORS: 7 Front Entrances, Terrace, Kitchen, Back, Side, one and two car garage.
WINDOWS: Upstairs, Downstairs, Standard, Bay, Casement, Studio, Attic, Terrace.
SHUTTERS: Standard and Dormer.
LANDSCAPING: Grass, Box Hedges, Flowers, Trees, Window Boxes.
Also, Roof Shingles, Garage Cupolas, Weathervanes, Porch Arches, etc.

### NO OTHER BOOK OFFERS YOU SO MUCH

116 Pictures of all Types of Houses, 21 IN FULL COLOR.
116 Easy-To-Read Plans.
How To Estimate What You Can Afford.
How To Finance and Insure.
Where To Choose Your Site.
When To Build Your House.
Basic Facts of Construction.
Planning, Decorating and Furnishing.
How To Heat and Insulate Efficiently.
New Materials and Scientific Improvements.
Gardening and Landscaping Pointers.
Special Tips on Cellars, Dens and Attics.
Children's Rooms and Facilities.
Treatment of Floors, Closets, Walls and Ceilings.
Ultra-Modern Bathrooms and Kitchens.
How G.I. Bill of Rights Helps Veterans.
. . . *and thousands more!*

### YOUR DREAM HOME GUARANTEED OR NO COST

We guarantee that HOME PLANNERS MANUAL will help you select the kind of house you want, will advise and guide you through every step in planning and building . . . or we will refund your money in full upon return of the book within 10 days of purchase. You will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE, whether you decide to keep or return the book, the sensational HOME PLANNERS REPLICA KIT, containing sufficient material to build several replica homes. Prepare for your future happiness now. Order HOME PLANNERS MANUAL today!

**HERALD PUBLISHING CO.**
**45 East 17th St., New York 3, N. Y.**

**HERALD PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 3-N**
**45 East 17th St., New York 3, N. Y.**

☐ Rush my copy of HOME PLANNERS MANUAL and Free HOME PLANNERS REPLICA KIT. On arrival, I will pay postman $2.98 plus postage. If not entirely satisfied, I will return book within 10 days for full refund. In either case, I keep REPLICA KIT.

☐ I am enclosing $2.98. Send postpaid. Same refund privileges.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ________ Zone ____ State ________

*"A good pipe is an investment in daily pleasure".* Only the finest imported Mediterranean briar is used in these handsome, sweet-smoking, easy-drawing pipes—set off and reinforced by a band of sterling silver—fitted with hard rubber bit; *just what you'd expect from LHS.*

AT ALL GOOD DEALERS

**$5 IMPORTED BRIAR** model #91. Dozens of handsome models, plain or antique finish.

IN NEW GUINEA IT'S THE BAU-BAU
(From an old print—Bettman Archives)

IN THE U.S.A. IT'S

**STERNCREST STERLING**

Also, STERNCREST 14K at $7.50. Specially selected briar, 14K gold band. Other LHS Pipes: Sterncrest Ultra-fine $10; Certified Purex $3.50; Purex Superfine (domestic briar) $1.50.

The famous ZEUS Filter Cigarette Holder is back in ALUMINUM, with handy ejector.

FOR SOLID COMFORT
LHS
PIPES

*Send for your copy of "Pipes—for a World of Pleasure"*

L & H STERN, Inc., 56 Pearl St., Brooklyn 1, N.Y.

# ★ VOX POP ★

## "The Voice of the People"

### DON'T FORGET PENSIONS

COLUMBIA, S. C.—Thanks for your article by Dickson Hartwell, Are the Veterans Chiseling? (September 28).

But Mr. Hartwell omitted one other disgusting raid on the Treasury—pensions for the so-called service-connected group classified as psychoneurotic. I have seen many hundreds of the men discharged from the military service by CDD with the diagnosis of psychoneurosis whose papers were forwarded automatically to the Veterans Administration, where they were placed before rating boards and were granted lifetime pensions. Many of these persons are incompetents, goldbricks, lazy men, and cowards. What do they do with their money? In most cases, loaf and drink and study up some other way to fleece their government. I think that all psychoneurotic pension cases should be examined before they are ruined for life and do actually develop self-inflicted mental states. Sincere neuropsychiatrists will find that 90 per cent are not psychoneurotic. *—A Veteran of World War II and a Reserve Officer, U.S.A.*

### BEHIND THE SCENES

WOOD-RIDGE, N. J.—I wish to congratulate you on the article, Crazy Like a Fox, by Lewis Funke (September 28).

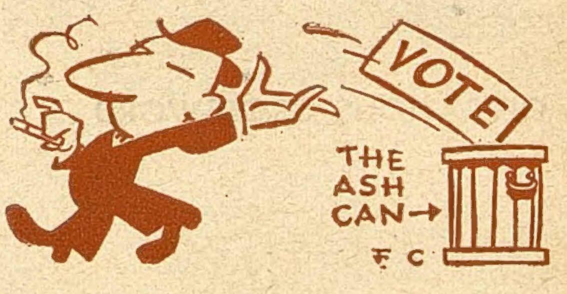
I read a great deal about Mr. Fox in the newspapers and see his name in the skies, but I never really understood or knew the man before. Let's have more behind-the-scenes articles like that on important people.*—Bettie K. Inge.*

### WHY BLAME OPA?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I'm getting sick and tired of hearing everybody and his uncle slam the OPA for inflation, shortages, etc. Did it ever occur to our armchair strategists that the very fact that OPA was canned in June for a couple of months defeated its purpose right then and there? Opportunists took advantage of the heyday, threw every available product on the market in order to make money while there was a chance, and now that OPA is back, they have enough money to sit back and sweat it out. So why blame OPA for the selfishness of human beings?*—T. Y.*

### THE PROTEST VOTE

CHICAGO, ILL.—One of the real evils of our voting system is the protest vote—the habit of throwing one's vote away rather than choose the lesser of two evils. It's defeatist, short-range thinking and a form of political suicide. Why can't people realize that registering a vote for somebody who can't possibly win is as bad as staying away from the polls altogether? For my part, I'd rather have a man and party at the head of the government who has some good in him than the man and the party that's all bad.*—Paul W.*



### HOUDINI'S DEATH

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—May I offer a correction at this late date. In Thanks for the Memory (July 20) Allan Witwer states that Harry Houdini died as a result of the mental and physical strain of his work. But actually his death was caused by an unexpected blow in the stomach. It seems he had encouraged his young men visitors to hit him to show his resistance, but this time he was not looking for it and had no time to brace himself.*—N. Singlebush.*

### CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Paul Hunter's editorial, Fear Instead of Freedom (September 28), in which he takes Russia to task for stirring up trouble abroad in order to retain power at home, is amusing in a way. For many of the evils he attributes to Russia can be turned right back against the United States. The Russian people are still regimented and controlled, though the national crisis is over. So are we, comparatively. America is denounced daily. So is Russia denounced daily here. Propaganda against America, to convince the people that they live in a world of enemies, is consistent. The same is true here when it comes to Communism. And the fact that the people do not have the civil liberties we have is Russia's business, not ours. —*P. K.*

### HEALTHY GOVERNMENT

BOSTON, MASS.—I disagree most vehemently with William A. Walsh (Vox Pop, September 28), who writes that Mr. Ickes and his ilk should assist Mr. Truman rather than criticize him. There's nothing wrong with criticism; it's a healthy result of free government. Contrary to Mr. Walsh, I believe that men like Mr. Ickes (and Mr. Wallace), who have stood in high places and are now no longer hampered by the moral obligations of their jobs, are valuable because of their ability to spot pitfalls and point them out. —*Ruth McN.*

### OPERATIONS CROSSWORD

BUFFALO, N. Y.—What happened to Ted Shane's Quizz-ical Crossword (October 12)? I am a nervous wreck trying to figure it out.—*Clara A. Whealen.*

FORT SILL, OKLA.—Mr. Shane is both quizzical and cockeyed this time.—*Cpl. F. L. McDowell.*

MIAMI, FLA.—This week's puzzle was a dud! The numbering system, both horizontal and vertical, is all askew! What, no proofreaders? Or is the puzzle to figure out how it got that way?—*J. S. Hardaway, Jr.*

REDACT IN PEACE
PROTEST
PROTEST
PROTEST
PROTEST
PROTEST

No. Shame on Shane and our proof desk! —VOX POP EDITOR.

### AMUSING CLEMENTINE

AUBURN, CALIF.—The book condensation, Clementine, by Peggy Goodin (October 5), tickled me so much that I am taking time out to say that if we had more stories of its kind, this world would be a much more interesting place in which to live.

I hope Peggy didn't put *all* her humor into this one book.—*Mrs. Dorothy King.*

How To Be Head Man!
Mister, be sure you've got P.A.*

**P.A.*** means **Pipe Appeal** —

Notice the way a woman looks at the man who smokes a pipe. Women go for the appearance of a pipe in a man's mouth. Because pipes...like fine tweeds, leather, linen...are really *masculine!*

**P.A.** means **Prince Albert**

Load up that pipe with Prince Albert. It's smooth, mellow, gentle to your tongue. Prince Albert is specially treated to remove tongue bite.

**Swell for roll-your-owns too. Clings to paper; thus no mess and spilling. Twirls up fast and firm.**

MY TONGUE SURE SAYS A HAPPY 'THANK YOU' FOR P.A.'S GENTLE MILDNESS! AND ITS RICH FLAVOR TOO

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

for Winter

Winter weather hazards make motoring difficult, sometimes perilous.

What to do? There *are* things one can do to make driving safer . . . more mentally comfortable.

- See that your brakes are effective . . . adjusted and equalized so that braking action is even.
- Make certain that your wheels are properly aligned and balanced.
- Be sure to have your tires inspected (inside and out), so that no unsuspected weaknesses in tires or tubes will cause road troubles. Avoid driving on smooth tires if possible. Use chains when they are needed.

We hope that this winter you will enjoy the comforting assurance of new LEE DeLuxe tires with their broad tread and sturdy side walls. They will give you maximum protection with their welcome sure-footed road-grip.

LEE Double-life RAYON Cord

Replace with LEE *of Conshohocken* TIRES

LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA., U.S.A.
Republic Rubber Division . . . Industrial Rubber Products . . . Youngstown, Ohio

# When You Call

Illinois is the Sucker State and Missourians are Pukes. But whoa! They're only nicknames—with fascinating origins

BY

J. CHARLES DAVIS, 2D

"STICKS and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me," is a childhood rhyme with only a modicum of truth in it. If you call a man a puke it may hurt him, and probably you, unless you smile when you say it.

Yet if he hails from Missouri, you will be correct, for Missourians are known as Pukes, though Missouri is called the Show Me State.

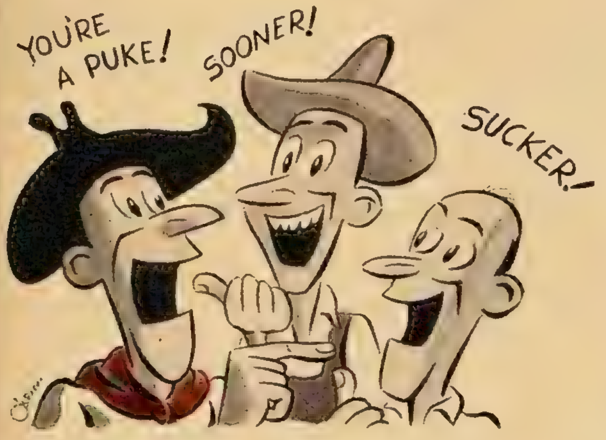
A native of Indiana is a Hoosier, but if a person hails from Nebraska he is a Cornhusker, while if Illinois is his home state he is a Sucker. If he claims Oklahoma as his birthplace he is a Sooner. Georgia is, of course, the Cracker State and Georgians are Crackers, while the inhabitants of North Carolina are Tar Heels, and Iowa natives answer to Hawkeye; but if you are from Ohio you are a Buckeye.

The origin of such nicknames is often difficult to trace, particularly in the case of such ones as Hoosier and the somewhat vulgar label for Missourians. The only reference regarding the origin of Pukes is to be found in Houck's History of Missouri.

"All immigrants of any respectability and any property," says Houck, "having received free land grants from the Spanish Officials, were by the people living on the Ohio good-naturedly and ironically called 'Hidalgos,' and 'Hidalgos' the first residents of upper Louisiana and Missouri were called, until in the mouths of the vulgar the name of 'Pukes' was made current, originating perhaps in the race for vulgarity between the early residents of southern Illinois and the mine country of southeast Missouri. . . ."

Indiana, the Hoosier State, cannot easily explain its nickname. Edna Miller, reference librarian of the Indiana State Library, finds it first mentioned in what appears to be a letter or journal dated July 4, 1827. The term was used in reference to a squatter who gave "false alarm that the Indians were coming in order that he might go to Crawfordsville and enter his land before some land hunters riding in the direction

# Em That, Smile!


YOU'RE A PUKE!
SOONER!
SUCKER!

of his claim could precede him to the land office." After returning he is said to have soliloquized, "There is a Yankee trick for you—done up by a Hoosier."

Hoosier has been variously traced to as far away as Cumberland, England, where the word "hoozer" was a dialect term meaning something "large" but best. Probably the correct explanation is found in the fact that the once numerous and unique (but now extinct) Ohio boatmen who lived on the Indiana shore were so known. Some claim it sprang from the hail of passing boatmen—"Who's there?"

The explanation for Cracker is that in pioneer days the drivers of Georgia's backwoods wagon trains vied with one another as to which could crack his whip the loudest.

Nebraskans like the term Cornhusker State so well that they enacted a law in 1945 to give official recognition to the nickname. That action involved repealing the name Tree Planter State, adopted by joint legislative resolution in 1895.

North Carolina is the Tar Heel State and proud of it. In a published leaflet the state has traced the nickname to heroic North Carolinian stick-to-it-iveness in a battle of the War Between the States.

The most likely explanation of the nickname Sucker State for Illinois is that in the early days many places on the prairies were filled with crawfish holes out of which the early settlers got their drinking water. They used long hollow reeds with which to suck up pure water. When a traveler would find one of these crawfish holes, he would shout, "A sucker! A sucker!" meaning a reed.

Most people are proud of the nicknames of their states and some even exploit them. Over the door of a Los Angeles café glows a neon sign announcing: WE ARE CORNHUSKERS. Few visiting Nebraskans can resist a place that advertises itself like that.

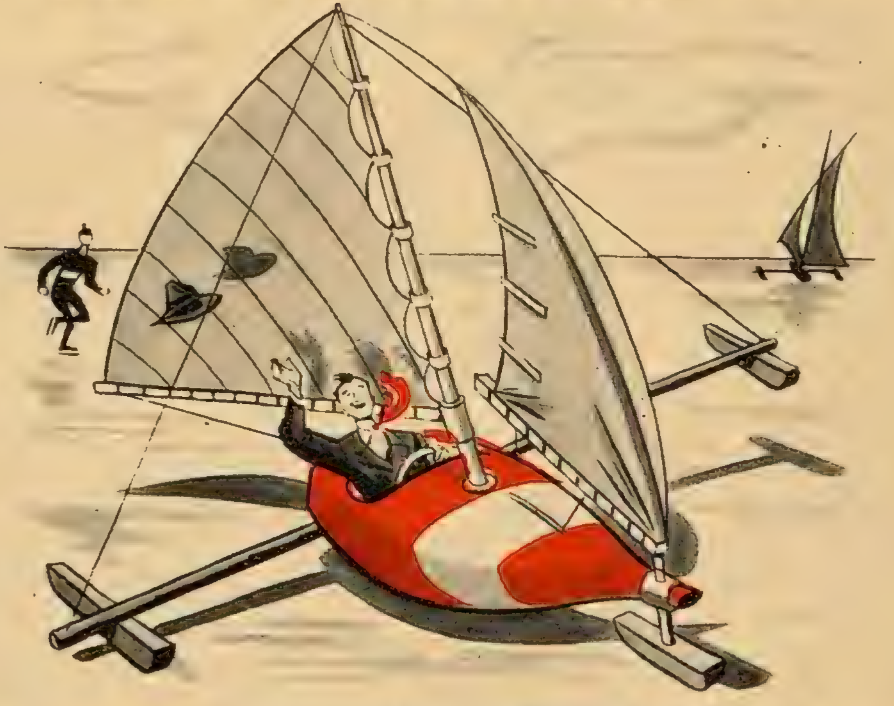
Just the same, it is a good idea to smile when you call a man a puke, a cracker, or a sucker.

THE END

CAREFUL OF ROCK FALLS

If your car feels like *this*...it's time for

**MARFAK** Chassis Lubrication



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH **MARFAK!**

Want your chassis lubrication jobs to last awhile, to wear-proof your car for weeks instead of days – a thousand miles instead of a hundred or so? Then stop at the nearest Texaco sign and ask for *Marfak* – the tough, stick-to-the-job chassis lubricant that's especially made to give you wear-resisting, long-lasting cushiony riding ease and smooth handling. *Marfak* is always applied by chart, never by chance! Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "*Marfak* feeling" now!

**TEXACO DEALERS**

TEXACO

SKY CHIEF GASOLINE

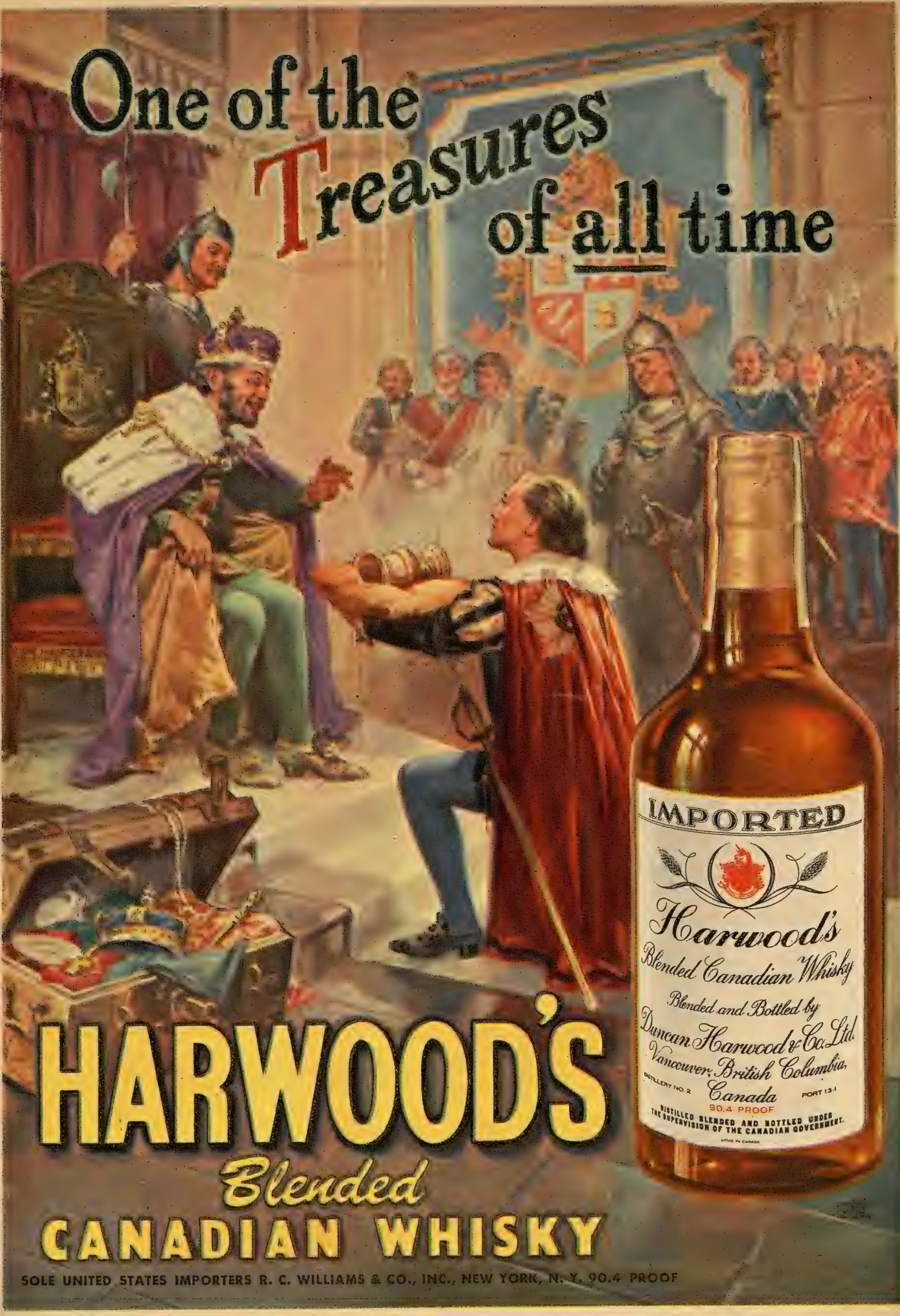
FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

MARFAK LUBRICATION

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Tune in . . . TEXACO STAR THEATRE presents the new Eddie Bracken show every Sunday night.
METROPOLITAN OPERA broadcasts every Saturday afternoon. See newspapers for time and stations.


One of the Treasures of all time
IMPORTED
Harwood's
Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd.
Vancouver, British Columbia,
Canada
DISTILLERY NO. 2
PORT 13-1
90.4 PROOF
DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.
LITHO IN CANADA
HARWOOD'S
Blended
CANADIAN WHISKY

SOLE UNITED STATES IMPORTERS R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. 90.4 PROOF

# ON THE BEAM

## BY WAYNE PARRISH

**Hi, Chum! Here comes a simplified-control plane by Aeronca, whose conventional-type private planes have been '46 big sellers**

ANOTHER simplified-control tricycle-landing-gear lightplane makes its debut this month. Aeronca Aircraft Corporation, which has been building private-owner airplanes of the conventional type for a dozen or so years, has added a two-place Chum to its line.

If the Chum somewhat resembles the Ercoupe, it's because Aeronca obtained a license for patents from the Ercoupe's manufacturer, Engineering & Research Corp., and then proceeded to build its own airplane, incorporating the simplified control and other features which were developed by Fred E. Weick.

With a cruising speed of 105 m.p.h. and a landing speed of 49 m.p.h., the Chum has a cruising range of 400 miles. It is powered by an 85-h.p. Continental which incorporates a new fuel injection system. At this writing the price of the Chum has not yet been announced.

The over-all length is only twenty feet, but the wing span is twenty-eight feet eight inches. Gross weight is 1,400 pounds, empty weight 860 pounds, and useful load 540 pounds. Sixty pounds of baggage can be carried with two persons.

Fuel consumption is 5.6 gallons an hour. Service ceiling is 11,000 feet and the rate of climb, first minute, is 610 feet.

The Chum's main structure is constructed of aluminum alloys. The engine mount and landing gear is of chrome moley steel tubing. The wing is fabric covered.

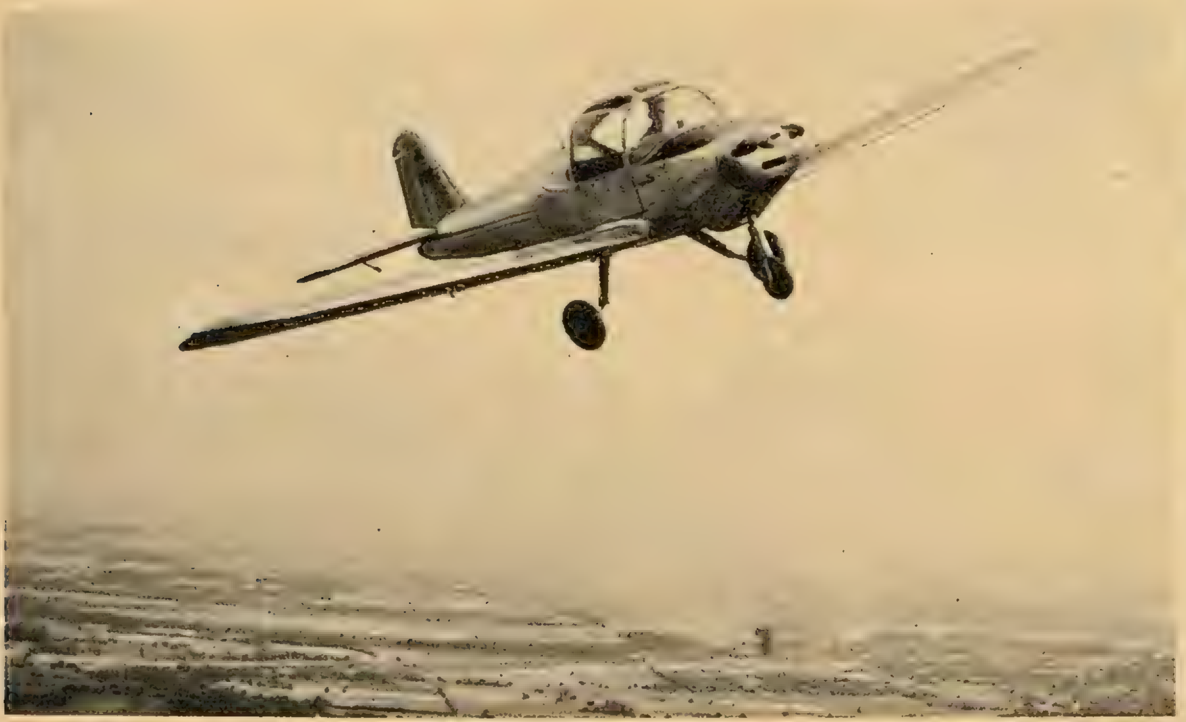
The instrument panel has a sloping face to allow perfect vision of the instruments—a feature which should prove popular. Provision is made for radio, and the seats were built for comfort. The cabin of the Chum is soundproofed and insulated with fiberglas.

TAXIING is simple. The engine is adjusted to the desired speed by the hand throttle, the brake is operated by the right foot, and the airplane is steered by a wheel. In flight, turns are accomplished by "steering" the wheel alone.

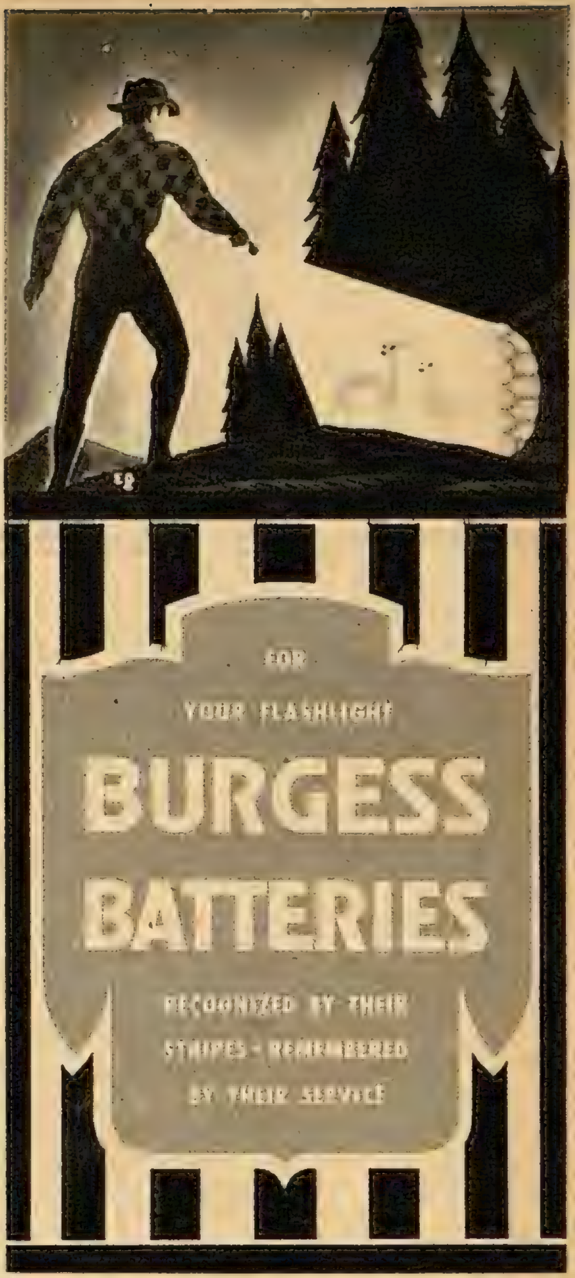
Visibility is increased by the position of the pilot far forward on the wing and quite high in the cabin. The top engine cowl has a pronounced downward slope, and the window area is unusually large.

Landings and take-offs are said to be simple and to require no special technique. They can be made in cross winds.

Aeronca has been one of the big producers of personal airplanes for the past decade and its current conventional-type planes have been among the big sellers for 1946. Now, with the Chum, Aeronca is the first lightplane manufacturer to have both types of airplane on the market.



Boy! Will this two-place Aeronca Chum go places! Its cruising range is 400 miles, cruising speed 105 m.p.h., landing speed 49 m.p.h., and service ceiling 11,000 feet.



FOR YOUR FLASHLIGHT
BURGESS BATTERIES
RECOGNIZED BY THEIR STRIPES - REMEMBERED BY THEIR SERVICE

The Perfect Gift for the PIPE SMOKERS on your Christmas List!

Nimrod PIPELITER

$3.50 AT YOUR DEALER

The ONLY lighter designed exclusively for PIPE SMOKERS

Windproof . . . lightweight . . . large flame. If your dealer cannot supply you send $3.50 direct to us. Include dealer's name. Address Dept. 10-U.

WARD-NIMROD Co. 2968 Jessamine St. Cincinnati 25, Ohio

The Gift For Lifetime Remembrance

# Hamilton Ross JET flow BALL PE

## ...With The RETRACTABLE Poi

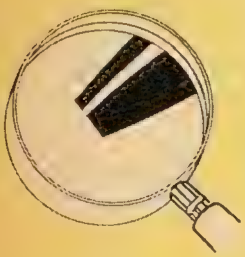
### Your *Write* Angle Is The Right Angle

The Hamilton Ross Jetflow ball pen permits a wider degree of writing angles. This modern writing instrument does everything a pencil can do... is everything you expect in a pen.

- **BEAUTIFULLY STREAMLINED**... fashioned with the artistry of fine jewelry.
- **RETRACTABLE POINT**: a half turn of the non-removable cap and click... out comes the point. Another half turn and click... the point is retracted for safe carrying. No loose caps to come off.
- **PERFECTLY SEALED** emulsion (ink) container prevents leakage in any atmospheric pressure or in any position.
- **NO SCRATCHING** . . . no blots... no smudges... it writes clean!
- **DRIES AS IT FLOWS**... in a smooth, even, clear line that will delight you.
- **NO LUXURY TAX.**
- **6 TO 8 CLEAR CARBON COPIES** . . . and a good ink original!
- **SCIENTIFICALLY BALANCED PEN**... made of solid rod aluminum. Its precision parts are machined for instant, accurate action.
- **ELECTRICALLY ANODIZED FINISH**... is integrated with the metal surface... hard, indestructible, permanent.
- **HANDSOME GIFT PACKAGE**: includes a permanent pen tray and paper-weight for your desk... beautiful and useful.

A half turn of the non-removable cap and click...out comes the point.

Another half turn and click ...the point is retracted for safe carrying. No loose caps to come off.



*Guaranteed For Always
Writes For Years Without Refilling
Hamilton Ross Jetflow
When you think of a Gift for a loved one or friend-here is-A Pen For Your Thoughts
5 BEAUTIFUL COLOR
Black and Gold • All Go
Garnet and Gold • All Silv
Sapphire and Gold

$10.00

NO Luxury TAX
Fair Trade Price

> This pen is in such wide demand that your dealer may not have a supply on hand; if so, mail this coupon with cash or money order to:
>
> Department G
> Hamilton Ross Jetflow Corporation
> 666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago 11, Ill.
> or pay postman if you prefer
>
> CHICAGO • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES • MINNEAPOLIS

HANDSOME GIFT PACKA

The pen rests like a precious jewel... in a clearly trans case of crystal-like beauty. Included is an exquisitely de permanent pen tray to ornament your desk.

*GUARANTEE: We will repair, refill or replace (at our option) at any time your HAMILTON JETFLOW PEN, if you will mail your pen and 35c (for handling and postage) to our fac 2824 University Ave. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn., HAMILTON ROSS JETFLOW CORPORA

**The racketeers, greedier and tougher than ever, are moving in again on the unions**

# Muscling in on Labor

## BY VICTOR RIESEL and WILL CHASAN

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

IT would have been an unusual picket line. Some highly incensed delegates to the recent annual convention of the New York State Federation of Labor convention in Rochester were planning to demonstrate against a high-handed political deal by some of their leaders. But the demonstration never came off.

One of the federation's moguls, hearing that he was to be picketed and unwilling to be subjected to his own brand of pressure, had quietly placed a phone call to New York City. Several hours before the picketing was to begin, a grimly efficient-looking man, who would have fitted neatly into the cast of a gangster movie, flew into Rochester. He sought out the leader of the A.F.L. insurgents. "You going to picket?" he asked.

"Yes," said the insurgent.

"O.K., then," came the calm, professional reply. "Where would you like to be dumped, in the river or the lake?"

The insurgent, having no taste for martyrdom, promptly decided not to picket. But he asked his menacing interrogator, well known in the underworld, "What are you doing in this area? I didn't think you operated around here."

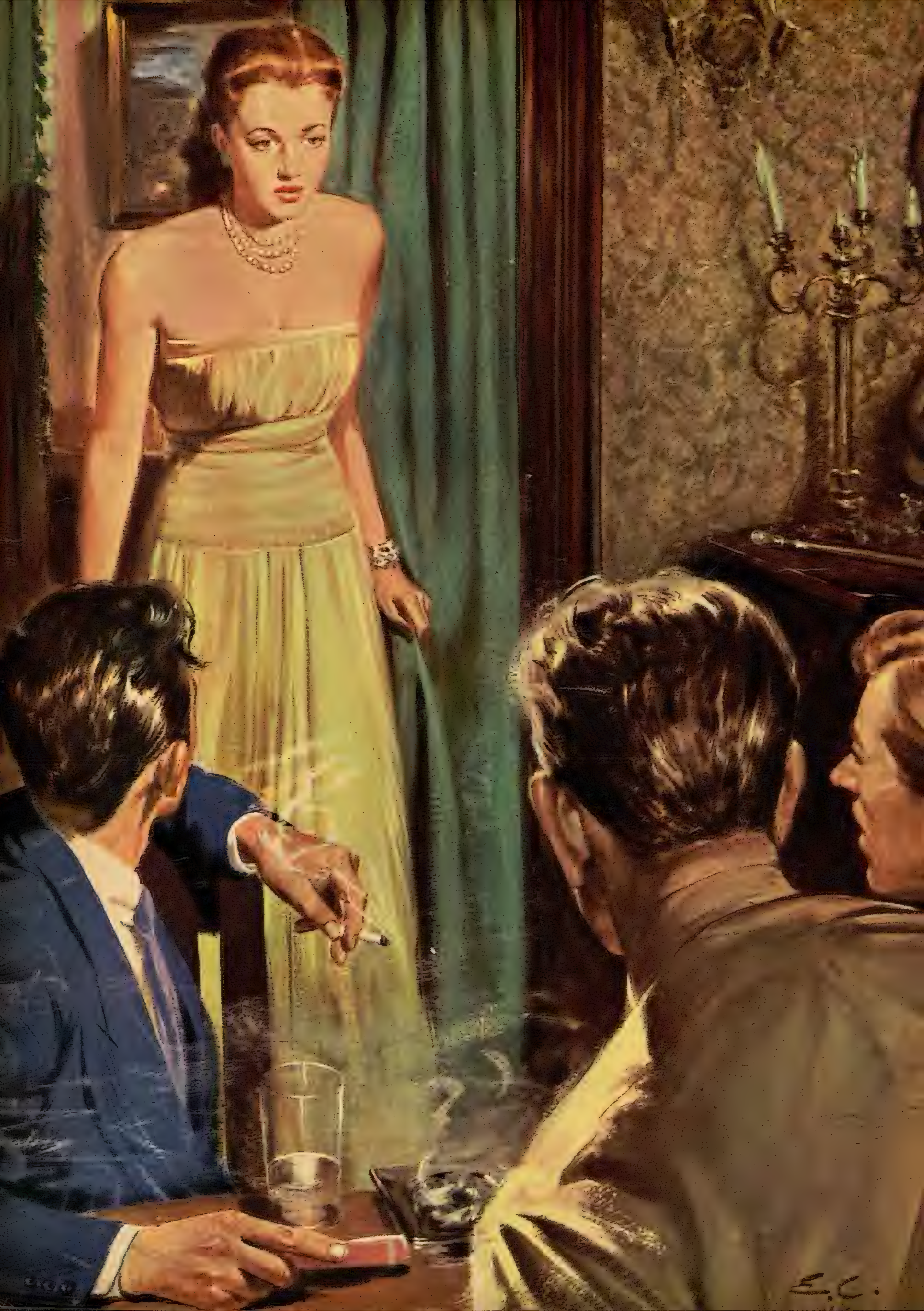
The answer he got was, "We operate from here to California."

Unfortunately, the man was not exaggerating. Murder, Inc., the Capone gang, and the other national crime syndicates are gone. But their remnants, linked together under the lieutenants of the late and unmourned mobsters who made newspaper headlines, are still in business. What is more, from coast to coast they are now becoming more aggressive. Knowing the black market can't last forever as a source of easy revenue, and with other wartime rackets drying up, they are methodically reaching out for new ones. In this new surge of mobster imperialism, unions are not being overlooked.

Until a few months ago, reports of mobsters moving in on labor were largely night-club and newspaper-

(*Continued on page 89*)

ACME PHOTO
Willie Bioff, convicted extortionist and prototype of labor goons.


E.C.

# For LOVE or MONEY

A suspenseful tale of the A.W.O.L. underworld in postwar Europe—and a sergeant and lovely Wac who were caught in its tense, dark web

## BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

I MAKE this statement of my own free will, with the knowledge that anything I say may be used against me.

I have been hiding out in Europe for the past two years, absent without leave from the army. During that time I became involved with a gang who were not above any crime, including murder. Whatever the court-martial decides I must pay for my share of it, the punishment can't be worse than the living hell of an A.W.O.L. soldier in a foreign land with the war over. What a man overseas dreams about is home, and the A.W.O.L. is a man without home or country.

It all happened because I was in love, I was jealous, and things just happened. Nona called our motor pool from Paris one evening and said, "Ralph, can you get in tonight? It's important."

There was an edge to her voice. Nona was a corporal in Public Relations, and I'd been chasing her for a year. It hadn't been a happy year. Aside from the fact that she was a very pretty girl and the officers and correspondents made a play for her, I'd become convinced from a number of little things that she was mixed up in something she shouldn't have been.

"I'm on duty tonight. But if your colonel needs a jeep—" I suggested.

"O.K. Give me the dispatcher. It's really important, Ralph. I can't explain over the phone. I'll meet you in the lobby of the Scribe, and please hurry."

A new voice said, "Did it come?" It was a voice I carried in my memory. Nona was entering from the hall.

I handed the phone to T/Sgt Brown, our dispatcher. Brownie listened, said, "O.K., corporal," hung up, and began making out a trip ticket. "The colonel needs a jeep like I need two heads. O.K., Ralph; I'm clear. But they'll catch up to that doll."

I stepped on it. I was through St. Germain and nearing the right-hand turn for Paris when an M.P. jeep came alongside and flagged me down. They said Provost Marshal's office, and that was that.

It was throwing me late, and I wondered how badly Nona needed me, and what for. In England, she'd transferred three times to different outfits just in time, just a jump ahead of an official investigation. And yet I loved her. You can't argue with love, any more than with M.P.'s. I'd clung to the belief that somehow, whatever she was involved in, it was innocently. I'd hoped to help her. Tonight was the first time she'd asked for my help, and the M.P.'s had flagged me down for something.

I WAS taken to Major Smith, at the Provost Marshal's office. A driver gets around, and I knew him. Major Smith was Criminal Investigation Department.

"Where do you fit in, sergeant?" the major asked mildly.

"Fit in, sir?" I was all innocence.

"We monitored a rather cryptic phone call from Paris. You've been seeing quite a lot of Corporal Nona Bird lately."

"Yes, sir. I hope to marry her."

"I see. You don't know why she called you?"

"No, sir; she didn't say."

"We've looked you up, sergeant. You have a good record. Keep it that way. If anything out of the way happens, I want you to report to me personally." He scribbled on his pad and handed it to me. "That will always reach me. Have you got it?"

"Yes, sir."

He took the pad back. "That is all, sergeant."

I was halfway to Paris before I took a full breath. If the C.I.D. was watching Nona, things were bad.

AT the Scribe I parked and went right in, risking leaving the jeep unchained. Jeeps were in great demand, and the next driver who lost one faced not only paying for it but a court-martial for negligence. Nona wasn't in the lobby. I hurried through the dining room and the bar, on the chance she was with some officer or correspondent. She wasn't. I ran up the stairs to the third floor and went into her office puffing.

"You brought the jeep, sergeant?" Lieutenant Tucker asked. He and a correspondent, Bret Strain, were the only ones there.

"Yes, sir. Do you know where Nona is, sir?"

"Why should I, sergeant?" Lieutenant Tucker emphasized the *sergeant* just enough to put me in my place. He was a skinny dark-haired runt and I'd never liked him: he was making a play for Nona. He turned to the correspondent. "Ready, Bret?"

"Let's go."

"Sir," I said, "I was to meet Nona here. Did she leave a message? It's important."

"You'll drive Mr. Strain," Tucker said. "Get going."

"Yes, sir."

I went out to the jeep with the correspondent. I didn't like him any better than Tucker, and for the same reason. Bret Strain was a barfly who

(*Continued on page 81*)

# Society Bible

BY EARL WELC

Even a dog was once listed in New York's Social Register, but it's something else again to stay in

IF you have decided that life will never be complete until your name is listed in New York's Social Register, you can go up to the headquarters at 381 Fourth Avenue and ask for an application blank.

Of course, there are a couple of things you really ought to attend to before that. First, you should amass a substantial bank account. You don't necessarily *have* to have money to get into the Social Register. But unless you marry someone who has, or become President of these United States (in which case you and your family will automatically be listed), you'll never get there without it.

Then you should make friends with some persons already in the Register and get yourself invited to their homes; be seen in the most expensive places; join a few good clubs. Putting on a lavish but not garish entertainment or two would also be a good step. You will find many exclusive schools willing, for a price, to teach your daughter the current social shibboleths, and break her of giving with a Yonkers drawl. Her little coming-out party, incidentally, should set you back anywhere from $5,000 to $50,000.

Your son would also do well to join the best clubs. He can choose the Racquet & Tennis Club because it was begun by men of social importance. The Union places emphasis on ancestry. Likewise the Knickerbocker. The Century goes in for an interest in the intellectual side—letters, fine arts, and sciences. The Brook is ultra smart. The Three Graces, Piping Rock, Meadow Brook, Turf & Field, all segregate those interested in horses, hounds, and polo. If you can stand the strain on your wallet, he might even join the Metro, otherwise known as the "Millionaires' Club." Of course, if you've bought him a yacht to while away his after-school hours, he simply *must* become a member of sporty New York Yacht Club.

Then, when these little pledges of good faith are taken care of, you are ready to go after that application blank in earnest. It will ask for such information as: Names, marriage, maiden name, winter and following summer address, winter phone, summer phone, name and class of yacht, club memberships, college and year of graduation, etc. If you make the grade, your listing in the Register might look something like this: Astor Capt. & Mrs. W. Vincent (Mary B. Cushing), USNR. R. B. Ck. Jkl. Ny. Ng. Ri. Ih. Snc. H.'15. All of which would mean that you were a member of the following clubs: the Racquet & Tennis, the Brook, Cedar Creek, Jeykll Island, New York Yacht, National Golf Links, the River, India House, St. Nicholas Society; and were graduated from Harvard in 1915.

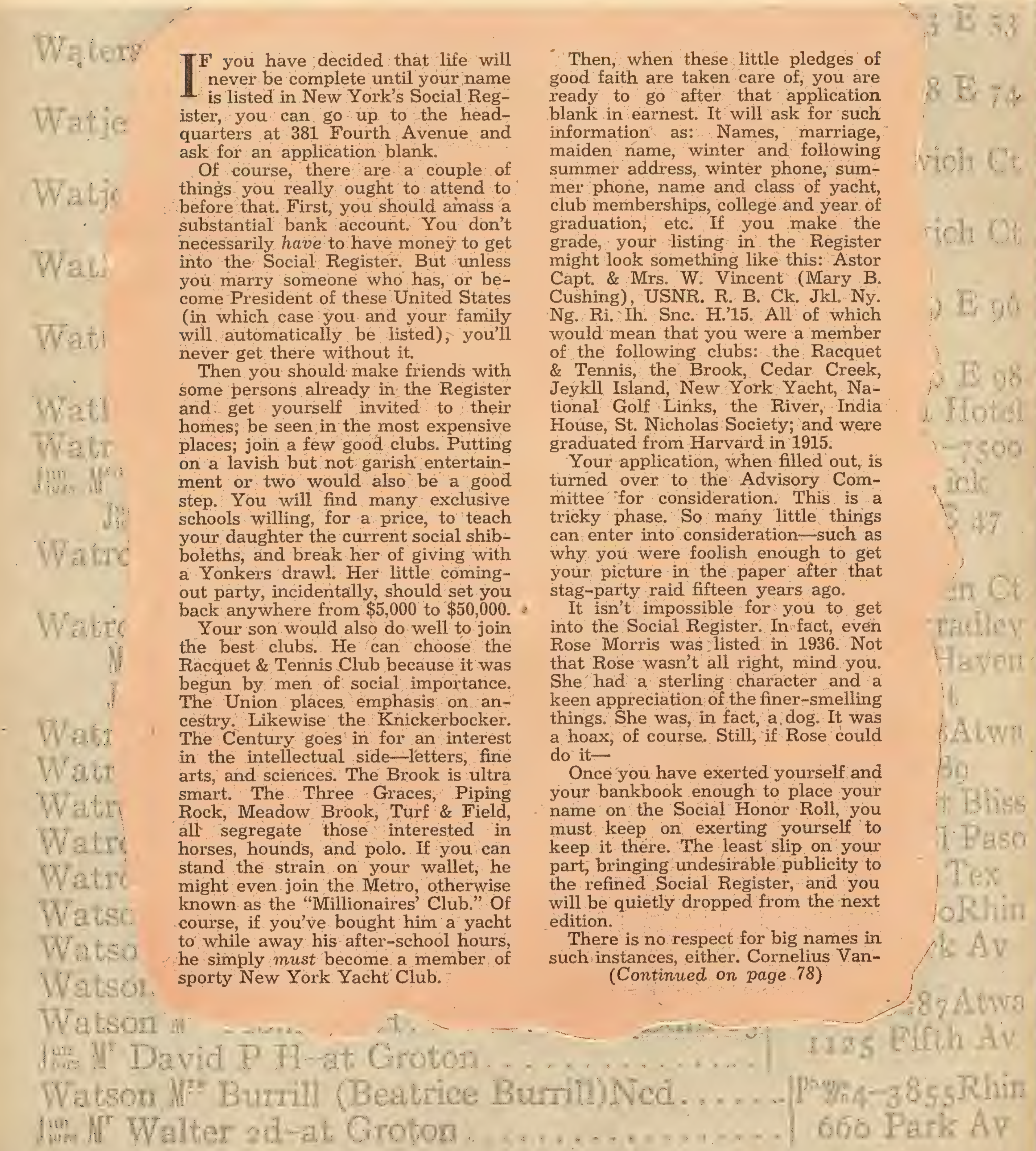
Your application, when filled out, is turned over to the Advisory Committee for consideration. This is a tricky phase. So many little things can enter into consideration—such as why you were foolish enough to get your picture in the paper after that stag-party raid fifteen years ago.

It isn't impossible for you to get into the Social Register. In fact, even Rose Morris was listed in 1936. Not that Rose wasn't all right, mind you. She had a sterling character and a keen appreciation of the finer-smelling things. She was, in fact, a dog. It was a hoax, of course. Still, if Rose could do it—

Once you have exerted yourself and your bankbook enough to place your name on the Social Honor Roll, you must keep on exerting yourself to keep it there. The least slip on your part, bringing undesirable publicity to the refined Social Register, and you will be quietly dropped from the next edition.

There is no respect for big names in such instances, either. Cornelius Van-

(*Continued on page 78*)



Jun Mr David P H-at Groton.................| 1125 Fifth Av

Watson Mrs Burrill (Beatrice Burrill) Ncd......| Phone 4-3855 Rhin

Jun Mr Walter 2d-at Groton.................| 666 Park Av

Brenda Frazier Kelly, first of society's glamor girls, looking slightly unglamorous with matronly Mrs. Dodge Blumenthal.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., dropped from the Social Register, poses with his mother, the grand duchess of Fifth Avenue.

David Taylor cavorts with pretty Hope Dillon at a costume party for the chic younger social set.

F. D. R., Jr., chats with Mrs. Harrison Williams. His brother Elliott is no longer in the book.

PHOTOS BY JEROME ZERBE

# They Hit the Pay Dirt

## BY STANLEY FRANK

**Pro football's a big boy now, but you should have seen it when baseball's Christy Mathewson was a fullback!**

Before empty stands, Red Grange sparked the New York Yankees to a 26-0 win over the Boston Bulldogs on a rainy afternoon back in 1926.

ALTHOUGH the puerile pettiness of the game's supposedly adult watchdogs makes it difficult to believe at times, professional football reaches maturity this season. It was twenty-one years ago, on Thanksgiving Day, 1925, that Red Grange proved important folding money could be made from football without the hoop-la and hysteria laid on by the colleges.

According to historians, however, the first pro game was played on August 31, 1895, between the Latrobe (Pennsylvania) Y.M.C.A. and a team from Jeannette, a village ten miles down the road. That game was the first in which *one* player was paid for absorbing large lumps, welts, and abrasions, a privilege previously reserved, at no extra charge, to youths pursuing higher education. The pioneer pro was one John Brallier, who got the munificent sum of $10 and expenses for throwing his weight around.

Between 1895 and 1925 pro football marked time furiously. The average pay for linemen in the early 1920s was $50 a game, and the back who commanded more than $100 was engaged to the boss's daughter or owned a piece of the club.

In 1924 the eighteen teams in the loose, unco-ordinated National League didn't draw 450,000 paid admissions for the entire season. This current season the ten teams in the National League are certain to crack the all-time attendance record established last year, when 1,918,631 fans swung the turnstiles like crazy. Add the crowds pulled by the new All-America Conference and it is clear that a fly-by-night promotion has achieved dignity and financial stability.

All this undoubtedly would have come to pass if there never had been a Red Grange. The point is, however, that Grange kept several owners in the business who otherwise would have tired of pouring money down the drain. Besides, he gave pro football the prestige it never had enjoyed before.

No athlete, with the exception of a heavyweight fighter, ever made more money as quickly as Grange. Six weeks and eighteen football games after he left college in November, 1925, he divided $250,000, net, with C. C. Pyle, his manager.

The game's birthplace and its cradle—western Pennsylvania and Ohio—were the tip-off on the character of pro football a half century ago. It was played in small mining towns and on the fringes of large industrial centers. Players were local strong-arm boys plus a sprinkling of collegians who sneaked off to collect a few bucks on Sundays. The lily-white college boys, in fact, were the first professionals.

A terrific sensation was created in 1896 when Doggie Trenchard, an old Princeton black-and-blue, was hired for $75 a game by Latrobe to play against Greensburg, its blood-and-thunder rival. Trenchard's $75 was the top price until 1905, when Willie Heston, star of Michigan's point-a-minute teams, was given $600 by Canton for a game against Massillon.

It will surprise the present generation of fans to learn that Connie Mack, the elder statesman of baseball, was a prime mover of pro football in the early days of the century. Pittsburgh was claiming the championship for the Duquesne A. C., with Christy Mathewson at fullback, and the baseball Phillies of the National League supported a team to stimulate the baseball rivalry between the two cities. That, in turn, prompted the Athletics, fighting for recognition in Philadelphia, to enter the football field with Mack managing the team. Mack hired Blondy Wallace, a former Penn star, to coach the team and the A's finished the season generally recognized as the best team with a payroll ranging from $400 to $1,200 a player for the *entire* schedule of thirteen games.

The set-up in the catch-as-catch-can business was so crude that Rube Waddell, Mack's eccentric southpaw, who had never seen a game of football, was a featured member of the football Athletics. Rube's drawing power was exploited by having him carry a sandwich sign on the streets advertising the day's game.

The middle period of the game's history, from 1906 to 1925, was marked by more confusion and championship claims than the wrestling racket was to know. Knute Rockne played on six different teams in the course of one season. The National League, organized in 1921, was hardly a league at all, and schedules were a joke.

Red Grange, as we have seen, effected an enormous change. Much has been written—most of it true—about the mounting salaries pro stars are getting this season, yet Baugh, Waterfield, Hutson, or Bertelli will not take as much from the game for the entire year as Grange got for one afternoon when the fish were snapping at the bait.

THE END

The fast-talking Rosalind Russell has a way with her, and usually gets it

# Resolute Roz

### BY ELIZABETH WILSON

FOR three years Rosalind Russell pestered Hollywood to film the story of Sister Elizabeth Kenny and her treatment for polio. But the producers said there was no entertainment in hot packs and massages. Rosalind, determined champion of causes, refused to be squelched.

Finally the late Charles Koerner, executive in charge of production at RKO, found himself too worn down by the Russell high-word voltage to say no any longer. Besides, Roz owed RKO a picture.

"The role of Sister Kenny," says Roz, " is one of the most difficult I have ever undertaken. But I think it is my best." Hollywood agrees with her. And it wouldn't surprise anyone if she cops an Oscar. As one critic expressed it, "Sister Kenny is the first picture about a living character that pulls no punches but shows moles and all."

No picture, however, ever got under way with so many flags flying against it. Because of the medical controversy involved it was difficult to get the right script. After innumerable scripts had been rejected, Roz persuaded Dudley Nichols to write one. When everything was ready for production to begin, Roz became ill. Then strikes caused further delay.

At last the night came for the first "sneak" preview. It was held in Oakland, California. The audience was so enthusiastic that Rosalind, that brittle career woman of the screen, walked out of the theater crying. After years of trying, and at a cost of $1,600,000, the picture of Sister Kenny's life story was completed and released.

Roz Russell has had a soft spot in her heart for crippled children since she wore her hair in pigtails and was acknowledged the best vacant-lot baseball player in Waterbury, Connecticut. Her lawyer father slapped fines on his seven kids when they got out of line. The fines went into their piggy banks. When the banks were filled, and Rosalind's seemed to fill awfully fast, they were told to choose a charity. Roz always gave her money to crippled children.

As she grew up, she continued to contribute time and money to various organizations. In 1941 she became interested in the Kenny treatment of infantile paralysis and financed a documentary short to demonstrate the Kenny method. That was how she got the idea of a film based on Sister Kenny's life.

Actress Russell, who arrived in Hollywood on a M-G-M contract in 1935 after a brief stretch before the New York footlights, is an independent woman with a quick tongue and a keen sense of humor. To the delight of studio people, she unstuffs stuffy actors and outsmarts leading men.

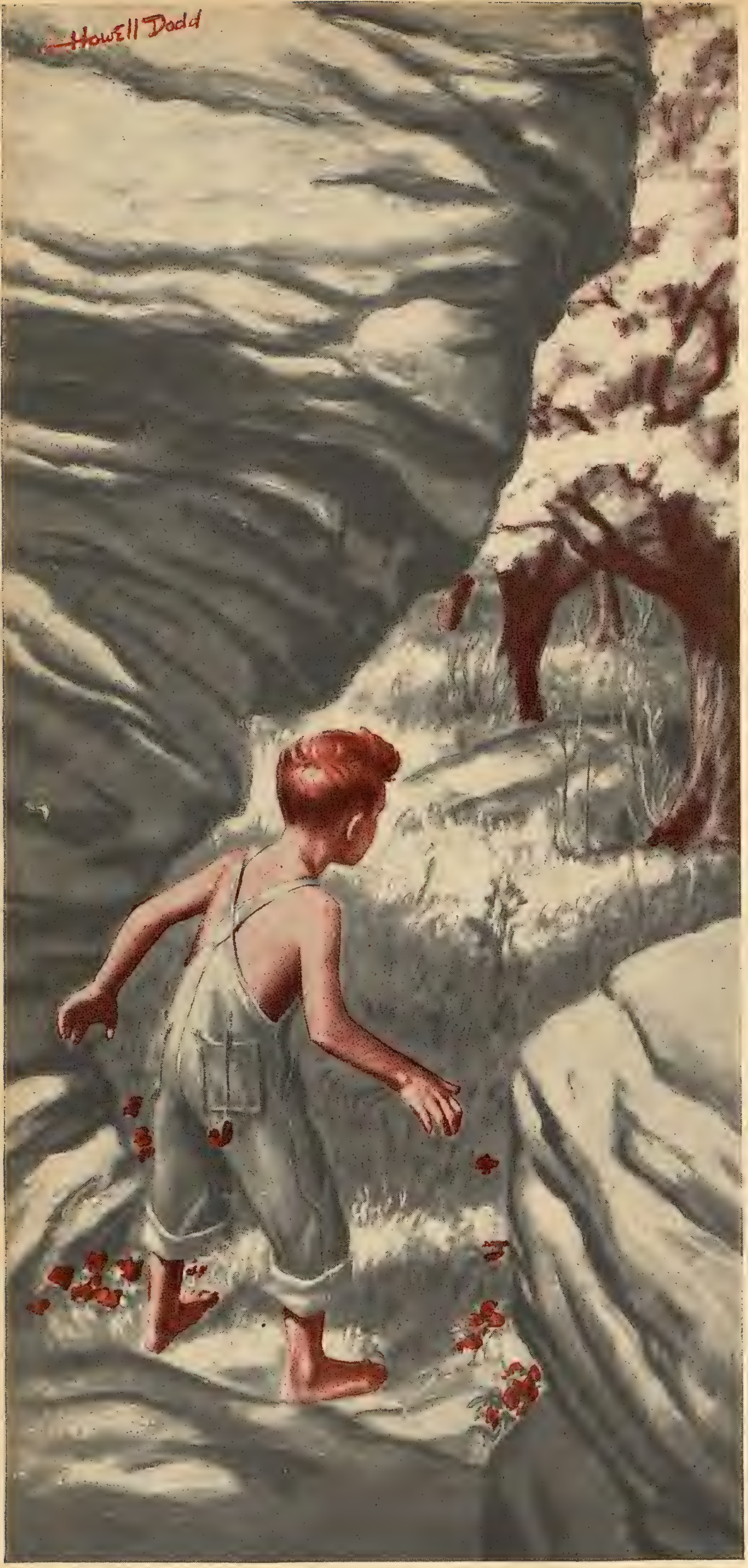
In her current picture at Columbia, The Guilt of Janet Ames, Melvyn Douglas, after five years in the army, again plays her leading man. "I feel like an amateur," announced Douglas the first day he worked, and proceeded to upstage her so slyly he thought she wouldn't notice. "Amateur, darling?" purred Rosalind, pulling him back to his chalk marks, "I think not. You're the same professional scene-thief I've worked with before."

When she learned she was not going to get star billing in The Women, she took to her bed. That bit of defiance tied up Metro's production for four days, but Roz won.

She likes simple but expensive clothes and is always being named one of the ten best-dressed women in America, though she doesn't work at it. As for idiosyncrasies, she is loaded with them. The one that nearly drives her Danish-born husband crazy, is teeth brushing. She will wait until she is ready to go out and then rush to the bathroom to brush her teeth. Also, she never takes the price tags off anything that she buys.

In 1941 she married Freddie Brisson, son of nightclub idol Carl Brisson. They have a son, Carl Lance. Freddie was an officer in the U. S. Army Air Forces, and is at present a producer. Having tried without success late in 1939 to enlist in the English Army, Brisson was on his way to the United States. On the boat there was only one film, The Women, and to keep the minds of the passengers off Nazi submarines it was shown over and over again. Brisson saw it sixty-three times and each time he heard Rosalind Russell going yakity-yak yak-yak. It nearly drove him nuts. When he finally met Roz in Hollywood through his pal, Cary Grant, he told her about the horrors of that boat trip, and added, "I decided to meet you and strangle you. But now that I've met you, I've decided to marry you instead."

THE END



The china-ball grove might be haunted now. Lots of places were haunted where a man had been killed. Especially when there was a buried treasure around, too.

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

## BY FRED GIPSON

I'D dreamed a lot about going off somewhere and digging me up a buried treasure and being big rich the rest of my life. But I wasn't after treasure the morning I found out one was buried in the china-ball grove back of Bald Knob.

All I was after was to get away from the house before Papa came in from the pasture. When Mama got a chance to tell him what I'd done to her old Dominecker rooster, I didn't want to be anywhere around.

I went over the ridge back of the barn at a hard run. I had to slow down for the field just beyond. It was overgrown with tall grass burrs, and the only way a barefooted boy could cross was to jump from one gopher mound to the next. But from there on it was clean sailing right through the post-oak woods to Bald Knob.

The grove was just the other side of the Knob. I crossed the opening and entered the china-ball trees. I trotted the length of the long black boulder that walled one side, rounded the end of it, and stopped dead in my tracks.

There was a man in the grove!

I'd been here a hundred times and there'd never been anybody. But there was a man here now. He sat in an awkward body-twisting position underneath the lip of the boulder and he held a cocked six-shooter pointed straight at me!

It wasn't the gun so much that scared me. It was the wild trapped-animal look on his face, the bitter curl of his sun-cracked lips, the fierce hard shine in his puckered gray eyes.

Almost instantly the man's eyes widened and the hardness went out of his face, leaving it slack and gray under the dark stubble of his beard. He lowered the gun to his lap. He leaned back.

"Howdy, boy," he said.

I stood rooted to the ground.

The man was dressed in black cow-hand clothes, with bench-made boots and a wide-brimmed black Stetson. A cartridge-studded belt held a cut-away scabbard for the bone-handled six-shooter he held in his lap. His eyes looked tired—tired and sick. His eyes moved all over me, slowly.

"You come here often?" he asked.

"Pretty often," I said, then blurted out nervously, "Mostly just when I get into bad trouble back at the house."

He smiled faintly. "You in bad trouble now?"

"Pretty bad," I said. "If Mama's old

# BURIED TREASURE

**Hidden under the china-ball tree were the things a bank robber prized most—things nobody could have imagined**

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

Dominecker rooster dies, Papa'll sure lay it on me."

A real smile came then, warm and friendly. I felt the fear drain out of me.

The man didn't ask what I'd done to the old Dominecker, but suddenly I was all eagerness to tell him.

"I guess maybe I've kilt him with a grain of corn," I said, "I kept feeding it to him and then jerking it back out."

"Jerking it back out?" The man frowned.

"Sure," I said. "I had the grain of corn tied onto a string. I'd let him pick it up and swallow it down, then jerk it back up his long neck. It sure made that old rooster squawk and flop around, but he'd always pick it up and swallow it again. . . . Mama caught me at it."

The man tipped back his head as if he were about to let loose with a big laugh. But all that came out was just a grunting sort of chuckle that seemed to pain him somewhere inside. His face sobered; his tired eyes searched me closer.

"How come you pulling a dirty trick like that on your mama's Dominecker rooster?"

"Because the rascal's mean," I told him. "This morning he ran right up and flogged me and then bit me."

I unbuckled a suspender strap, pulled down the bib of my overalls. I showed him where the Dominecker rooster had pecked my navel and made the blood come.

He studied my wound and nodded his sympathy. "Served the old devil right to have that corn dragged out of him," he said gravely.

He kept sitting there in that peculiar twisted position and staring up at the white blooms of the china-ball trees.

"This is a good place to come when you're in bad trouble," he said after a while. "I used to come here regular."

I STARED at him. I wondered who he was and how he'd got here. I couldn't see any horse around.

"You used to live hereabouts some place?" I asked him.

"Just around the point of the Knob. I'd about've filled them overalls of yours then."

I recollected then the old house place there. Once there'd been a fire-blackened chimney standing out from a couple of live oaks, a lonesome-looking thing without a house to go with it.

I'd wondered some about the folks who had once lived in that house and if they had a boy who liked slipping off to secret places like the grove. And now, here was the boy. But somehow, I couldn't see the big lean hard man in front of me getting into a jam with his mama and running off from the house. I just couldn't see it at all.

I said, "You in bad trouble now?"

He said, "Pretty bad."

I waited for him to tell about it, but he didn't. All he did was sit there and stare up at the china-ball blooms with the wild bees humming around them. His eyes were nearly shut.

After a while I said, "Is that how come you came back to the grove?"

"Yes," he said. "It started me to recollecting something here I'd left behind. Something I had to see one more time."

I looked all around the grove. Then I noticed, just the other side of the sapling he leaned against, an up-tilted slab of rock. There was a hole there, with the open lid of a metal box sticking out.

My heart leaped. "A treasure!" I gasped.

The man's eyes met mine.

"That's it, boy," he said with conviction. "A real treasure that I buried too many years ago. The finest a man can ever store up."

The thought struck me then how many times I'd lain right in these leaves and dreamed about digging up a buried treasure somewhere. And all that time I'd been this close to one.

BACK up the slant of Bald Knob a loose rock clinked against another; there was the rattle of brush dragging against leather.

The man gave a convulsive heave and flopped over on his stomach. He clawed for the lid of the metal box, slamming it shut. He jerked the flat slab down on top of it. One broad swipe of his hand raked dry leaves over the place, hiding it.

"Now let 'em come," he said. "I'm ready!"

I barely heard what he'd said. I was staring at his right leg. It lay at a horrible angle to his other one, with dry leaves sticking to the hip of his blood-soaked pants.

"Your leg!" I cried out. "Something's wrong with your leg!"

"Get the hell out of here, kid," he snarled. "Get out of here quick!"

I looked up at his face, startled at the harshness of his voice. And again I was gripped by that paralyzing fear that had stopped me when I first entered the grove. He wasn't a man any more now; he was a wild animal, trapped and vicious. He lay with his nostrils flared wide and quivering. His eyes flamed with hate. He lay there, facing the Knob, with the six-shooter clutched in his hand.

I ran then straight through the grove. That's where I saw the saddled horse lying on the ground with a bullet hole through its middle.

Behind me I heard the chopped-off bark of the six-shooter. Once . . . twice . . . then the report of a rifle from up the slant of Bald Knob.

I hit the cow trail, running the fastest I ever ran in my life.

MAMA cried that evening when she learned how the law had cornered Brady Coleman in the china-ball grove and riddled him with bullets. "What a way for a man to die!" she wept.

"He had it coming," Papa said. "He was a bank robber. There was no good in him."

Maybe Papa was right; I didn't know.

"What about the treasure?" I asked him. "Did they find it?"

"Treasure?" said Papa. "What treasure?"

I wished then that I hadn't mentioned it. I hadn't told about being in the grove just before the shooting started. It might have reminded Mama about the old Dominecker rooster.

But for once I was lucky. "If you mean the bank loot," he said, "they found it, all right."

My heart sank, then it kicked up again as Papa added, "They found it in the saddle pockets of his dead horse."

So they hadn't found it, after all. Not the *real* treasure. It was still there.

But it was more than a week before I could rake up the courage to go back to the china-ball grove. It might be haunted now. Lots of places were haunted where a man had been killed. Especially when there was a buried treasure around, too.

But I found no sign of a ghost when at last I went. All I found was the black stain of the outlaw's blood on the top of the rock slab covering his cache.

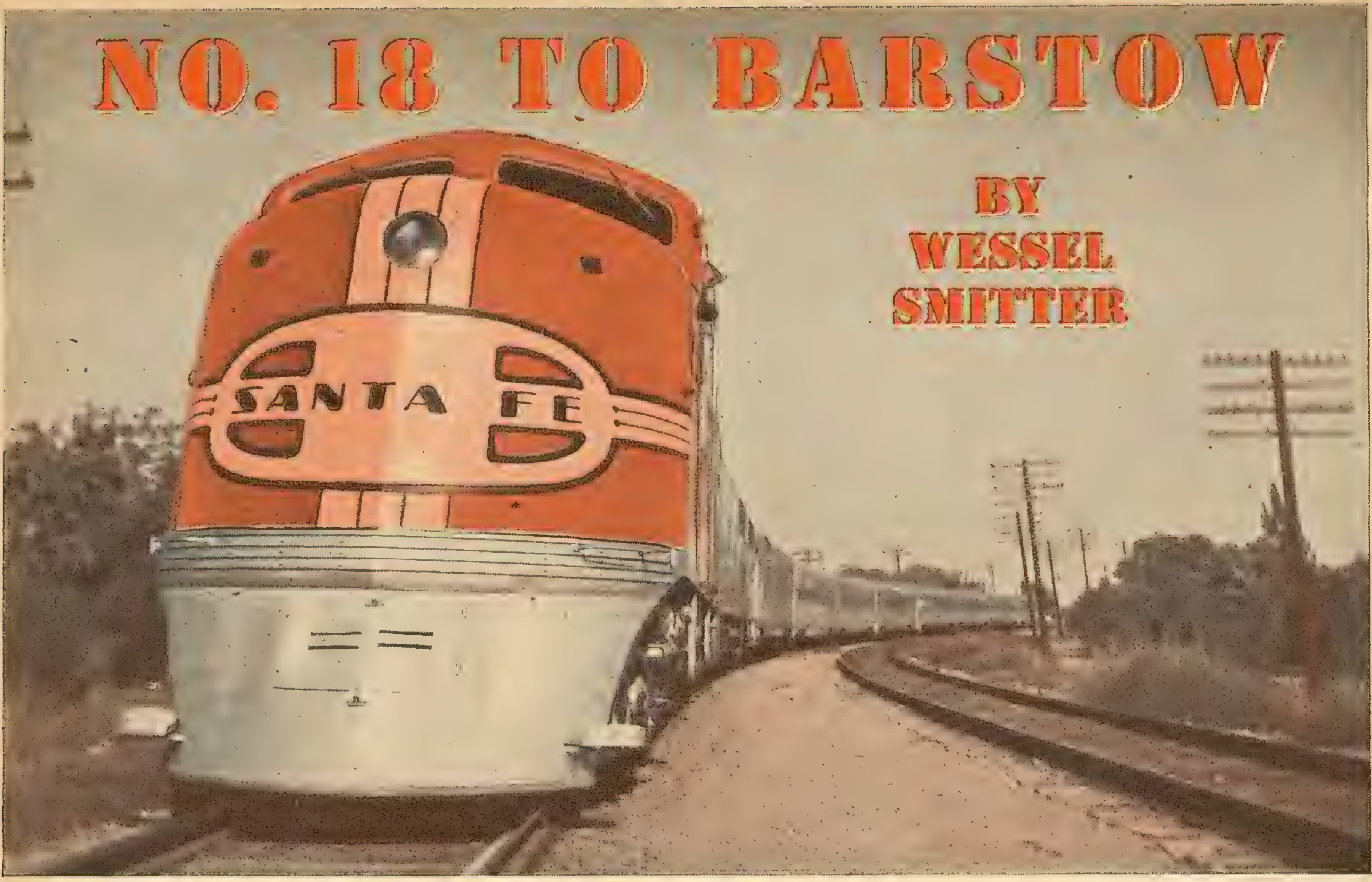
I lifted the slab and pulled at the lid of the metal box beneath. The lid came up.

And there lay Brady Coleman's treasure—a few chipped marbles, a rusty old spur, a Robin Hood book, a ball of fishing cord, and a little white china horse with a rear foot broken off.

THE END

# NO. 18 TO BARSTOW

### BY WESSEL SMITTER



Chicago is 2,000 miles away for "a million dollars on wheels." The silvery streamliner is being eased out to where the fast track begins.

THE officials of the Santa Fe Railway had given me permission to make the trip from Los Angeles to Barstow and return in a locomotive cab with Harvey Wunsch, one of their top-notch engineers. Harvey's train got under way at 6 P.M., but he left home in time to register for duty at the roundhouse at five.

He introduced me to his fireman, Mel Rowe, and changed into work clothes. Both men found their names chalked up on the order board behind No. 18, Santa Fe's crack extra-fare train, the Super Chief. Harvey checked his watch with the master clock. He was eight seconds fast. He did not reset his watch, but made a note of the discrepancy in a book used for that purpose.

We crossed the tracks to a red-and-gold two-unit Diesel. I was introduced to the third member of the crew, the maintainer, who rode in the engine room filled with machinery. He would remain with the train all night and the following day until relieved at Albuquerque.

Harvey made a round of inspection from the ground and climbed up the steel ladder to the cab over the bulbous nose of the lead unit. He and Mel adjusted themselves in upholstered bucket-type seats. Harvey released the air. Mel said, "Clear block." Harvey pushed the control lever over a notch or two and the streamlined engine started to move. In the engine room behind the cab the big Diesel motors, with a total of forty-eight cylinders, rumbled like distant thunder. They would not stop again until the wheels had traversed two thirds of a continent.

Twelve silvery streamlined cars stood waiting in the train sheds. Harvey eased back and coupled up. The conductor and Harvey compared watches and went over the train orders together. It was six on the dot when No. 18 headed into a maze of tracks, yard signals, and switches. Men at work in the yards stopped a moment, lifted a hand, and watched it go by. It was their pride. "A million dollars on wheels," was the way Harvey put it.

More than 2,000 miles away was Chicago. At Barstow, only 150, a new engine crew would take over. There are nineteen division points, nineteen crew changes between Los Angeles and Chicago, but the Diesel motors go all the way through.

During his many years of railroading over the same division Harvey has made friends. At Highland Park an old man with long white whiskers waved from a cluttered back yard. In thirty-four years he has rarely missed a train, sometimes coming out in his underwear. Somewhere near Monrovia there was a small girl who never seems to get any older and is always there at an upstairs window. There was the farmer, leaning on the gate with an empty milk pail, who timed his milking with the passing of Harvey's train. Later, while crossing a long, lonely stretch of desert, there was the old prospector who crawled from his cave-like shelter, waved a light, and gave Harvey the "high sign." Harvey has never met these people, has never said "hello" to them face to face, but they have, nevertheless, got to be old friends.

It was 7.35 when Harvey brought No. 18 to a stop beside the San Bernardino station. Cajon Pass, cutting through high, rugged mountains, lay directly ahead; beyond that, the desert.

A steam locomotive was coupled to the head of the Diesel. In the twenty-five miles from San Bernardino the train would climb almost 3,000 feet. Harvey consulted with the engineer on the helper engine.

"Better work a full throttle," he said. "I'll ease off a little; hold her down on the curves."

Harvey threw his cigar butt away. Habitually he lights a cigar on leaving the Los Angeles terminal, works away at it until reaching San Bernadino. But he also smokes cigarettes, about a pack a day.

It was dark when we started up the long grade. Even with a lead engine ahead, Harvey and Mel watched the signals. On a Diesel unit there is, of course, no boiler to tend, and Mel called the signals as the green lights ahead came clear and sharp out of the darkness. Harvey acknowledged them by repeating back, "Clear block" or "Yellow block," or whatever the signals happened to read.

Harvey rode with his foot in a treadle called the "dead man's control," a safety device that brings the train to an immediate stop should

**Ride the locomotive cab of the Super Chief thundering east at almost two miles a minute**

Engineer Harvey Wunsch has an eye peeled for signals and loony motorists. One driver who tried to beat the Chief lived to say he did it because of a fight with his wife.

the engineer become incapacitated. He asked Mel to pour him a drink of water from a metal container in a wooden keg on the cab floor. There was also a newfangled contraption with a cooler arrangement, but it was unused and empty. When queried, Harvey said, "Water out of that thing wouldn't taste the same to an old rail."

We were nearing a couple of tunnels halfway up the grade when the maintainer joined us. For a moment, while the door leading down into the engine room was open, the burst of noise and hot air all but blew us out of the cab.

Harvey had the control lever in the last notch. Up ahead the helper engine was blasting the mountainsides and filling the canyons with its echoes. On the twisting, looping curves the whole length of the brightly lighted train was visible from the front end. Through the Cajon Pass the Santa Fe shares its tracks with the Union Pacific, and numerous freight and passenger trains, throwing fire from iron brake shoes, glided cautiously past down the long grade. The empty distances, the heavy grades, the powerful panting engines, the high mountain peaks whitewashed in moonlight—it was Western railroading, as different from Eastern as night is from day.

At Summit the helper engine was taken off. Harvey made another standing brake test and once more we started. It was empty desert country, an easy descending grade with few crossings, and the self-illuminating speed boards at the side of the track read "90" even on the curves. Harvey worked the control handle, but once the train was up to speed and the speedometer needle hovered between 90 and 100, he eased off the power.

Most of the time we were clipping off a mile every thirty-five seconds. At that speed on a 1-percent down grade, a distance of approximately a mile and a half is required to bring a heavy train to a stop with a service application of the air brake; about half that if the train is "big-holed," or brought to a stop with the emergency. Harvey does not use the emergency once a year, but it is a comfort to know it is there and ready for instant use when needed.

CARELESS motorists constitute one of Harvey's chief worries. In the first fifty miles of his run out of Los Angeles, for instance, there are 150 grade crossings, and always there are foolhardy drivers. Harvey classifies such drivers into two groups: the absent-minded cusses who don't notice warnings and signals, and the smart-alecks who try to beat a train to a crossing. About the latter Harvey says, "They may think it's a race, but it's not. I always hope they'll win, because if they don't they're liable to smear up against the side of the train."

Once, in trying to avoid an accident while moving slowly, he managed to bring his train to a full stop, and it was hit standing. Miraculously, the motorist was not badly hurt, and while making out the re-

(*Continued on page 77*)

Lorry Parker is thrilled as Harvey squirts oil on the drive wheel of Lorry's "engine."

# The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

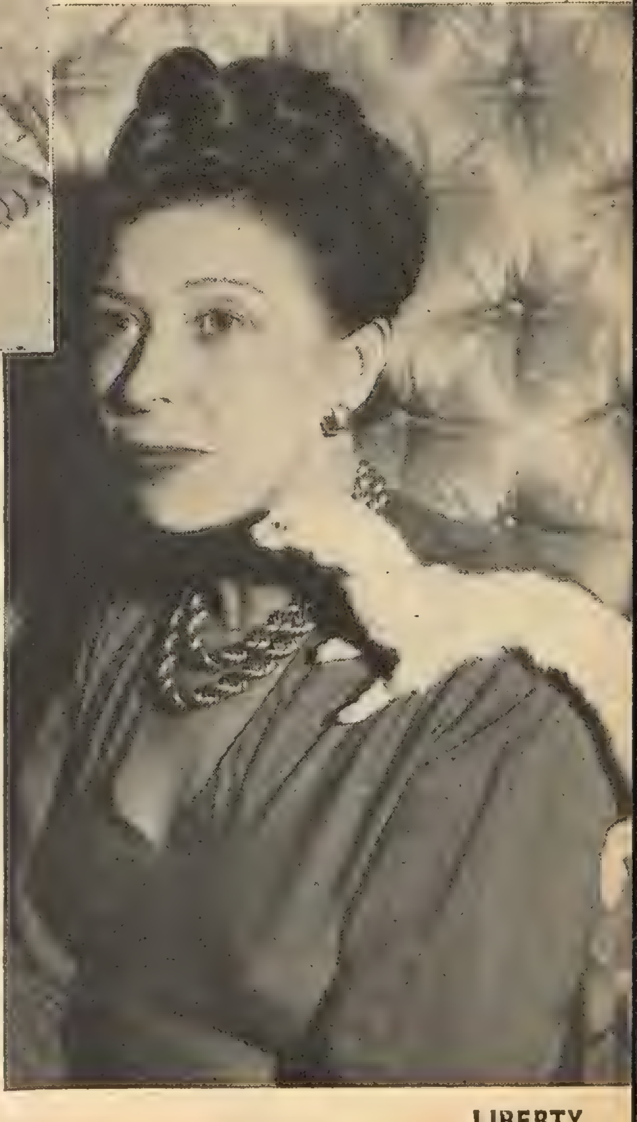
WIDE WORLD PHOTO

**CHEESECAKE FORMULA**—Lovely Betty Jones (at left) shows no sign of strain, yet hours of hard work went into the making of her pin-up picture. (Above) Part of the process. The cameraman takes a light meter reading while an assistant combs Betty's blonde tresses. Also known as Miss Atlantic City, she now toils in New York as a model.

ACME

**INDUSTRIALIST**—Henry J. Kaiser, caught by the camera in a dour pose, mops his wizard's brow at a Congressional hearing on the operations of his shipyards.

◀



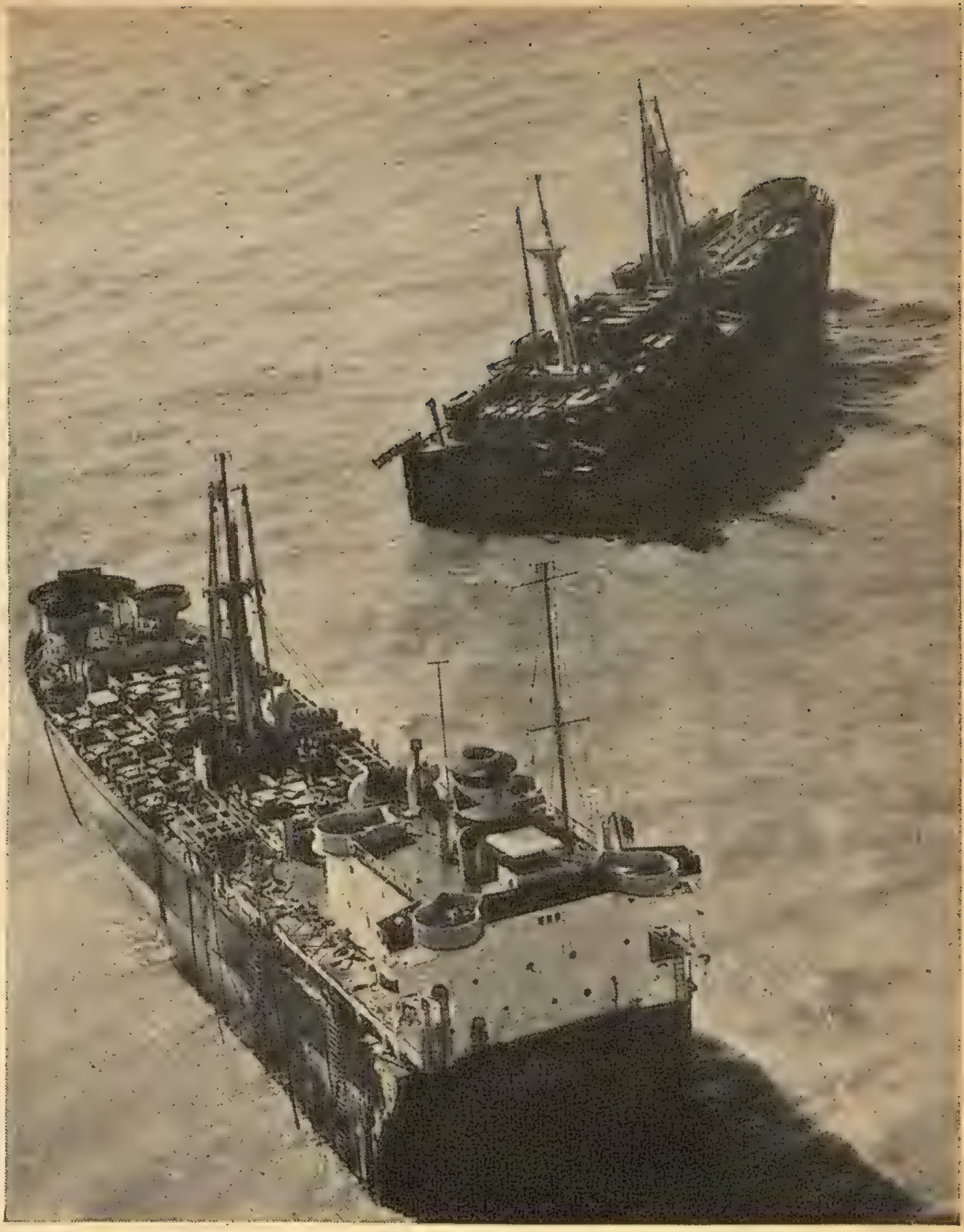
▶

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

**DASHING DACHÉ**—The famous New York milliner, Lilly Daché, wears a stuffed mink. She says Paris is wild about these odd taxidermist specialties.

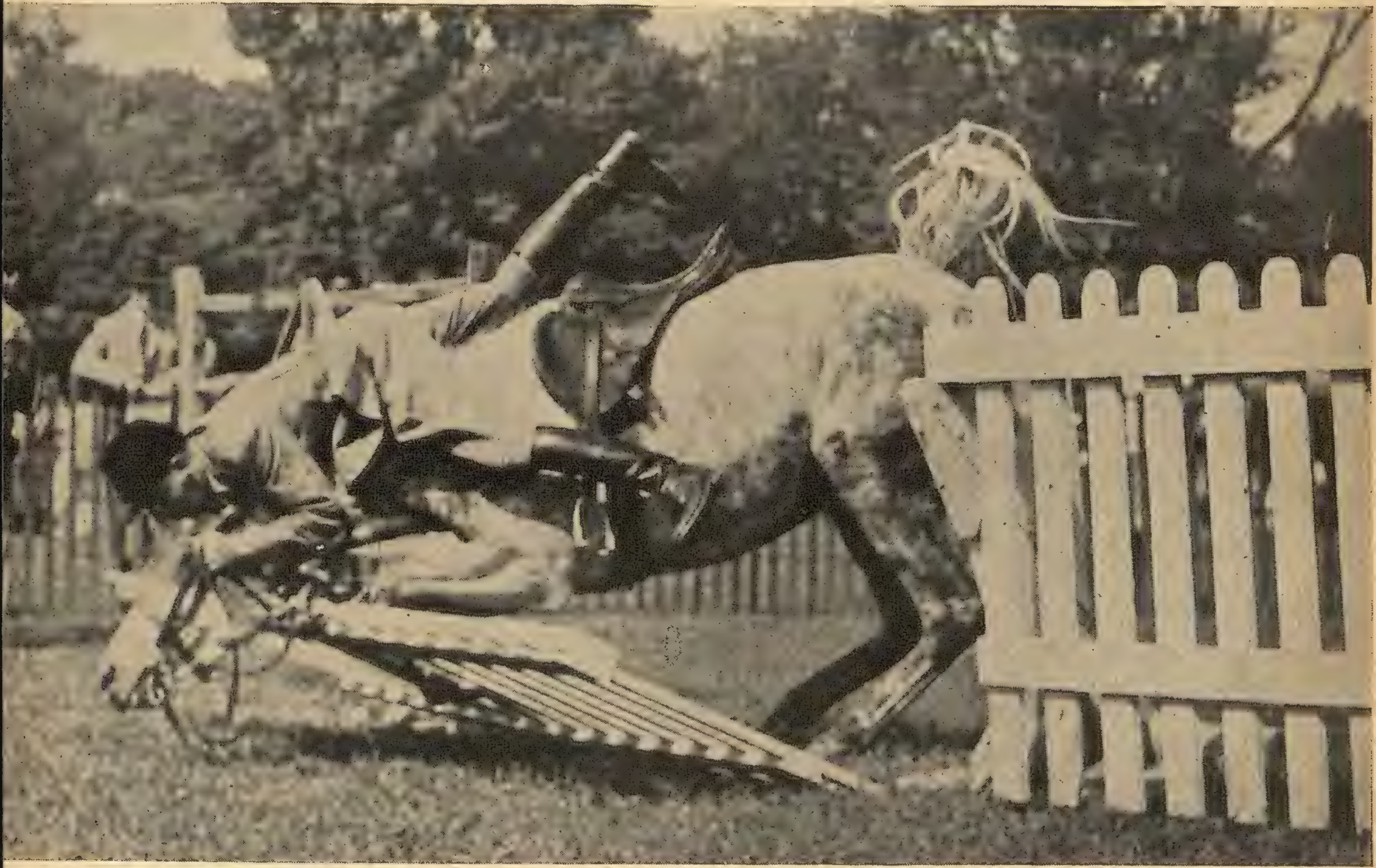
INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

**FELINE FELICITY**—Registered by this cat who finds no meat shortage in her circles—mouse meat, that is.



PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

**SPLIT AMIDSHIPS**—An unusual picture of the Helena Modjeska, broken in half by an English Channel gale.



PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

**DON'T FENCE ME IN**—Seems to be the right theme song for this horse and rider who came a cropper at Bryn Mawr, Pa.

# Magic Swamp

By
LEONARD ENGEL

From a weird maze of vats and stills set up in a Jersey marsh, chemists brew concoctions that figure in almost everything we use and wear

THE eeriest place this side of Satan's nether world is a New Jersey swamp where men do the weirdest things to nature and thereby put themselves in your life a thousand times a day in a thousand ways.

The swamp is the site of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company's Chambers Works, the largest organic-chemicals plant in the Western Hemisphere. It's an $80,000,000 layout with 8,000 employees. From its caldrons come two trainloads of chemicals daily. In one way or another, they enter into just about everything you do or use.

The plant's 300 acres, a quarter mile from the south Jersey highway traveled by the big truck lines connecting New York and the South, are crowded with thousands of tanks, vats, and stills. The Chambers Works, with its 550 buildings, is too much to take in all at once. You have to take it in the way it grew—piecemeal.

Just thirty years ago, a desperate American dye shortage and a hardheaded Canadian-born chemist persuaded the munition-making Du Ponts to set up the first chemical dye works in the United States. They put it in the swamp, which is handy to company headquarters across the Delaware River in Wilmington, and which also provides a convenient place to dispose of the waste liquors inevitable in a dye plant. The dye works turned in its first profit and became a going concern after eight years and an expenditure of $43,000,000.

Dyes are cousins to all manner of other useful products, from bubble-bath stuff to anti-mildew compounds. Artificial grape flavoring and several dyes, for example, are both made from a tongue-twister by the name of phthalimide.

So, besides dyes and pigments (700 of them) for paint, cloth, paper, printing ink, rubber, color film, leather, wood, and plastics, the Chambers Works now turns out—to name just a few of its 2,500 products—synthetic rubber, ethyl fluid for cars and planes, freon gas for refrigerators, camphor for fever sores, plastics and movie film, bases for perfume, and monochlorobenzene, from which Du Pont and other manufacturers prepare the super-insect-killer, DDT. Nearly all of the plant's products are synthetic—entirely originated by the chemists—or are improved man-made versions of compounds found in nature.

The group around the hardheaded Canadian-born chemist, Dr. Arthur D. Chambers, for whom the plant is now named, had to learn how to handle dye chemicals the hard way. Dye-making know-how was a German monopoly at the time the Du Pont team set up shop. Great strides have been made in dye-making since then. Just the same, dyes are still finicky not only in manufacture but in the fabrics to which they give color. A distinctive set of dyes is required for each type of cloth. With the exception of stocking shades, a complete range of nylon colors remains to be found. Jackson Laboratory, the basic research center of the Chambers Works, was able to resume its war-interrupted search for them only a year ago.

Dye sales are a rich source of history. A study of sales of the Chambers Works' 700 dyes and pigments would reflect war, depression, government financing, and the vagaries of feminine whim.

In 1941, for instance, sales of a yellow dye by the name of Thioflavine T to a printing-ink manufacturer, one of whose chief customers was the federal government, went way up and stayed up for five years. Only recently, when a Du Pont chemist chanced to check over his war bonds, was it realized what was being done with the yellow dye. It had been used to print the seal on the face of the bond. Vat Khaki 2G was, of course, another wartime big seller, and so was Ponson Brown AR, used in the blend olive drab.

Last summer, bright green was a leader in women's vacation wear. To put green dyes into current sports clothes, Du Pont had to begin brewing them in 1945. Dyemakers generally have to work four months ahead of the textile industry, which works four months ahead of the consumer. Dyemakers stick as closely as possible to leading stylists, who are supposed to know what the public will want. Nevertheless, the risk of a wrong guess is ever present.

Antifreeze and other chemicals that reach the ultimate consumer in the form in which they leave the plant comprise less than 1 per cent of the output of the Chambers Works. The other 99 per cent includes not only such obvious essentials of other industries as dyes and synthetic rubber, but a long list of processing agents and materials that the chemical industry calls intermediates. These intermediates are materials that give rise to directly useful chemical products on further treatment. Throughout the war, the Chambers Works was one of the leading suppliers of the intermediate from which drug houses derived the famous anti-malaria drug, atabrine. Novocaine, the dental anesthetic, comes likewise from one of the same plant's intermediates.

The multiplicity of products turned out by the plant would seem bound to make it a focus of confusion compounded by chaos. A nice interrelation exists, however, among its immensely varied operations. A byproduct of one unit is raw material for another. Hundreds of such cross bonds knit the works together.

Planning production to take advantage of as many cross bonds as possible is the core of successfully running a big chemical plant, a jealously guarded art in which Du Pont men like Dr. Samuel Lenher, the tall Midwest-born works manager, excel. The tighter Dr. Lenher and his deputies knit, the less the waste, and the less the waste, the cheaper the Chambers Works turns out chemicals as essential in peace as in war.

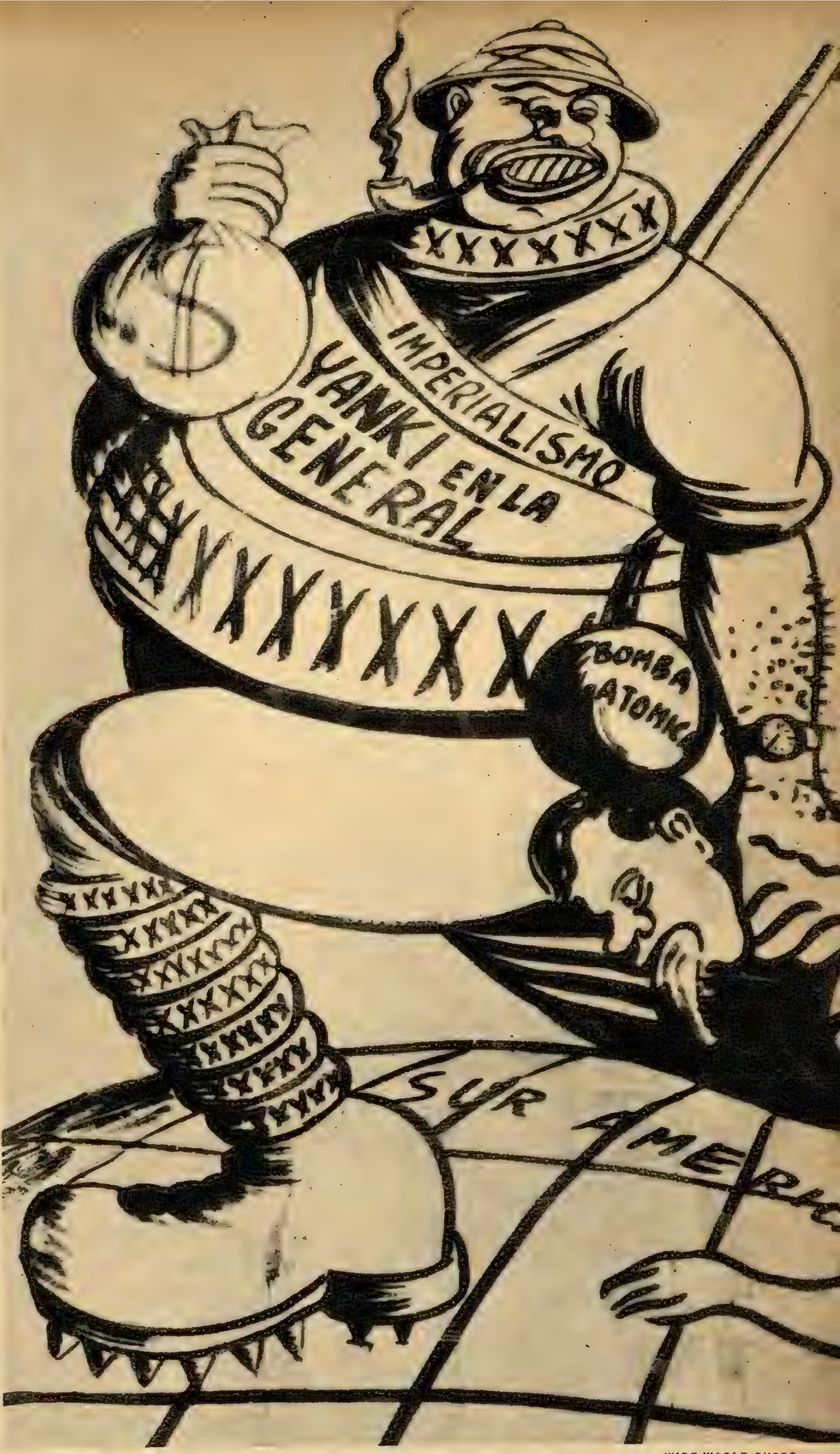
THE END

# Stalin's "Little Brothers"

### BY

### WILLIAM VAN NARVIG

**According to the author, the Russians are already implementing their promise to come to the assistance of their "little brothers" in Latin America**



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

The Communist Party line in South America: A big Venezuelan tire company dominated by imperialist United States.

WHEN I was in Russia in 1944 I chanced into a discussion of Western Hemisphere matters with a high Soviet official. He was very frank. Said he: "American economic policy is difficult to understand. It lacks in realism. One wonders if the United States is out to dig its own grave. Here you order tremendous quantities of war materials in Latin America. You advance billions of dollars. Plain common sense should dictate to try and obtain these materials at the cheapest possible prices. But no. What do you Americans do? Even though in urgent need of materials for our common war effort, you refuse to order them unless the manufacturers agree to pay their workers wages which are entirely out of proportion with the established wage level in Latin America. You foist an economic revolution on poorly developed countries who want none of it. And you pay for this economic revolution.

"At the same time you lay the groundwork for intensive anti-U. S. sentiment throughout South America. When the war ends, your war orders will stop. All these countries will face a tremendous task of economic readjustment, which you have made even more difficult. Under postwar conditions they could not possibly continue the high wage level which you have foisted on them. There will be widespread discontent. Both manufacturers and workers will curse you. And another country will capitalize on the situation."

He neglected to mention that the other country would be Russia herself.

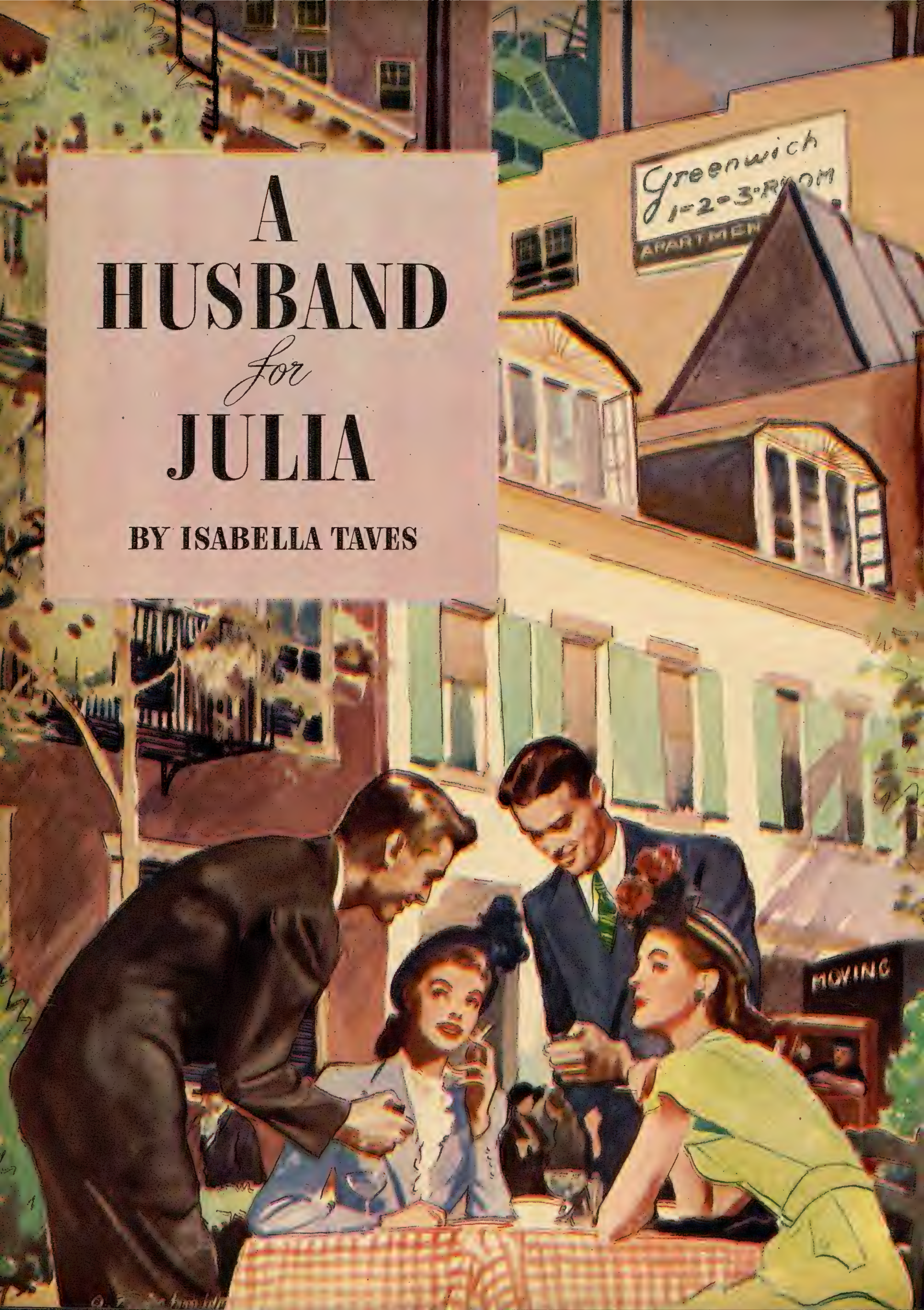
The argument caught me unprepared. Although I had visited several Latin-American countries prior to my trip to Russia (as the Soviet official of course knew without my telling him—the Soviet secret police had seen to that), it had not occurred to me to study the future implications of American economic manipulations among our neighbors to the South.

On my return home I looked into the matter. I found that the Soviet official had been 100 per cent right. Cut off from its prewar sources of supply, the United States had developed new crops and industries in Latin America. Ecuador's balsa for plane parts and cinchona bark for quinine, Central American abacá for rope, Brazil's quartz for radio parts were just a few of a large number. Vastly stepped up were Venezuelan oil industry and Cuban alcohol production, among many others. Brazil was subsidized to build a $90,000,000 steel plant at Volta Redonda, with a special railway from the Itabara iron-ore deposits; Uruguay, the great Rio Negro hydroelectric project. The United States induced countries like Mexico, Chile, Peru, and Bolivia to mine copper, tin, lead, and nitrates as never before. Latin-American industrial labor saw a tremendous increase.

American policy also did something else. In pouring billions into Latin America and negotiating contracts for the purchase of vast amounts of minerals, food, and other products, Nelson Rockefeller and Henry A. Wallace, who held the U. S. purse strings, stipulated that Latin-American workers should (*Continued on page 68*)

# A HUSBAND *for* JULIA

### BY ISABELLA TAVES


Greenwich
1-2-3-ROOM
APARTMEN
MOVING

**To marry Cousin Julia off and have one's own apartment—and stockings—seemed worth a sacrifice. But not if the sacrifice was a certain guy**

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

WEEK DAYS it rained, while I sloshed around carrying fishing tackle and canary birds in my job as comparison shopper for a department store. But on Sunday, my only day of rest, the sun always shone right through the artistic skylight of our Greenwich Village attic apartment, and made sleep impossible.

This Sunday was no exception. I put my head under the pillow. Just as I was smothering off into a doze, my cousin Julia tiptoed out of the bathroom, broke a cup, and asked if she could borrow my red dress to wear to the art museum, darling. My red dress was new, a terrific bargain I had picked up at an employees' sale, but I grunted yes. It avoided argument; and anyway Julia always won.

I was getting very tired of living with Julia. But two years ago mother wouldn't let me come to New York alone, and Cousin Julia had always wanted to study art here, so here we were, imprisoned by the housing shortage in a one-room apartment. I kept trying to get Julia to move into an art club; and she kept trying to get me to go home to Gailsburg, but I didn't want to leave Curt Harrison. So there we were, stuck. Stuck together.

After Julia left, I was managing to sink off when the telephone rang. With a groan, I got out of bed and snatched the phone.

The voice was male, with a dash of drawl. "Did I wake you up, honey?"

"Julia's out," I said crossly. "Call back at some respectable hour."

"But I can't. I'm stuck at the bus stop and I can't get a hotel room. I have no place to go but your place."

"And what makes you think you can come here?"

"Why, Annie. Don't you know who this is? Hugo. Hugo Sparks."

Then I remembered. Hugo was Cousin Julia's only millionaire. Well, maybe not a full-fledged millionaire yet, because his father was still alive. But father owned oil wells and newspapers and broadcasting stations in Texas. Although Cousin Julia was a complete fizzle when it came to adding up anything like the grocery bill, she was no fool about big round figures. When Hugo had been in New York attending a convention of broadcasters last year, she had given him the all-out treatment. Hugo had that instinctive shrewdness which men of money seem to have in romance as well as in situations which call for the outlay of more than a dime. He went back to Texas fancy-free, without strings attached; and Julia had devoted one evening a week, all winter long, to writing him letters.

"Well, Hugo, with your connections I should think you would rent the observation tower of the Empire State Building and move in and give cocktail parties and we'd all have fun."

"Annie," Hugo never finds jokes about spending money very funny. "Annie, my father has arranged for me to live with Uncle Jimmy, in Stamford, Connecticut. But I'll be too far away from Julia."

"Oh," I said. "Oh." The mists of sleep were clearing. If Julia's direct mail campaign had begun to soften Hugo, that was something else again. Because the very best way in the world to get the apartment to myself would be to marry Julia off.

"Darling," I said. "Darling Hugo. Julia will be back shortly. I was so sleepy that I wasn't thinking. You come right down here and I'll fix you a nice breakfast and we'll read the papers and—"

"Are you sure you can't put me up?"

"Darling," I said. "Darling Hugo. There is no one we would rather have as a house guest than you, but it just happens that we live in a one-room apartment so small that Julia and I fall all over each other. You remember."

"Oh," said Hugo. "Then I might as well check my bags at the bus station. There is no point in taking a taxi down there just to carry my bags."

"No," I said, "and the subway is still only five cents."

I HUNG up, reflecting grimly that the subway was also fast and I had about ten minutes to fix up the tenement into something resembling home. While I flung the beds together and a sweater and slacks on myself, I calculated rapidly. Julia obviously had not known that Hugo was coming, and Julia had a habit of going to the art museum on Sunday morning and stirring up a mild flirtation with some male *objet d'art*. Sometimes she went to dinner with him; that would mean that she'd be late and I would have to entertain Hugo. Sometimes she brought him home and had me cook for them all. If she chose this Sunday to bring someone home—I put on a pot of coffee and tried to keep my mind off how we would get out of that one.

Hugo was prompt. He was wearing a conservative navy blue suit and his blond hair was slicked back in methodical waves. He wasn't so bad, I decided, looking at him critically. Add him to a million dollars and he would pass anywhere. He brought out two packages of cigarettes.

"I thought you girls might be out of smokes, what with Sunday and all."

I thanked him solemnly and went about scrambling eggs. He wouldn't take his coat off, but otherwise we were both comparatively comfortable. He preferred the financial section of the Times and I had Orphan Annie and Dick Tracy all to myself. We had about a cozy hour when the doorbell gave two sharp twirps. I sat bolt upright; that was Julia's way of warning me that she had a man with her, and I had better hide in the bathroom if I were still in my nightie.

I MADE for the door. It takes about four minutes to climb our five flights of stairs. I figured I might be able to warn Julia without Hugo catching on.

Leaning over the landing, I made shushing noises. Julia looked up in surprise. I noticed grimly that she was very pretty and blonde in my red dress. Then I rushed and met her on the fourth-floor landing.

"Hugo's upstairs. For heaven's sake, get rid of your date. I fed Hugo breakfast and have been hanging on to him for you."

"Hugo?" Julia's face went blank with surprise and then her eyes brightened. "Why, how wonderful, darling!"

"Then get rid of your date."

"Date?" Julia's laugh was a trill. "Oh, darling, he's no date. It's just Curt Harrison."

Just then, Curt turned the landing, panting, and my heart turned over. Curt is a big man and I suppose that some day, like all ex-athletes, he will get fat. My fatuous mind had long since decided that on Curt, flesh wouldn't matter. Ever since he was captain of the football team in high school and I was a freshman in braids, I have worshipped Curt. One of the reasons I plotted to come to New York was because he had a job in a law office here. The hideous truth was that Curt had no idea of all this. He was sweet to Julia and me, and hardly a week passed that he didn't drop in on us or take us to dinner. But he treated us just alike, and our classification added up to only one thing: hometown girls in New York.

*(Continued on page 94)*

Every time she picked up a cigarette, there was a race between the two men to see who would light it.

39
47
30

At that moment the father of Johnny Gregg would not have changed places with the President of the United States

# THAT'S MY BOY

by

## JEROME BRONDFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES COLE

PETE GREGOCHOWSKI soaped his arms above the elbows, then let the warm water cascade over them. It felt good. It always felt good when he came home from the mill. He used the towel vigorously as he watched Mary lay the supper plates on the kitchen table.

"There was a letter from Johnny today," Mary said without looking up. "On the sewing machine."

Pete got it and sat down at the table. He tore it open carefully: letters were something to be handled with fitting deference.

"What does he say?" Mary asked after a while.

"Next Saturday's game is called the Dad's Day game," he said. "Johnny says the fathers of the players are especially invited by the university."

"That's fine," Mary said.

He looked up quickly. "I am not going."

Mary's brown eyes were quietly grave. "Yes, you will go, Peter. Johnny wrote to me about it last week. I know all about it, and how do you think Johnny will feel if you don't go?"

He pressed his mouth together firmly. "What difference does it make?" he asked defiantly. "I would go, yes, and be proud to see Johnny Gregochowski play, but not this other person who I do not know—this Johnny Gregg."

For a second there was hurt in her eyes, but it was gone immediately, replaced by a defiance of her own. "You must never say that again, Peter. Never." And then she added, in a tone she seldom used, "You will go, Peter."

Pete raised his big fist, a fist which could smash the kitchen table as though it were a strawberry box. But he opened it in mid-air and placed his flat hand slowly upon the tablecloth.

He would never understand it. A man came into the world with two things—his soul and his name—and he should never relinquish either. But his husky twenty-year-old son was no longer Johnny Gregochowski.

Just before he'd gone back this year as a sophomore, Johnny had come to Pete and he'd said casually, "Dad, I'm changing my name to Gregg. I think it's kind of important to me, dad, and I guess now's the time to do it when I'm just sort of starting out."

He'd tried to explain it to Pete. It hadn't made any difference during his freshman year, Johnny had said, because he wasn't eligible for the varsity. Now the fellows at the house thought, and the newspapermen had convinced him, that the man who was going to be one of the most sensational halfbacks of all time should shorten his name to something a little more adaptable to headlines and the fans' tongues.

Pete Gregochowski could feel only shocked disbelief and hurt. And shame. And before he could organize any opposition, Johnny was gone.

After that it was too late. The hundred miles to the state university might as well have been a million. A letter was not Pete Gregochowski's medium of expression.

Not even Mary was as sympathetic as she might have been. "I don't know, Peter," she suggested gently. "Perhaps Johnny may be right. Maybe it *is* important. Besides, it is not unusual for people to change their names in this country."

Nor had Johnny's married sister, Stella, helped much. "Relax, pop," she'd chided Pete. "You didn't object when I changed mine to Meyers."

No, women didn't understand. For twenty-five years the name of Gregochowski had been respected in Riverport while he was sweating his way up to a foreman's job in the rolling mill. But now it was being thrown out like an old shoe, and with as little regret.

Even after State had played its first three games and Johnny Gregg's name had leaped from the headlines and radio loud-speakers—even after that, Pete Gregochowski felt only pain and shame.

People stopped him in the street and spoke of Johnny with pride. But as much as he would have liked to share that pride, he couldn't.

He'd been proud enough before, all right. During Johnny's senior year in high school everyone told him his boy was the greatest football player Riverport had ever produced. Pete liked that, even though he knew nothing about football. He'd always been too busy in the mill to see Johnny play. But when the talent scouts from the colleges started beating a path to his door, Pete discovered there was more to this game than he realized.

They spoke glibly of scholarships or jobs, and painted glowing pictures of the fame that would be Johnny's when he played in the big time. Once in a while they'd even talk about the fine education he'd get. But when Johnny decided on the state university, Pete was glad, if only because it was a hundred miles from Riverport and not a thousand or more, as some of the others were.

EARLY Saturday morning Pete put on the dark blue worsted suit which he wore to church and an occasional union meeting, and when he was all dressed Mary nodded approvingly. "You look very nice, Peter." She inspected his tie and gave it a final twist. "Do you have enough money with you?" she asked.

He frowned irritably. "Of course. Do you think I am a child? I have twenty dollars."

"Take ten more," she said. "You never know."

He was doing this thing only for her, so he took ten dollars more.

When he was ready to leave, she handed him a box of cookies. "For Johnny," she said.

"Surely he gets enough to eat," he protested. "Maybe his friends will laugh."

She smiled softly. "Cookies . . .?"

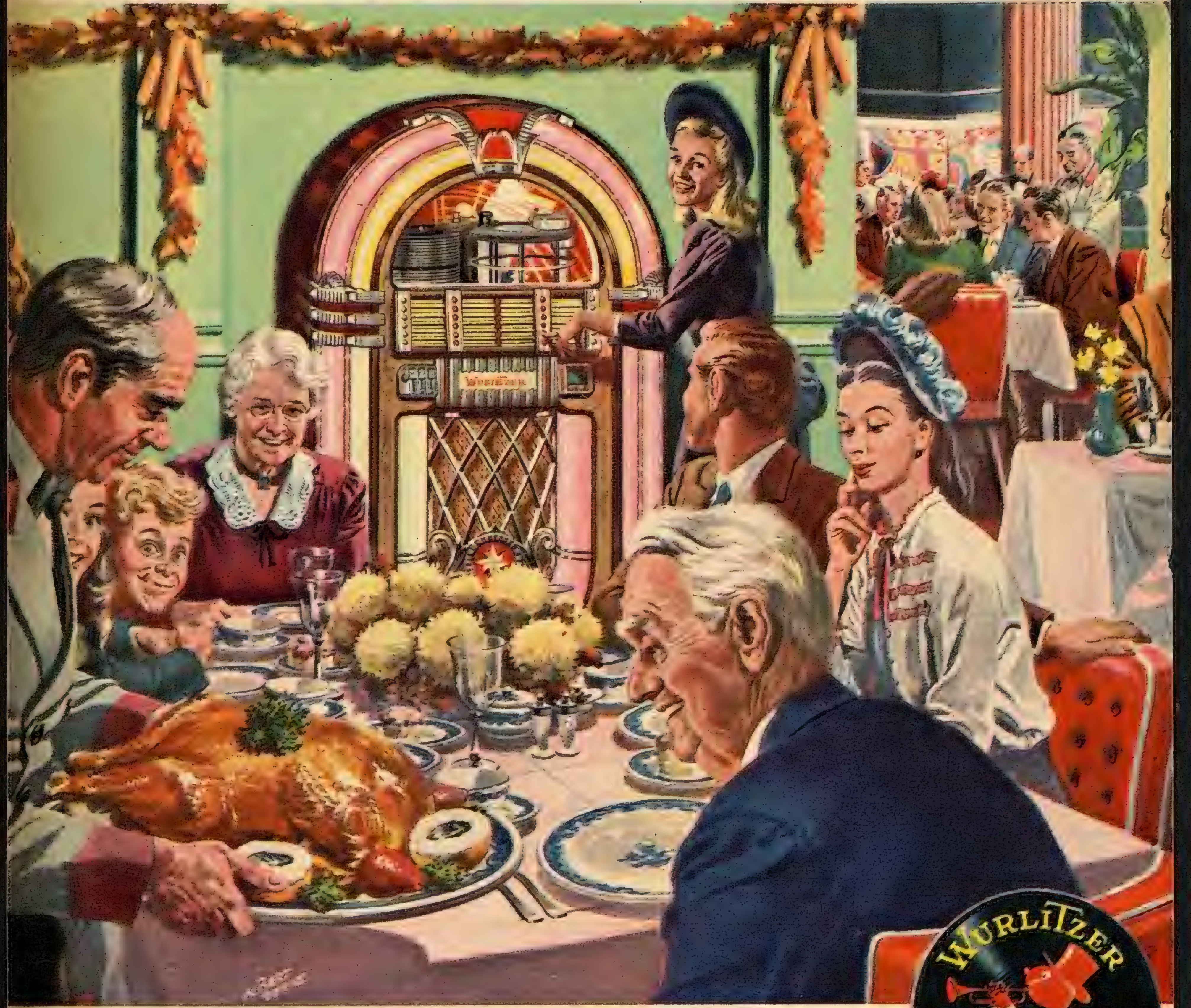
So he took the cookies, and when

(*Continued on page 71*)

The triumphant wave of sound that had punctuated the drive expired in a concert of disappointment.

# WURLITZER MUSIC

## *is an American tradition, too*



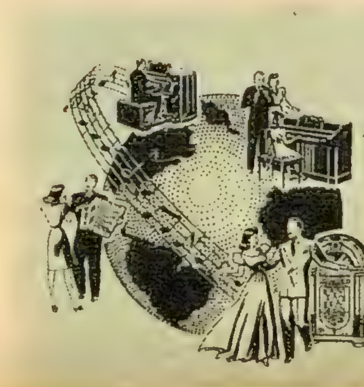
The *Sign of the Musical Note* identifies places where you can enjoy Wurlitzer Music.

WURLITZER
PHONOGRAPH
MUSIC

## *Musical Fun for Everyone*

o millions of Americans, the highlight of Thanksgiving Day is hanksgiving dinner, a feast attended by all the relatives...a rich epast of tempting treats topped by roast turkey and tapered off ith pumpkin pie. The modern version of this ancient tradition is give Mother something to be thankful for—by going out to eat!

hat's why, come this Thanksgiving, from Plymouth Rock to the acific shores, you'll see gay family groups gathered in festive ood enjoying their holiday feast with the help of another great merican tradition...Wurlitzer Music! The Rudolph Wurlitzer ompany, North Tonawanda, New York.



**THE NAME THAT MEANS *Music* TO MILLIO**

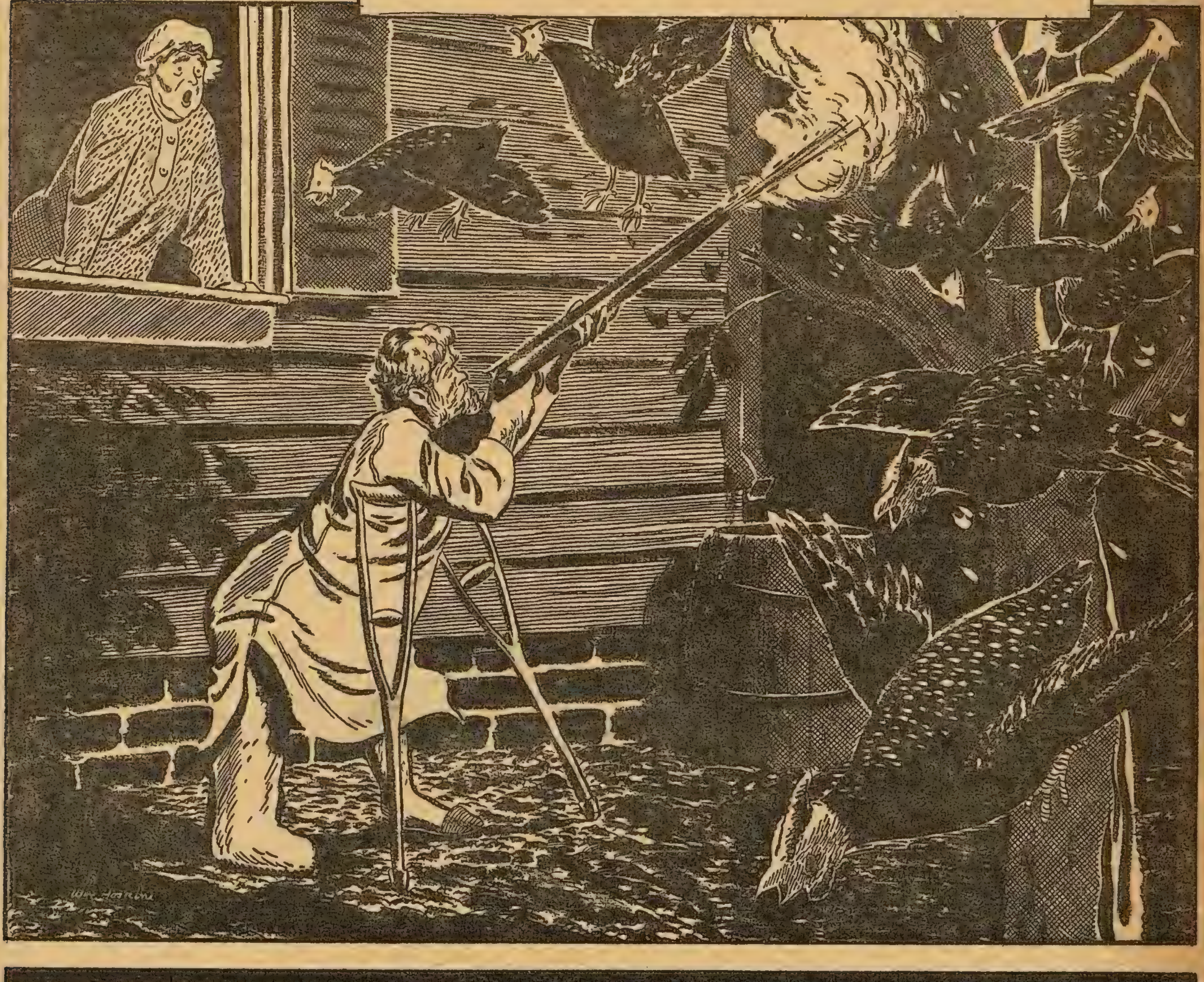
The music of Wurlitzer pianos, accordions and commercial phonographs is heard "'round the world." Wurlitzer, America's largest manufacturer of pianos all produced under one name...also America's largest, best-known manufacturer of juke boxes and accordions, now has in production a great new electronic organ.

# Grandfather Objects

### By WALTER BEEBE WILDER

Grandfather Beebe wanted to spend a peaceful time in the country. But relatives, female artists, prohibition agents, and finally a cloudburst descended on him. It was only his eleven-year-old grandson and his ten-year-old applejack that kept him going through the summer.

ILLUSTRATED BY
WIN HOSKINS



A LIBERTY BOOK CONDENSATION · *READING TIME: ONE EVENING*

Copyright, 1946, by Walter Beebe Wilder. Published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, New York. Price $2.50.

“IN a word, the whole plan hinges on water,” said my grandfather.

“Exactly,” said my father.

That seemed an odd statement to me, so I remarked, “You can't put hinges on water on account of it's too soft, and the screws would fall out.”

My grandfather frowned down at me slightly and my father asked me to shut up. “Keep quiet,” was the way he put it. How could I *keep* quiet when I hadn't been quiet to begin with? To a young man of ten summers and eleven winters such technicalities assume outsize proportions. Before I could argue the point my grandfather tapped me gently with a crutch to encourage silence and spoke to my father.

“Well, Walter,” he said, “I think we can manage with the hydraulic ram and the new reservoir if your ideas don't get too fancy.” I won't go into the rest of the conversation because it was just another installment of a perpetual argument between my father and grandfather as to who had the fanciest ideas.

That, in essence, was the whole trouble with the farm. My grandfather, who was my mother's father, and my father always argued back and forth. My grandfather was of a fairly practical nature and wanted all this water to irrigate his fruit-and-vegetable-raising projects.

The farm consisted of two hundred and twenty-some acres of open fields and wooded mountain land. Whether or not it could have been made a financial success I do not know, but my father was not interested in that, anyway; he was strictly visionary. And the vision closest to his heart was the Master Plan for the farm.

This Master Plan for the farm was a dream world of my father's that radiated like the spokes of a wheel from a hypothetical “Main House” that was never built. It spread over the whole two hundred acres, impressive in the manner of a Greek ruin; a pillar here, a pillar there, and sheep nibbling wild flowers in between (except that we had no sheep).

It wasn't ruined either. Part of it had recently been built: the walled garden, the tennis court, the vegetable garden, the reservoir, and the fabulous chicken house. The whole thing was intended to fit together like a picture puzzle eventually, an Italian garden dropped into place here, a cascade there (water or no water).

Now the fabulous chicken house was the cause of my grandfather's broken leg. He had gone out to the farm way early in the spring and had fallen off the chicken-house roof on account of ice. He refused to discuss the matter with anyone, so that's all I know, except that one of the hotbeds abutting the chicken house was all smashed to pieces.

If you are wondering what was fabulous about the chicken house I'll tell you right now and get it over with. In the first place, chickens wouldn't or couldn't live in it. It was built of reinforced concrete, faced north, had accommodations for about two thousand chickens (we only needed a couple of dozen), was equipped with nesting boxes made out of iron pipe, roosting bars also made out of iron pipe over sloping concrete shelves designed for easy delousing. My grandfather was especially interested in easy delousing, but more of that later.

THE farm was located some five miles outside of Suffern, New York, roughly thirty miles from the city itself.

My grandfather found moving out to the farm unexpectedly complicated the spring he broke his leg. It was not physically complicated but emotionally.

The emotional strain set in when he returned home with his broken leg in an ambulance driven by a man named J. Baker Tomkins, who had the peculiar habit of spending his winters in jail where it was comfortable and his summers occupied with odd jobs in or near Suffern where it was even more comfortable. He habitually dressed in immaculate white overalls and a shirt with no tie.

My mother and father had planned a trip to England and after the accident couldn't make up their conjugal mind what to do, go or stay. This attitude irritated my grandfather, and he began to talk as if he had broken his leg on purpose. Once he got out of his wheel chair and stumped around on his cast to show that it didn't make any difference anyway. That alarmed the doctor and everybody else except Sis, who thought it was funny and asked him to do it again. He frowned at her.

My mother and father were going abroad to observe English estates, with the object of complicating the Master Plan for the farm. Naturally they were worried about how my grandfather could get along with his broken leg and take care of Sis and myself.

On the same day my grandfather, Sis and I departed for the farm my mother and father were sailing for Europe. Early that morning my father went in town to his office to “clean up” his affairs. I couldn't see him sweeping the floor and dusting around, but he was a versatile man. After breakfast he shook hands with my grandfather, wishing him a pleasant summer, and with me, optimistically bidding me be good, kissed Sis, whose face was covered with marmalade, and walked out the door. That's all there was to it.

Our parting with Mother was not so easy. “My dear Louise,” said my grandfather patiently after some discussion, “I opened country houses before you were born. There is nothing to it except taking off the storm shutters and unlocking the doors.”

“But, Father, you can't do that with your leg.”

“My dear Louise, no man in his right senses would try to take off storm shutters with his legs.”

“Please,” Mother said with a catch in her voice, “don't be facetious. All your summer clothes have to be unpacked and—” She began to sob gently.

Seeing this, I started to snivel and Sis broke into full cry, as was her wont.

“Lord deliver me from all this blubbering,” said my grandfather, holding Mother against the lower part of his chest and patting her back in a manner to knock her wind out.

He was not rescued by the Lord but by the polite and obviously true statement, “I'm here.” J. Baker Tomkins had turned up at the front door with the ambulance.

I took up our small bag, grabbed Sis by the hand, and so we started off for an unexpected kind of summer.

THE Erie Railroad of those days was not the streamlined thing it is today. If it went fast it ran off the tracks. There were more jokes about it than about Ford cars. A sample ran something like this: An impatient passenger said to the conductor: “I thought this was a fast train.” The conductor said, “It is a fast train.” Then the passenger said, “Would you mind getting out and seeing what it is fast to?”

It happened that our course from Hoboken to Suffern paralleled the railroad. At a place called Mahwah we had to pick up Mrs. Cragg, the cook-housekeeper.

We met her as previously arranged in front of her nephew Reilly's house, Dr. Reilly Conkling, she called him, because he was almost a veterinary. She was dressed in her Sunday clothes, topped off by a Queen Mary hat, and I guessed that underneath she wore her Sunday corsets, the ones that stuck out less and in different places from the more carefree corsets of weekdays.

"The pipes is busted," she remarked by way of greeting my grandfather as she sat down opposite his stretcher. "I was out to the farm and looked."

"Hey, Mrs. Cragg," I said politely, "ya gonna make a chocolate cake today or tomorrow?"

"Yeah, ya gonna?" said Sis.

"You sprats be quiet," she said. "I'm talking to your grandpa. Mr. Beebe, the pipes is busted."

"Good," said my grandfather absently. He seemed preoccupied with the progress of the ambulance, which was picking up speed rapidly. Burst pipes were an annual occurrence and taken as a matter of course. Due to certain architectural vagaries of the old house the plumbing could not be completely drained for winter in spite of ingenious devices installed by my father and grandfather.

"No, it's bad," contradicted Mrs. Cragg.

"How many pipes?" asked my grandfather.

"Three," she said.

"What is so bad about that? Last year there were five."

"Oh, it ain't the pipes, it's my brother-in-law Henry Conkling. He's at death's door with pneumonia."

"I'm certainly sorry to hear that," said my grandfather. Henry was a nice man, and could do anything, especially plumbing, when prodded into action, but he spent a great deal of time lingering about death's door, abetted, possibly, by the ministrations of his son, Mrs. Cragg's nephew Reilly, who drew no line between horses and humans when writing out prescriptions.

IN the silence which followed I began to worry about my neckenears. I had resolved not to wash this anatomical arrangement all summer, but there was no telling how much authority Mrs. Cragg might assume in my mother's absence.

Suddenly my grandfather said, "I'll repair the pipes myself."

"But, Mr. Beebe, you can't with that leg of yours."

"Mrs. Cragg, I can do anything with this leg that I could do without it. The subject of this leg has been fully discussed, and I don't want to hear any more about it for the rest of the summer." His voice was stern.

Mrs. Cragg failed to heed the warning. "I don't blame you," she said. "That hotbed was a wreck and—"

The rest of her observation was lost in my grandfather's remark to J. Baker Tomkins about the speed of the ambulance, and a toot from a train whistle on a nearby track. What my grandfather said was, "J. Baker, you're going too damned fast."

"Mr. Beebe," said J. Baker, "I've been insulted by the engineer on that train. When he blew that whistle he raised his thumb to his nostrils in my direction. And if you don't mind I'd like to beat the pants off him in a race to Suffern."

"Oh, by all means," said my grandfather, who could appreciate a challenge, and settled back on his stretcher. The rocking ambulance was too much for Mrs. Cragg.

"Mr. Beebe, I got nerves," she said.

"You have *what?*"

"Nerves!" She had always laid claim to every decent malady known to woman, but not even the most sanguine psychiatrist could have credited her with nerves.

"Who told you that?" demanded my grandfather.

"My nephew Reilly."

"I thought your nephew Reilly was a veterinary."

"He is, but he ought to been a doctor. He's smart."

"Evidently," said my grandfather without any conviction. "Is there any tansy up in the garden? A hot cup of tansy tea and a good dollop of blackberry cordial will quiet your nerves, and I'll join you." The mere prospect seemed to do Mrs. Cragg's nerves a world of good; she relaxed and turned to me. "Maybe I can bake a cake tomorrow. I said *maybe.*"

By this time we had reached the Suffern station somewhat ahead of the train, and J. Baker stepped out of the ambulance. As the train pulled in he thumbed his nose gracefully at the engineer, and the engineer burst out laughing. Sis was standing on the running board, also thumbing her nose and bowing with her tongue stuck out. "I see ya got an assistant," yelled the engineer.

Then we drove out toward the farm.

ABOUT a mile south of the Master Plan we rounded a bend and came abreast of a farmhouse. "Hey, stop," I yelled, "there's Sport." J. Baker jammed on the brakes so suddenly that my grandfather's stretcher shifted forward and Mrs. Cragg fell over against me.

"What in tarnation you tryin' to do, kill us?" she demanded.

"A very apt question," said my grandfather.

"Sorry," said J. Baker. "This machine doesn't stop sensibly like a horse."

At sight of me Sport fell to barking furiously and straining at the chain that attached him to his kennel. As soon as he was released he tore around in narrowing circles, bowled Sis over, paused to lick her face once, then sprang all over me and my uncomfortable traveling clothes, whining and slobbering.

The farmer ambled out.

"How do, Mr. Beebe," he said as he approached. He and my grandfather were mortal agricultural enemies whose rivalry reached its crescendo in a welter of vegetables, fruit, and vituperation at the county fair, but they were otherwise friendly.

"Well, Sonny, I reckon you want your dog back. I hate to see him go; he's a good huntin' dog, that Sport. Use him mostly to keep Sister Lib's chickens out of my garden."

"Have you seen Jakie lately?" asked my grandfather.

Jakie was our unofficial, unhired, hired man. Theoretically he lived in a shack far back in the mountains, the Ramapo Hills, but he had attached himself to the Master Plan by asking permission to sleep in our hayloft on his way to or from town. Finally my grandfather had let him have a tumble-down house on the mountain called the Old Dead House and had gradually broken him in to the novelty of farm work. He wasn't paid any regular wage, but he didn't do any regular work either, except milk the cows.

"Yeah, I seen Jakie when I driv by your place this mornin'."

"How was he?"

"Hard to say; he was settin' tilted back on the front stoop with a jug beside him and his eyes closed. I know he was alive, though, 'cause I seen him wiggle his ears the way he does."

"Mountain men is no good," said Mrs. Cragg.

"I dare say he was celebrating our arrival," said my grandfather. Jakie had a unique system of celebrating all major and minor events with applejack before the events actually occurred. He explained it to me once: "If ya wait till after it happens, chances are ya ain't got time, but if ya drink half of it before it happens, that's like insurance, kind of, and it don't matter so much if ya git swindled outen the other half."

"In my official capacity," said the farmer, assuming an affronted thumbs-in-suspenders attitude, "I may have to investigate where Jakie gets this stuff from that he celebrates with."

"What the hell do you mean, official capacity?" said my grandfather, sitting all the way up.

"Hey, lookit," I said, "lookit the badge!" And I pointed at the silvery badge on the farmer's shirt.

"Yeah, lookit," said Sis.

"What's that, a fireman's badge?" said my grandfather.

"That," said the farmer, "is the official badge of the sheriff of Ramapo Township. I have succeeded the late deceased Henry Conkling in the sheriff's office."

"Henry isn't late deceased," said my grandfather. "According to the latest report, he is recovering from pneumonia."

"Hmmph," said Mrs. Cragg. "Mr. Beebe, the election was crooked. If my brother-in-law Henry Conkling hadn't-a been at death's door with sciatica on account of a little mistake my nephew Reilly made in his medicine, he'd still be sheriff, and a good thing for the town, too."

"Well," said my grandfather to the farmer-sheriff, "I hope you are a more successful sheriff than you are a farmer. I'll bet you two gallons of five-year-old applejack that I grow bigger and better melons this summer than you do."

"I hate to take it offen you," said the sheriff, "But if you'll make it five gallons it's a bet."

My grandfather shook the sheriff's hand.

"Mr. Beebe," said J. Baker, "I must get this ambulance back to Suffern in case of an emergency call."

"By all means," said my grandfather, and we drove off, with Sport loping along behind.

Jakie was at the gate to meet us, his head showing evidence of having been held under the pump. It was obvious that he had started to shave, too, but thought better of it; some of the stubble was gone from one side of his face, also some of the skin.

"I sure am glad to see you, Mr. Beebe," he said.

"Thank you," said my grandfather. "Jacob, I want to have a little talk with you later." That formal "Jacob" was ominous.

Up to the time of Cousin Jenny's telegram my grandfather and I had been enjoying the farm. My grandfather had established his daytime headquarters in a swing on the side porch where he could look over the farm in three directions and see what Jakie was doing, if he happened to be doing something.

That swing was the most uncomfortable single piece of furniture I have ever seen. It was not long enough even for me to lie down in except curled up, and it was so deep that nobody but my grandfather could lean back in it. Furthermore, it was suspended by four lengths of cow chain from the ceiling and cleared the floor by a good three feet, so that not even my grandfather could swing it by pushing on the floor.

When my grandfather had got himself into the swing in the morning and had arranged binoculars, a bunch of Department of Agriculture bulletins, and a large bell beside him, I waited like a dog who anticipates the throwing of a stick. I was, in effect, his aide-de-camp, liaison officer, and observer rolled into one skinny but rapid bundle. At a word I would dash off on some mission, generally to see where the devil Jakie was. We lunched on the porch, too.

Then Cousin Jenny's telegram arrived.

She "waahed" from Baltimore that she would arrive at Suffern on the two-thirty train next day. "Hermann must have figured that out," muttered my grandfather.

Cousin Dr. Hermann, as I called him, was Cousin Jenny's husband. If she happened to acquire a new flower vase he would spend the evening sprawling calculus problems over her note paper to discover, without putting any water in it, how much the vase would hold at different levels if he did put it in. You can see that he had the type of mind to lay out a plan which would get a person from Baltimore to Suffern at a definite time.

Despite all this and his chronic pride in every attribute (except her unfortunate sex) of his eleven-year-old daughter, Zelda, his real love was dedicated to a stomach pump he had invented. He lugged it all over the country in a black leather case for lectures and demonstrations. At home it was his custom to swing the after-dinner conversation in the direction of digestional disorders. He frequently offered to pump out his guests to see what precisely was going on. He said they would be surprised.

All this business embarrassed Cousin Jenny and alienated from Cousin Hermann a great many potential friends, among them my grandfather, who once explained to him: "I eat for two reasons, Doctor: first for the sensual pleasure of eating good food and second for the nourishment. Now that I have had the pleasure, please allow me to keep the nourishment."

Cousin Jenny was as good as her word. She not only arrived at two-thirty the next afternoon, but she brought Cousin Zelda along with her.

My grandfather and I met them a little late at the station because we stopped to fortify ourselves at a speakeasy saloon with a hotel attached called the Mountain View House, he with applejack and I with cream soda.

Accustomed as I was to the aroma of a soft-coal-heated zoo that usually embellished the station waiting room, I was pleasantly surprised when we finally got there to find that the place smelled like Cousin Jenny. "Phew," said my grandfather in an uncomplimentary undertone, sweeping off his raggedy panama hat and bowing a little bit between his crutches. Cousins Jenny and Zelda sprang up from behind a barricade of shiny-looking luggage.

"How the devil did you get all that stuff off the train?" asked my grandfather.

"This gentleman very kindly helped us," said Cousin Jenny, indicating J. Baker Tomkins in his derby hat and neatly pressed and patched overalls, who was sort of lurking around. Her tone implied that someone from the farm should have been on hand.

My grandfather ignored the implication. "Why, J. Baker, it is certainly a pleasure to see you, and thank you for helping these young ladies off the train."

"Mr. Beebe, it has been a pleasure," said J. Baker.

"Now," said my grandfather, "I don't believe we can take more than two of these bags with us in the cart. Can you suggest a place to store the others until Jakie can come in with the spring wagon?"

"Mr. Beebe, there is no need to take Jakie away from his work; I shall take care of this luggage as if it were my only child and deliver it to the farm this afternoon at a nominal fee," said J. Baker.

"Splendid," said my grandfather.

During all this conversation Cousin Zelda, who was as close a replica of her mother as heredity, age, and the dressmaker's art would permit, had frowned at me in silent disapproval while scratching her stomach. On the way out of the door, she hissed at me, "You're a mess." Glancing back now with the impartial eyes of maturity, I guess I must have been a sartorial disappointment, but how could I help it if the buckle of my left pants leg was busted and my grandfather, in rummaging around among the moth balls, had not yet found me a clean shirt? But I thought Cousin Zelda was a mess, too, all covered with flounces and stuff, like a doll.

When Billy the Horse had got over his first enthusiastic paroxysm of starting toward home Cousin Jenny began to worry about her luggage. "Cousin Charles, are you sure that Mr. Tomkins is reliable? His clothes are peculiar."

"He is just wearing a hat until his hair grows out."

"Oh, has the poor man had typhoid fever?"

"Heavens, no. Or possibly he has. Did he mention it?" My grandfather sounded concerned.

"No, he said that he was glad to be out again. He said that it was pleasant to see a beautiful woman after all those months." Cousin Jenny simpered a little.

"Well, I can see that six months in the clink hasn't changed J. Baker," said my grandfather.

"The clink? Do you mean to say that that man you entrusted with my bags is a criminal?"

"Yes and no," said my grandfather. "He is as honest as the summer is long. Come cold weather, he commits some little crime that will keep him in jail until spring. Rather a sensible fellow."

"Oh, deah, I should have stayed in Baltimore," said Cousin Jenny.

"Possibly," said my grandfather.

"But I couldn't very well. You see, Hermann and I are estranged. We're considerin' a separation."

"An excellent idea," said my grandfather.

Cousin Zelda didn't seem to have anything to say to me, so I ignored her except to notice that she was scratching her stomach again as well as her legs and other parts of her. Finally she took to wriggling her back against the seat.

"What's the matter?" I said. "You got the itch?"

She looked at me with revulsion. "I'll have you know that I have hives."

"What the deuce are those?" I asked. For answer she pulled up her dress above her knee and pointed to a couple of red spots. "It sure looks like the itch to me," I said. "Some of the mountain people get it from not taking baths."

"It is *not* the itch." And she slapped my face. I grabbed a couple of her yellow curls and yanked hard.

"Mama!" Zelda screeched.

Cousin Jenny and my grandfather turned around. "That is no way to treat your little cousin," said my grandfather without much emphasis.

The psychic collision between Cousin Jenny and Mrs. Cragg, when we got to the farm, was apparent to me, but nobody else seemed to pay any attention.

Cousin Jenny turned on her Southern accent full blast (she always turned it on and off like a faucet; sometimes she talked Southern and sometimes plain English).

"Wha, Cousin Chahles," she said, sticking out her hand in a limp democratic gesture at Mrs. Cragg, "Ah had no idea you all *had* someone to caih foah you! Wha didn't you *tell* me? Ah would have arranged things differently."

"So would I," said my grandfather.

MY grandfather was at the telephone talking. "He wears a bowler hat—a derby." My grandfather listened a moment. "Oh, your deaf ear, pardon me," and then he shouted at the top of his lungs, "HE WEARS A BOWLER," and hung up. "WHO IN HELL IS MISS BOVEEN?" he demanded, turning to me and forgetting to lower his voice.

The name was pretty familiar, but I couldn't, to save my neck, think whom it belonged to. I concentrated while he resumed his crutches and composure.

"What on *earth* is going on?" said Cousin Jenny, appearing on the stair landing wrapped up tight in some stuff that looked like pink mosquito netting. "Why, I was sound asleep and I dreamed—"

"Just talking to Miss Boveen's deaf ear. Now, please go back to your nap or get dressed. I have enough on my mind without your dreams or contours."

"Why, Cousin Charles, you hurt my feelin's." She drew the mosquito netting tighter.

My grandfather swung off toward the side porch, making a noise like "scat" at Cousin Zelda, who was impeding the arc of his right crutch. "Women, women, women! The first one runs around as good as naked and the next one says she is wearing a jibba with daffodils on it. Why do they all want to come out here? What the devil is a jibba with daffodils on it?"

That word summoned to my mind a sudden, full-color picture of Miss Boveen. "A jibba," I explained, "is like a coat but more like a flannel nightgown."

"And *who* is Miss Boveen?"

"She read to me and Sis when we had the chicken pox last winter. She's very nice."

"Is that all you know about Miss Boveen?"

"Well, she's even a better reader aloud than Mother. Mother said that's because she started to be an actress. She told Mother that she got too fat for an actress and she thought it would be better to be a fat artist than to be a thin actress and eat diets all the time, so she's an artist."

"Hmmm," said my grandfather. "She is coming out here to paint a picture as soon as she can find J. Baker."

After some time a surrey drew up in front of the house, and J. Baker helped Miss Boveen disembark. I noted that the surrey rose about four inches on its springs when she got out.

"There's the jibba," I whispered to my grandfather, pointing. It was exactly as I had described it.

"Don't point," he said.

He got out of the swing and bowed between his crutches as Miss Boveen came onto the porch. "Miss Boveen, I am sorry not to have spoken more distinctly over the telephone."

"Not at all, Mr. Beebe; I am quite hard of hearing in one ear and I sometimes put the receiver to the wrong one. I found Mr. Tomkins with no trouble at all; in fact, he had already helped me off the train with my luggage." Miss Boveen smiled at J. Baker and sank into a rocker. I went out with J. Baker to help with the luggage.

As we gradually covered the porch floor with paper bundles my grandfather showed signs of uneasiness. "I had no idea," he said, "that painting a picture required so much equipment."

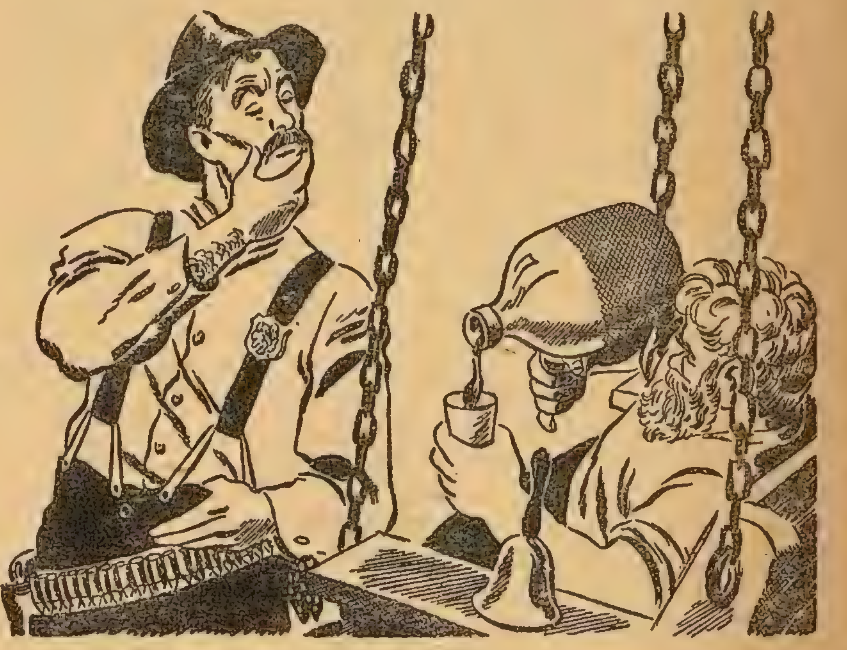
Miss Boveen smiled. "Oh, not one picture, Mr. Beebe, many. Of course I want to paint the garden in all its moods, on blue days and gray days, by sunset and sunrise. That was Louise's plan."

"Do you mean that my daughter thought this up?"

"Not entirely. We planned it together, the illustrations for her book about the garden." Miss Boveen withdrew from the pocket of her jibba a little rectangular frame of cardboard and looked through it out over the farm. "My, one might almost be in the Loire Valley, even to an occasional château and peasant's cottage spotted here and there. Beautiful, simply beautiful."

"Hmm," said my grandfather, looking first at the reservoir, then the chicken house. "I can see that you are gifted with imagination."

"Thank you," said Miss Boveen, bringing her view finder to bear on my grandfather and studying him for a few moments. "Mr. Beebe, perhaps you can find time to sit for me."



"I fear you will be too busy with the garden."

"Oh, I'm sure I can manage it somewhere between the hollyhocks and the asters."

"The hollyhocks and the asters! Why, the asters don't bloom until September."

Just then the sheriff stopped his buggy out front and ambled up onto the side porch.

THE sheriff stumbled over one of Miss Boveen's parcels, recovered, and surveyed the scene.

"Gittin' ready for the rummage sale, Mr. Beebe?"

"Sheriff, you are in the presence of one of our foremost artists. Miss Boveen, may I present Sheriff Babcock, the epitome of law and order in our neighborhood, a man who looks neither to the right nor to the left in his pursuit of evildoers, a man who winks at nothing."

The sheriff just stared at Miss Boveen's jibba, unable to acknowledge this fancy introduction except by a sort of wavering of his head. At the click of the side door he swung around to be confronted by Cousin Jenny still wrapped in pink mosquito netting.

"Sonny," my grandfather said, "run in and get the jug off the sideboard and some glasses and ice water and don't drop them."

I went about my catering and returned to the porch. The sheriff cleared his throat after swallowing a slug of applejack and gasping. "Mr. Beebe," he said, "I came to see you on business, but I don't know if it can rightly be told with ladies present."

"Is your business indecent or immoral?" asked Cousin Jenny hopefully.

"No, no, nothing like that, but it's what you might call illegal, and I figured it might sort of embarrass Mr. Beebe in front of you ladies."

"Well?" said my grandfather.

"Well, I got information that there is a still on your farm, a likker still."

"And why not?" said my grandfather.

"Well, it's like against the law, kind of. Prohibition is what it is at the bottom of it." The sheriff poured himself another drink. "I got to enforce the law through thick and thin, irregardless of what I think or you think or these ladies may think. Just like you said, I don't look left or right. Do you know where this still is, Mr. Beebe?"

"Certainly I know where it is," said my grandfather in a patient tone. "It is down in the cellar, but if you want to borrow it you will have to assemble it yourself. It is dismantled at the moment, but Sonny can show you how to put it together; he blew it up last year." My grandfather couldn't seem to forget that unfortunate incident.

"No, Mr. Beebe, I don't want to borrow it." Being the sheriff, he touched his badge. "I not only got to enforce the laws but obey them besides."

"A very commendable attitude."

"Legally speaking," said the sheriff, downing another shot of applejack and gasping a little less than before, "you ain't supposed to be running a still either. But I reckon as long as you ain't sellin' the stuff I can overlook it."

"Damned decent of you," said my grandfather.

"Thank you. I aim at a decent administration of my office. I want my voters to say around election time, 'Yes, sir, there's a damned decent sheriff, that Sheriff Babcock. My vote is for him every time.' That's the way I intend to act—decent but fair. Just like what you said about me a while back, Mr. Beebe."

"Exactly," said my grandfather, refilling the glasses. "J. Baker, let's drink a toast to the incorruptible sheriff of Ramapo Township."

"Yup, incorruptible. Long may he waver," said the sheriff, appreciatively downing his drink without any gasp at all.

"I think you will have your wish," said my grandfather.

A FEW days later my grandfather sat in the swing during lunch and opened a letter from England I had just obtained from the mailman. As soon as he put down the envelope I tore off the stamp for my collection. He set about reading the letter, saying, "Hm, hum, damn, hell's bells, what a ridiculous idea," and a few other things that made us all look up from our lunch.

"Zelda, take your lunch inside," said Cousin Jenny, who never liked Cousin Zelda to be subjected to the lack of refinement in my grandfather's language.

"Damn, hellsbells," said Sis.

"Sonny," said my grandfather, "run in and get me that book called *Hydraulics Simplified.* Just a second," he added. "P.S.: Mother and Dad send their love," and, turning to Sis, "And to you, too, Sis, and hope you are both behaving. Interesting thought, anyway."

When I had brought the book he riffled through it until he had got back to the index. "Fine index!" he said. "Fine treatise on hydraulics! So simplified it doesn't even mention fountains. Let me see, I should be able to figure this out myself. Hmmm! What head of water would squirt a fountain twenty feet high and why have a fountain twenty feet high in the first place and why have it in the middle of a lily pool filled with carp in the middle of the melon patch? Damn! Carp are no good to eat or even to look at. Grass crosswalks and a carp pool! I don't care if the Earl of Sandwich has got one, I'll wager it isn't in his melon patch. Hrrmph!"

"I saw a fountain fifty feet high at Sorrento," said Miss Boveen.

"You don't mean it," said my grandfather. "You must have seen a good deal of landscape architecture in your travels."

"Oh yes, indeed," said Miss Boveen. "I have painted over most of Southern Europe."

"Hm," said my grandfather, "that is very interesting. Very. Fountains, are they difficult to paint?"

"Why, no. They are fascinating. So many different ways of interpreting them."

"Hm, very interesting. That could be helpful." Then he returned to my father's letter and his thoughtful muttering. Finally he said with conviction, "Sonny, I've got it! Go and find Jakie. Tell him to come here right away."

When I found Jakie reclining against the barn door admiring a bathing beauty on the cover of a *Police Gazette* that my grandfather had given him, I delivered the message without telling him that my grandfather had squinted for a long time before giving it to me. That squinting usually indicated a plan, and a plan meant work.

Down at the side porch Jakie stood before my grandfather, more embarrassed than usual because of the presence of ladies. "Jacob," said my grandfather, "as soon as you have finished lunch I want you to hook up Lady Gray to the harrow and harrow up the tennis court. We'll make a melon patch out of it. It's got good drainage and plenty of sun."

I was aghast because the tennis court was my father's pride and joy, he having invented the surface made of cinders in such a way that you could play on it right after a heavy shower without even rolling it.

"I already finished lunch," said Jakie.

"Splendid," said my grandfather. "Now when you get through harrowing, dig holes a foot and a half deep, eight feet apart, all over the court. And in each hole put a foot of well-rotted cow manure."

Sis and I were about to follow Jakie up toward the barn when J. Baker pulled up outside with the surrey and Cousin Hermann dismounted, carrying his stomach pump.

"Why, *Hermann,*" said Cousin Jenny without any Southern accent or enthusiasm at all, "what on *earth* are *you* doing here?"

"I've come to take Zelda for my month."

Later in the afternoon, after Jakie had harrowed the tennis court, Sis and I came down toward the house just as Cousin Hermann and Cousin Zelda drove off.

"You're a mess," yelled Cousin Zelda, leaning out of the surrey and sticking out her tongue at me.

As we came up onto the side porch Cousin Jenny was finishing a sentence: ". . . so you see Zelda has divided custody."

"I thought she had the itch," I said. "Has she got divided custody too? Is Cousin Hermann taking her away to pump it out of her, maybe at the hospital? I should think he could do it here in the back kitchen."

"Hush your mouth," said Cousin Jenny. "You are too young to know about these things."

"One is never too young to learn," said Miss Boveen.

"Exactly," said my grandfather, and proceeded to explain to me how children sometimes got divided custody due to the fission of their parents.

MRS. CRAGG, as far back as I could remember, had suffered from all kinds of aches, pains, miseries, lumbago, and so forth, but this year she turned out to be afflicted aside from these things and nerves with an over-all malady called plural miasma. Her nephew Reilly, the veterinary, had made the diagnosis, and nothing anybody could say would shake it loose from her mind, not even my grandfather's reading a definition of miasma which he purported to have got out of a dictionary. "Miasma: a foul, noisome vapor found over swamps and sinkholes and in the heads of some veterinarians."

Mrs. Cragg's most severe attack of miasma was brought on by a telegram. It was like this: She had reached the telephone ahead of me; and when I dashed into the hall with Sport we almost collided with Mrs. Cragg who looked as if she would have liked to brain us with the receiver. As a matter of fact, she couldn't have if she'd tried because of a conflict between technology and her own peculiar physical make-up. Of course the receiver of the wall telephone hung at the left, but for some reason Mrs. Cragg could only listen to it with her right ear. Thanks to "the dratted telephone people," if she wanted to write down a message she had to cross her left hand over her bosom (no mean feat to start with), hold the receiver to her right ear with her left hand, try to talk into the transmitter, and then transcribe whatever she heard with her invisible right hand. That was the situation when Sport and I burst into the hall.

I hate to quote Mrs. Cragg as making a rude remark, but she did really say "Shut up," more to Sport than to me, in a voice so loud that the operator queried her on it. "No, not you, you fool," said Mrs. Cragg. "What is that message again?" She listened and mumbled out loud while she wrote: "'Will arrive to take charge Tuesday stop Meet afternoon train. Signed, Ma Wilder.'" Then she sank down on a chair and started to rub all her joints and the places in between. "Take charge," she said, "TAKE CHARGE." And that is where I became worried. "Nerves AND miasma." And she continued to feel herself in different places. "Take this to your grandfather," she said to Sport and me, tearing off the piece of pad paper where she had written down Grandma's message.

My grandfather was swinging himself back and forth by pushing a crutch against one of the cow chains that suspended him in the swing. "What is it, Sonny?" He read the telegram, then he read it again and looked at me as if I had forged it, and then he read it a third time. "Son," he said, "you are about to witness one of the most remarkable examples of self-control that you are ever likely to see. Watch me carefully." For a moment I thought he had contracted miasma himself; he favored the mountains with a long, piercing look, accomplished by squinting his blue eyes down to slits and clamping his jaws shut so that muscles bulged among his whiskers and veins turned up like maps of rivers on his forehead.

Silence was complete; the moment was tense. Sport had his foot up near his head ready to finish scratching at a flea and I had my mouth open full of some irrelevant remark. The whole thing was frozen like that by the look on my grandfather's face. Probably it didn't last more than fifteen seconds, but suddenly a roll of thunder came down from the mountains out of a pure blue sky. I never would have thought that self-control could produce an effect like that and I don't think my grandfather did either, judging from the way he glanced at me. "What the devil can that be?" he said.

FIRST a little preliminary explanation. Our peaceful valley abounded with wife beaters, and the beaters used to come to my mother for solace or advice. Once my mother had a persistent beater put in jail to give his poor wife temporary peace, but his poor wife came right to my mother and threatened to burn down our barn if her husband wasn't liberated. "The disgrace!" she said, and kept repeating it. It turned out to be more difficult to get the man out of jail than it was to get him in, but my grandfather finally accomplished it with applejack (applied to the judge internally). Next day the woman was back all bruised up, complaining that we had let that devil loose on her again just as she was having a little peace and quiet.

Nellie, the mountain girl, had come down once the summer before after her father had beaten her. In a way there was an excuse for Nellie's father; thanks to his own carelessness, he had nobody else to beat. His wife had forced him to live in the chicken coop all summer while she rented the shack to a city feller and then she had run away with the city feller, so you can see the fix Nellie's father was in.

On the day when my grandfather showed such self-control, he turned to me right after the rumble from the mountains and asked me, "Did I curse or swear?" "No, sir," I said, "not out loud." He looked at me sharply and said, "Well, I'll be damned."

Sometime later Nellie came down through the orchard in a torrent of tears. "What's the matter?" said my grandfather.

"My daddy blowed himself to hell," she said.

"You don't mean it."

"Yep, and it was all on account of that damn sheriff and that damn game warden."

"Please control your language," said my grandfather. "There is a minor present. Exactly what happened?"

"Well, my daddy got drunk for breakfast this morning and he says to me, 'I'm agoin' fishin',' and I says 'You are, hey?' and he gives me a belt in the face with a stick of dynamite."

"With what?" asked Miss Boveen, who had drifted out onto the porch.

"Dynamite," said Nellie, "but that ain't nothin'. Dynamite is soft, but stovewood is hard." She pulled her stringy hair apart and showed a cut.

"So?" said my grandfather.

"When my daddy was stuffin' the dynamite in his shirt and his pockets he said, 'Today I blow every damn fish out of Cramberry Pond, and you git up on the rock and watch for the sheriff and the warden.' That's when I talked back to him and he hit me."

Nellie started to cry again, but my grandfather shushed her as Mrs. Cragg appeared.

"What are you doing here?" she asked Nellie, who was a remote relative of hers the same as almost everybody else in the valley and so open to questioning.

"Nellie's father has met with a slight accident," said my grandfather. "Just what happened, Nellie?"

"I seen the sheriff and the warden coming upmountain, so I run and hollered at my daddy. He said, 'Shut up,' and bit down on a blasting cap to crimp it on the fuse like he always done, and the whole damn lake blew up in one big flash."

"What did you do?" said my grandfather.

"I got up offen the ground and I run down here."

"What are you going to do?" asked my grandfather.

Nellie looked around, bewildered. "I dunno. I ain't got no more daddy and I ain't got nobody to do for, so I guess I'll run somewheres." And she burst into tears again.

"Shut up," said Mrs. Cragg.

"Poor child," said Miss Boveen, looking at Nellie through the little cardboard rectangular frame. "A trifle more to the left," she said, closing one eye and doing what I learned later was composing.

"Mrs. Cragg," my grandfather said, "could you use some help this summer in the form of your niece, Nellie?"

"I sure could, Mr. Beebe, what with everybody coming here—I don't mean you, Miss Boveen—and all this leg business and that good-for-nothing Jakie and all."

"Nellie," said my grandfather, "would you like to help out Mrs. Cragg this summer?"

"Yup," said Nellie, and that settled that.

It couldn't have been a half hour later when the sheriff and the warden showed up together with a bag. "We couldn't find a trace of him," said the sheriff amiably, "but look at the fish we got."

"Them fish ain't legal," said the warden, "but here's a couple of the finest bass I ever seen around here."

"Sonny, go get the jug," said my grandfather.

"YOUR grandmother is on her way up from Suffern this minute," my grandfather told me the following afternoon, "and the next time you stuff paper in the telephone there will be trouble. Now, go wash your neckenears and put on some shoes."

On the way to the bathroom I thought I might as well detour past the cakebox in case Mrs. Cragg wasn't around, but she turned out to be around, rolling piecrust. "If you was my kid I would bat you over the head with this rolling pin; your grandmother phoned for a whole hour before the paper shook out of the bell."

I passed through without audible comment, and the picture began to shape up in my mind. It was true that I had stuffed the bell because I thought Sport and I were going to be playing near by. I figured that the slight rustling of the muffled bell would call either Sport or myself but nobody else. Naturally, when my grandfather had sent me up to the barn to see what Jakie was doing, I had forgotten all about the stuffed bell.

In view of all the circumstances I decided to do a real job on my neckenears, so I sprinkled them liberally with Dutch Cleanser, rubbed it in with water, and wiped the whole thing off with a bath towel. That system doesn't make any spectacular lather, but you should see the dirt come off. I had to fold that towel three times before I could hang it so that the dirt wouldn't show. That's how effective Dutch Cleanser is.

Grandma, you must understand, was not the type of person who enjoyed waiting at any time, anywhere, for anything or anybody. I had a good clear picture of her present state of mind after not being met at the station and telephoning the house for an hour before the bell gradually dislodged the paper I had stuffed in it. She would call for delicate handling.

The whole mistake was due to Mrs. Cragg crossing her hands over her bosom at the telephone and writing down things where she couldn't see what she was writing. That caused her to get Thursday mixed up with Tuesday.

BY the time I had got through sprucing up, a crunch of gravel told me that Grandma had arrived. Outside, I scanned J. Baker's face and noted a certain defiant weariness. My preconceived plan of action was frustrated by the fact that Grandma was roped into the surrey with a net-work of clothesline. She was not personally roped in, you understand; the rope that held her trunk on back was tied to everything on the surrey that J. Baker thought wouldn't come loose, so it had the effect of caging Grandma in the back seat.

Having rehearsed my simple welcoming speech thoroughly, I decided not to waste it before we had got Grandma out and I could make personal contact. I planned to rush up to her, shouting, "Oh, Grandma, I'm so glad to see you," throw my arms around her, and kiss her on the cheek. I never kissed her on the lips if I could help it because of a slight mustache she had.

While J. Baker and I were untangling Grandma, Sport was hanging his tongue out and watching without much interest. Now Sport was a dog with a lot of sense. For example, he would not usually jump on people who disliked large dogs jumping on them and snapping their teeth with joy and slobbering.

This particular day Sport's judgment was off. As soon as we had got Grandma untangled from the surrey I made my speech and kiss—"Oh-Grandma-I'm-so-glad-to-see-you—double-smack"—all in one breath. My apparent enthusiasm ruined Sport's judgment; he came up behind Grandma, jumped up on her so high that he knocked her hat askew, and slavered down her neck.

Grandma took the whole thing in the wrong spirit. "That animal should be caged or disposed of," she said, referring more, I think, to Sport than to me.

My grandfather had come to the edge of the porch and greeted Grandma with a bow as courtly as his crutches would permit.

Grandma frowned at him. "Charles Beebe, you should not be walking about with that leg. A fracture should receive complete rest, especially in a man of your years."

"I appreciate your well-seasoned advice, Ma Wilder, and I hope that I may be of some service to you during your little visit. Your telegram mentioned taking charge of something. Business affairs in New York, perhaps?"

"I came East to take over—"

"Forgive me," he interrupted. "I want you to meet Miss Boveen, the well-known landscape artist."

Miss Boveen lowered the cardboard rectangle through which she had been "composing" Grandma. "Mrs. Wilder, you have no idea what a pleasant coincidence this is."

"A coincidence?"

"Yes, you bear such a striking resemblance to the late Duchess of Alba, who once sat for me in Madrid shortly before her death. Perhaps you will sit for me if your business in New York is not too demanding."

"An excellent idea," said my grandfather. "Now, Ma Wilder, you must meet Mrs. Cragg, without whose ministrations we should all perish. She rules the household with an iron hand and a heart of gold, and we all love it."

I looked at my grandfather to see if he had suddenly lost his senses.

"But, Charles Beebe," said Grandma, "I have come East to take charge—"

"Now, Mrs. Wilder, your business affairs in New York will certainly wait until morning and you must want to rest after your journey. Mrs. Cragg will show you your room, and I shall have your trunk brought up. The room faces south, but the window is shaded by a fine old apple tree. And I'm sure you'll be comfortable."

"Yeah, the Guinea-Hen Tree," I said. My grandfather frowned at me.

THE next morning Grandma appeared in the kitchen just as I was wiping egg off my chin at Mrs. Cragg's suggestion. She said good morning and surveyed the scene with a lorgnette.

"What in the name of the Creator," said Grandma, "were those frightful chickens doing in the tree outside my window this morning?"

"Them ain't chickens, them's guinea hens," said Mrs. Cragg with just a faint hint of scorn for a city dweller.

"I can see," said Grandma, "that there is more than a little to be remedied."

At noon my grandfather was pushing his side-porch swing back and forth with a crutch and explaining to Miss Boveen the advantage of growing melons in a tennis court, when suddenly Nellie appeared in the doorway, dressed in a black uniform and propelled from behind by Grandma. "Luncheon is served," she said.

"Where the devil is it?" said my grandfather, accustomed to eating right in the swing. Grandma said firmly, "We are lunching in the dining room today." He was so completely taken off his guard that he got out of his swing and started crutching into the dining room.

At the table he opened up a letter that had just come from England and proceeded to read it in a loud mutter.

"Charles Beebe," said Grandma, "in Kansas City we do not read at the dinner table."

My grandfather glanced up long enough to say, "This is not a dinner table, this is a luncheon table, and I didn't want to be here anyway. And may I remind you this isn't Kansas City. I think," he muttered, "that your son Walter has completely lost his head."

"Mary Queen of Scots lost her head in England," I volunteered through a mouthful of salad.

"Don't talk with your mouth full," said Grandma. Then to my grandfather, "What is wrong with my son?"

"Well," said my grandfather, "he says here that he wants a row of eighteen fountains running down from the reservoir and making a cascade past the back of the walled garden to the Stillwaters."

"There are goodness knows how many fountains at Versailles," said Miss Boveen.

Just then Mrs. Cragg came in with mashed potatoes.

"Mrs. Cragg," said my grandfather, "we have got to get your brother-in-law Henry Conkling away from death's door. He can leave death's door ajar if he likes, but before he goes through it he must arrange a twenty-foot fountain and carp pool in the melon patch and a string of eighteen fountains from the reservoir down to the Stillwaters."

"I just received a letter from my brother-in-law, and he says he's better, may be able to stand up in a week."

"Tell him he has to stand up in less than a week, and start laying pipe."

"I'll do what I can," said Mrs. Cragg.

"You know, Miss Boveen," my grandfather said suddenly, "I have been considering asking you a favor."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Beebe. What is it?"

"Well, I have noticed that your painting shows a fine imaginative sense; that is, when the facts of nature do not lend themselves to suitable composition, you can move a tree or pull one out of your head, as it were."

"Certainly," Miss Boveen said. "Reality often falls short of the aesthetic ideal."

*(Continued on page 59)*

"Which—
LIONEL do you
want, Son?"
Baby Ruth
LIONEL LINES

# LIONEL has everything—*Plus*

***Smoke*** – Clean, white, odorless puffs, that spiral upward. Shown first time in the world by LIONEL

***Electronic Control*** – A revolutionary development exclusive with LIONEL. Full selective control of locomotives and operating cars anywhere on the track.

***Built-In Whistle*** – Operates by remote control whether loco is standing still or moving in forward or reverse. Standard whistle signals can be sounded.

***Twenty-Wheel Steam Turbine*** Penn R. R. locomotive – Exclusive with LIONEL. Beautifully scale detailed. A magnificent giant of the rails.

***Solid Steel Wheels*** – Plus scale detailed die cast trucks – and heavy steel axles.

***Real R. R. Knuckle Couplers*** – Electro magnetic remote control operation.

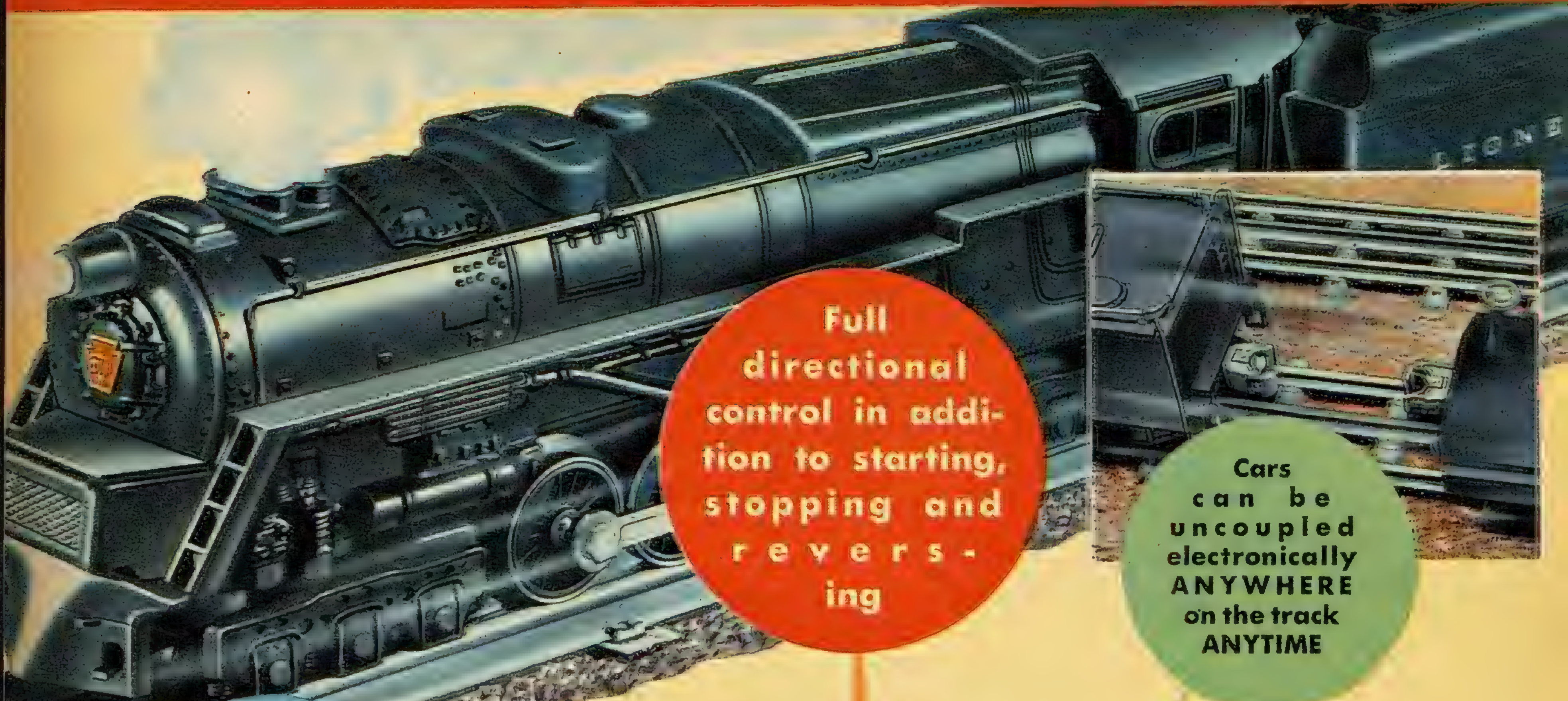
***Double Worm Drive Motor*** – Featured in LIONEL locos for 1946 – most realistic locomotive performance ever revealed.

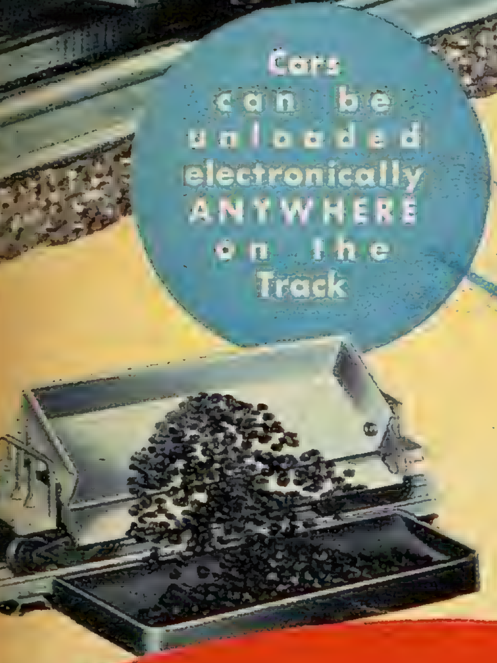
***Realistic Accessories*** – Marvelous assortment of new operating cars and model R. R. accessories.

***Compare*** – Comparison proves the superiority of LIONEL locomotives, cars, and equipment. For the best in model railroading insist on LIONEL.

THE LIONEL CORPORATION • 15 EAST 26th STREET • NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

## rst time in the world and exclusive with LIONEL


LIONEL
Full directional control in addition to starting, stopping and reversing
Cars can be uncoupled electronically ANYWHERE on the track ANYTIME

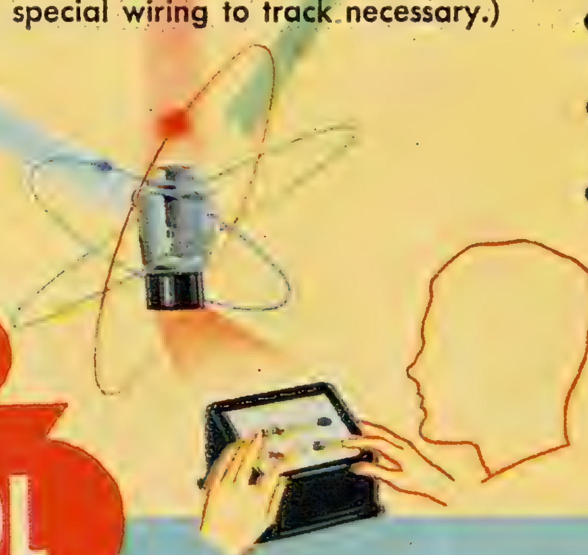

Cars can be unloaded electronically ANYWHERE on the Track

### LIONEL ELECTRONIC CONTROL

***Simple to operate, just push the selective button***

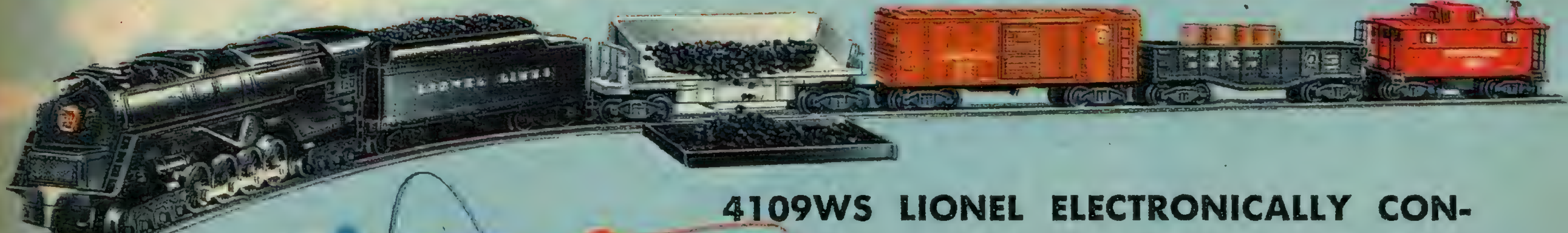
With Lionel Electronic operation every unit of the train is under constant selective control ANYWHERE on the track. Electronic Control operates this way:—sensitive receivers on each car respond to Radio Frequency waves and make the cars or locomotive perform just as you direct. (No special wiring to track necessary.)

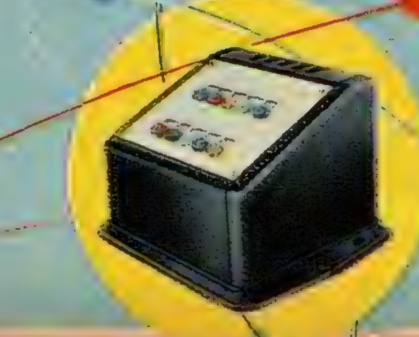
- **Start, stop and reverse the train electronically.**
- **Full directional control in addition to starting, stopping, and reversing.**
- **Blow the whistle electronically.**
- **Uncouple cars electronically.**
- **Unload the operating cars electronically.**
- **ANYWHERE ON THE TRACK. (Heretofore you could only uncouple and unload at a pre-selected place on the track.)**



# LIONEL SELECTIVE *Electronic* CONTROL

**Presenting below the LIONEL Electronically Controlled freight train. The only train of its kind in the world.**


LIONEL LINES



*NOTE: — Requires NO special or extra wiring to the track.*

### 4109WS LIONEL ELECTRONICALLY CONTROLLED "O" GAUGE FREIGHT WITH LOCO THAT PUFFS SMOKE—BUILT-IN WHISTLE

***The outfit comprises:*** No. 671R Pennsylvania Steam Turbine 20-wheel locomotive (8-wheel double worm drive)—No. 4424W Lionel electronically controlled Whistle Tender—No. 4452 Gondola Car—No. 4454 Box Car—No. 5459 Automatic Dump Car—No. 4457 Caboose—8 Sections OC Curved Track—4 Sections OS Straight Track—1 UTC Lockon—1 ECU-1 Electronic Control Unit—1 926-5 Instruction Booklet—1 Electronic Control Instruction Book.

# *Only* LIONEL TRAINS

## have these scale-detailed electro magnetic knuckle couplers, solid steel wheels, and realistic die cast trucks.

WHEN you take any model car in your hand look at the truck and coupler detail FIRST. No scale realism is possible without this feature. And it is a LIONEL exclusive that has revolutionized model railroading, making possible electronic control (described on page No. 2).

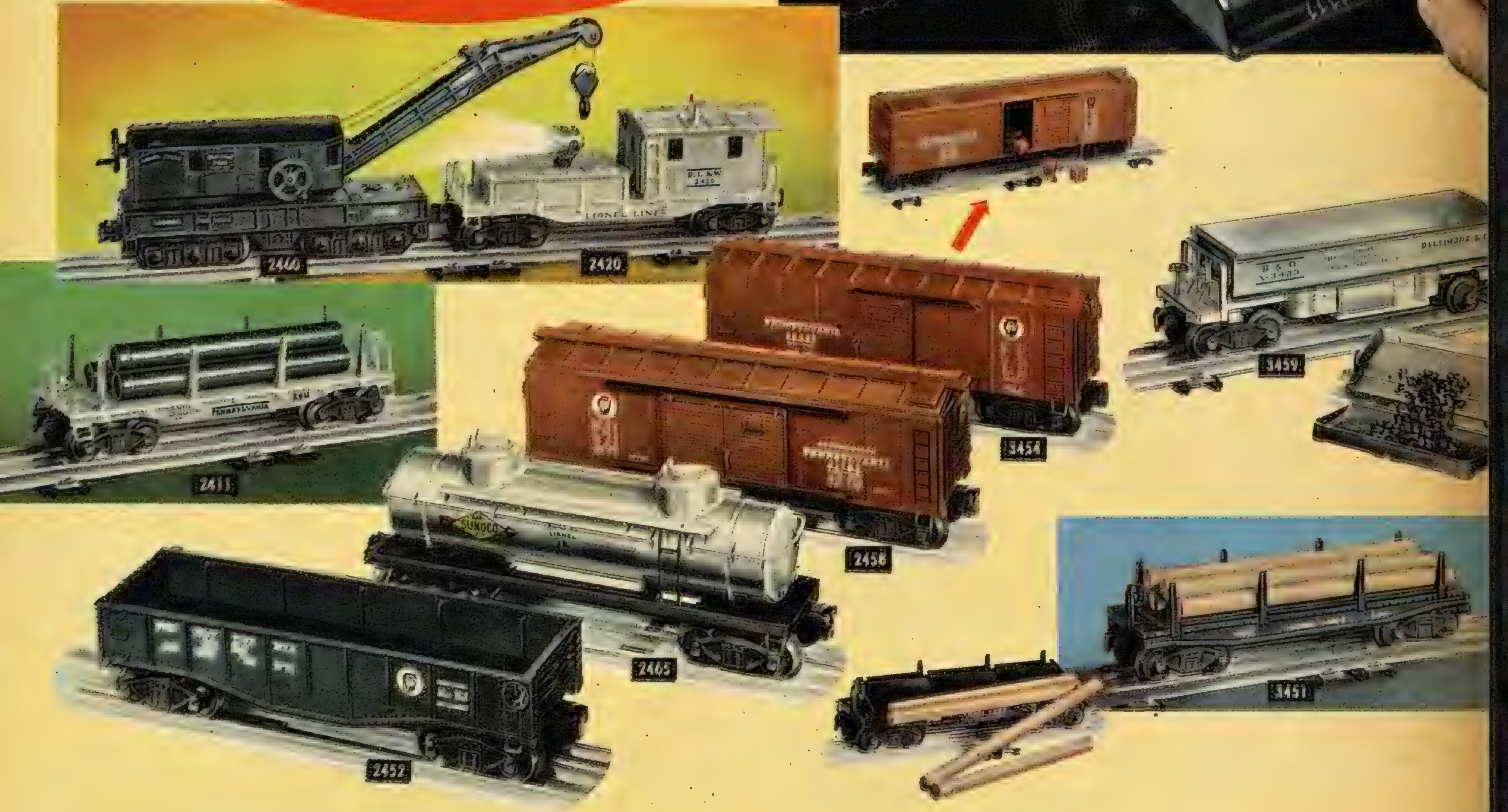
No model trains can be called "scale detailed" unless they have these LIONEL electro magnetic real railroad knuckle couplers, solid steel wheels, and realistic trucks.

Cars can be coupled and uncoupled by LIONEL electro magnetic remote control. Note the life-like realism of these couplings.

## *Unmatched anywhere in the world*

## LIONEL SCALE detailed CARS

Not flimsy "tin-plate" — but STURDY, STRONG, REALISTIC masterpieces of scale detailing.



**No. 2460.** Scale detailed operating crane. Rides on two sets of 6-wheel trucks. The crane swings in a circle. The boom raises and lowers, and the pulley-block operates.

**No. 2420.** Scale detailed combination caboose and wrecker. Note the powerful new searchlight.

**No. 2411.** Called "The BIG INCH" — flat car with load of metal pipes — business-like and scale detailed.

**No. 3454.** New merchandise car that is operated by remote control. Loads by roof hatch, then can be unloaded by remote control button.

**No. 2458.** Handsome scale detailed automobile car.

**No. 2465.** Lionel 1946 double-dome scale detailed oil car.

**No. 2452.** A realistically engineered new gondola car in scale detail.

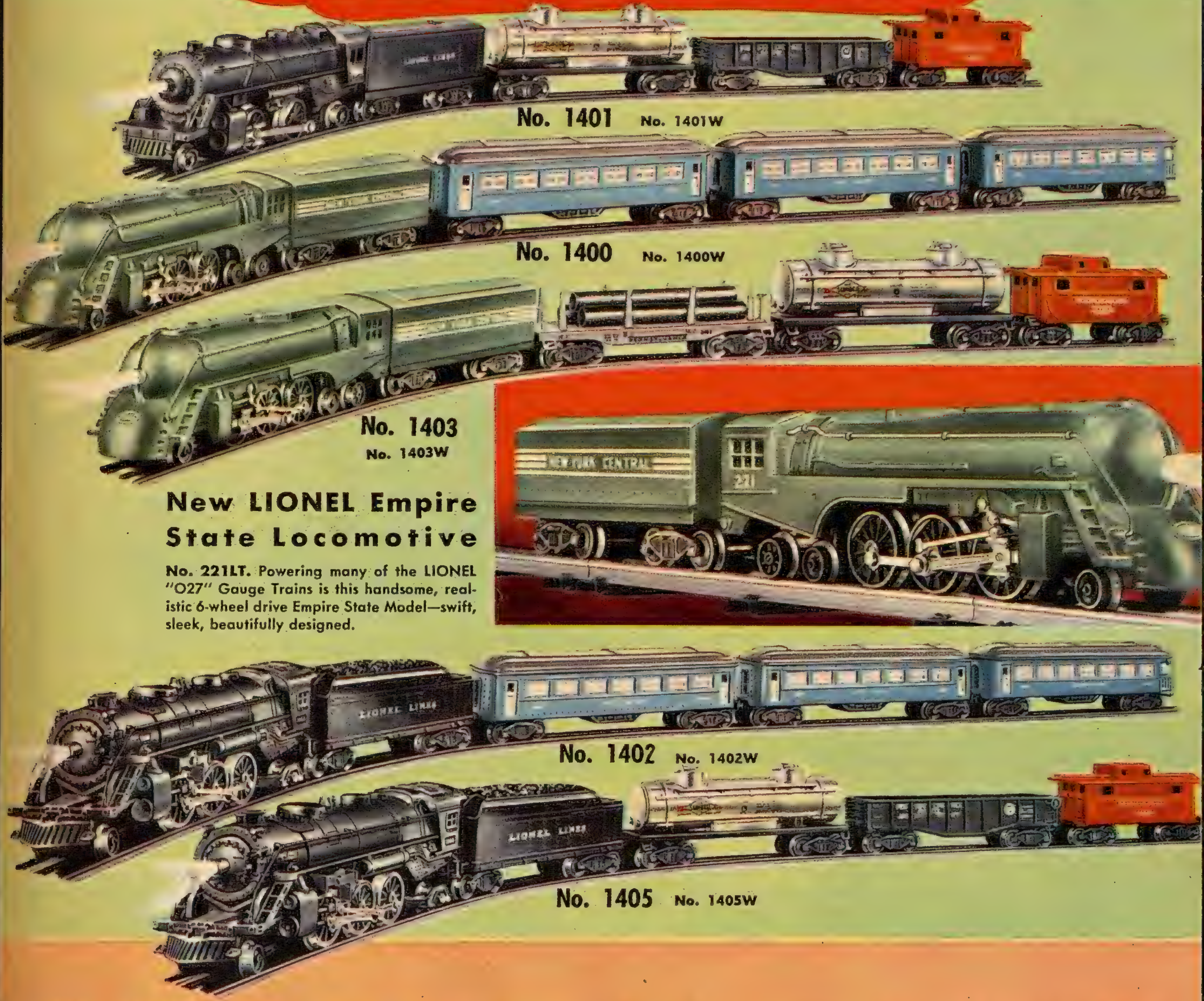
**No. 3459.** New Lionel operatin Dump Car that can be unloaded by remote control. Perfect scale detailing

**No. 3451.** Lionel Scale Detailed, re mote control unloading lumber car

Every car features LIONEL'S exclusive New electro magnetic real railroad knuckle couplers, solid steel wheels,

# LIONEL "O27" GAUGE OUTFITS

**All equipped with Lionel electro magnetic real R. R. knuckle couplers, solid steel wheels, and die cast trucks. All Brand New 1946 cars!**



## New LIONEL Empire State Locomotive

**No. 221LT.** Powering many of the LIONEL "O27" Gauge Trains is this handsome, realistic 6-wheel drive Empire State Model—swift, sleek, beautifully designed.

**HERE'S REALISM! Here's power and beauty, and strength! Every train built to last a lifetime. And every train completely equipped with the New LIONEL exclusive electro magnetic remote control real railroad Knuckle Couplers — AND — solid steel wheels — AND — scale detailed die cast trucks.**

## No. 1401 LIONEL "O27" FREIGHT OUTFIT

***This popular priced set consists of:*** No. 1654 Locomotive—No.1654T Tender—No. 2452 Gondola Car—No. 2465 Oil Car—No. 2472 Caboose—8 Sections Curved Track—No. 1019 R. C. Track Set—1 Section No. 1018 Straight Track—1 UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Instruction Booklet—No. 1037 Transformer.

**No. 1401W (with built-in Whistle) Freight Outfit**—Same set as above but with built-in Whistle in Tender, and No. 1041 Transformer which has speed and whistle control, and built-in circuit breaker.

## No. 1400 LIONEL "O27" PASSENGER SET

***This handsome set consists of:*** No. 221 Empire State Locomotive—No. 221T Tender—2 No. 2430 Pullman Cars—1 No. 2431 Observation Car—8 Sections Curved Track—3 Sections Straight Track—No. 1019 R. C. Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Instruction Booklet—No. 1037 Transformer.

**No. 1400W (with built-in Whistle) Passenger Set**—Same set as above but with built-in whistle in Tender and No. 1041 Transformer which has speed and whistle control, and built-in circuit breaker.

## No. 1403 LIONEL "O27" FREIGHT TRAIN

***This completely new outfit consists of:*** No. 221 Empire State Locomotive—No. 221T Tender—No. 2411 Flat Car—No. 2465 Oil Car—No. 2472 Caboose—8 Sections Curved Track—3 Sections Straight Track—No. 1019 Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Direction Booklet—No. 1037 Transformer.

**No. 1403W (with built-in Whistle) Freight Train**—Same set as above but with built-in whistle in Tender, and No. 1041 Transformer which has speed and whistle control, and built-in circuit breaker.

## No. 1402 LIONEL "O27" PASSENGER SET

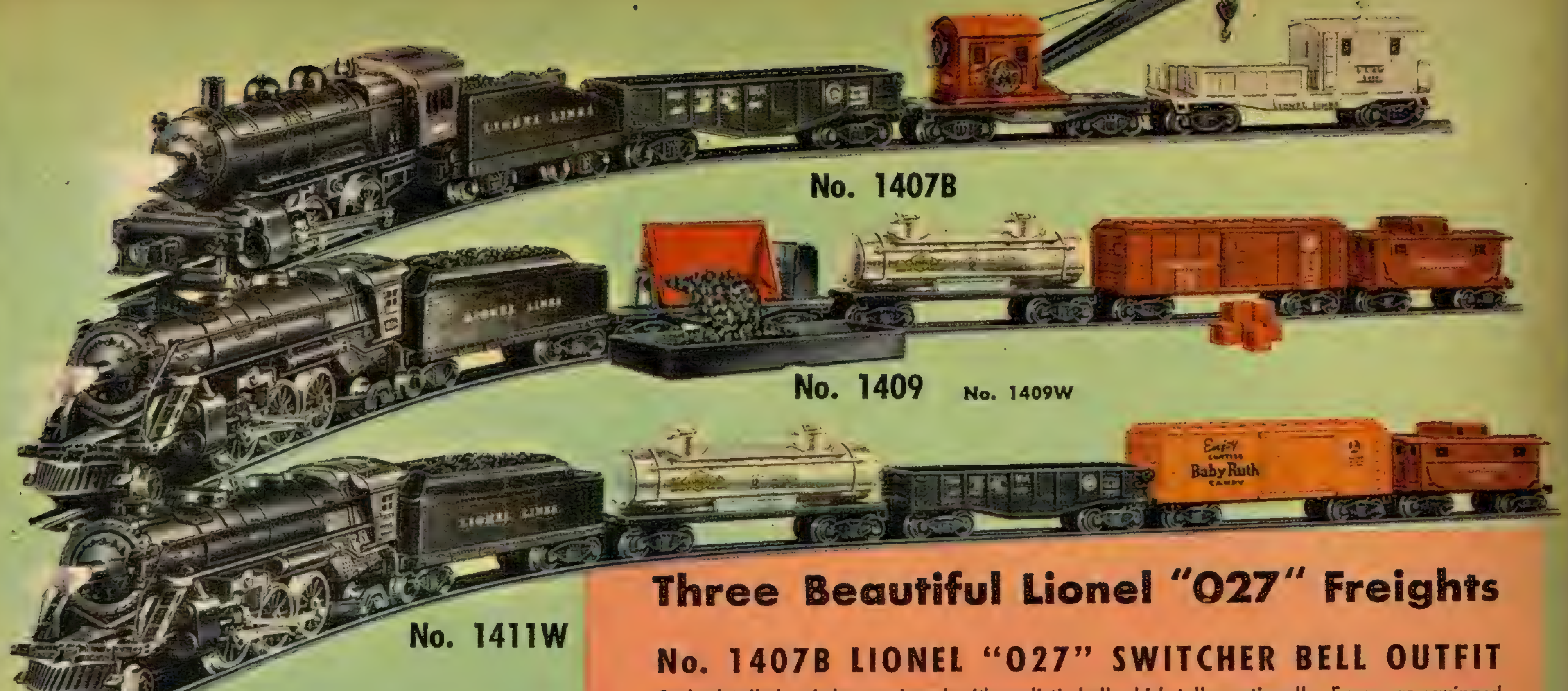
***This speedy passenger set comprises:*** No. 1666 Locomotive—No. 2466T Tender—2 No. 2440 Illuminated Passenger Cars—1 No. 2441 Illuminated Observation Car—8 Sections Curved Track—3 Sections Straight Track—No. 1019 R. C. Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Instruction Booklet—No. 1037 Transformer.

**No. 1402W (with built-in Whistle) Passenger Set**—The set is the same as above except that it has a tender with built-in whistle, and the No. 1041 Transformer which has speed and whistle control, and built-in circuit breaker.

## No. 1405 LIONEL "O27" FREIGHT TRAIN

***This realistic freight set consists of:*** No. 1666 Locomotive—No. 2466T Tender—No. 2452 Gondola Car—No. 2465 Oil Car—No. 2472 Caboose—8 Sections Curved Track—3 Sections Straight Track—No. 1019 R. C. Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Direction Booklet—No. 1037 Transformer.

**No. 1405W (with built-in Whistle) Freight Train**—Same set as above but with the Lionel Tender with built-in whistle and the No. 1041 Transformer which has both speed and whistle control, and built-in circuit breaker.


No. 1407B

No. 1409 No. 1409W

No. 1411W

## Three Beautiful Lionel "027" Freights

### No. 1407B LIONEL "027" SWITCHER BELL OUTFIT

Scale detailed switcher equipped with realistic bell which tolls continually. Every car equipped with electro magnetic remote control real railroad knuckle couplers, solid steel wheels, and die cast trucks.

***This handsome bell-tolling switcher set comprises:*** No. 1665 Locomotive—No. 2403B Bell Tender—No. 2419 Wrecking Car—No. 2560 Crane—No. 2452X Gondola—8 Sections Curved Track—5 Sections Straight Track—No. 1019 R. C. Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Direction Booklet—No. 1037 Transformer.

### No. 1409 LIONEL "027" FREIGHT TRAIN

***This fast freight consists of:*** No. 1666 2-6-2 Steam Type Locomotive—No. 2466T Tender No. 3559 Coal Dump Car—No. 2465 Oil Car—No. 3454 Operating Merchandise Car—No. 2472 Caboose—8 Sections Curved Track—5 Sections Straight Track—No. 1019 R. C. Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Direction Booklet—No. 1037 Transformer.

**No. 1409W (with built-in Whistle) Freight Train**—Same set as above except with tender with built-in whistle, and the No. 1041 transformer which has both speed and whistle control, and built-in circuit breaker.

### No. 1411W FREIGHT OUTFIT

**(with Built-in Whistle)**

Has powerful 2-6-2 steam type, six-wheel-drive Lionel locomotive, and four freights. All cars equipped with brand new electro magnetic remote control real railroad knuckle couplers, solid steel wheels, and die cast trucks.

***This speedy freight consists of:*** No. 1666 Locomotive—No. 2466WX Whistle Tender—No. 2452X Gondola Car—No. 2465 Oil Car—No. 2454 Box Car—No. 2472 Caboose—8 Sections Curved Track—3 Sections Straight Track—No. 1019 R. C. Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Direction Booklet—No. 1041 Transformer with speed and whistle control, and built-in circuit breaker.

### "027" TRANSFORMERS

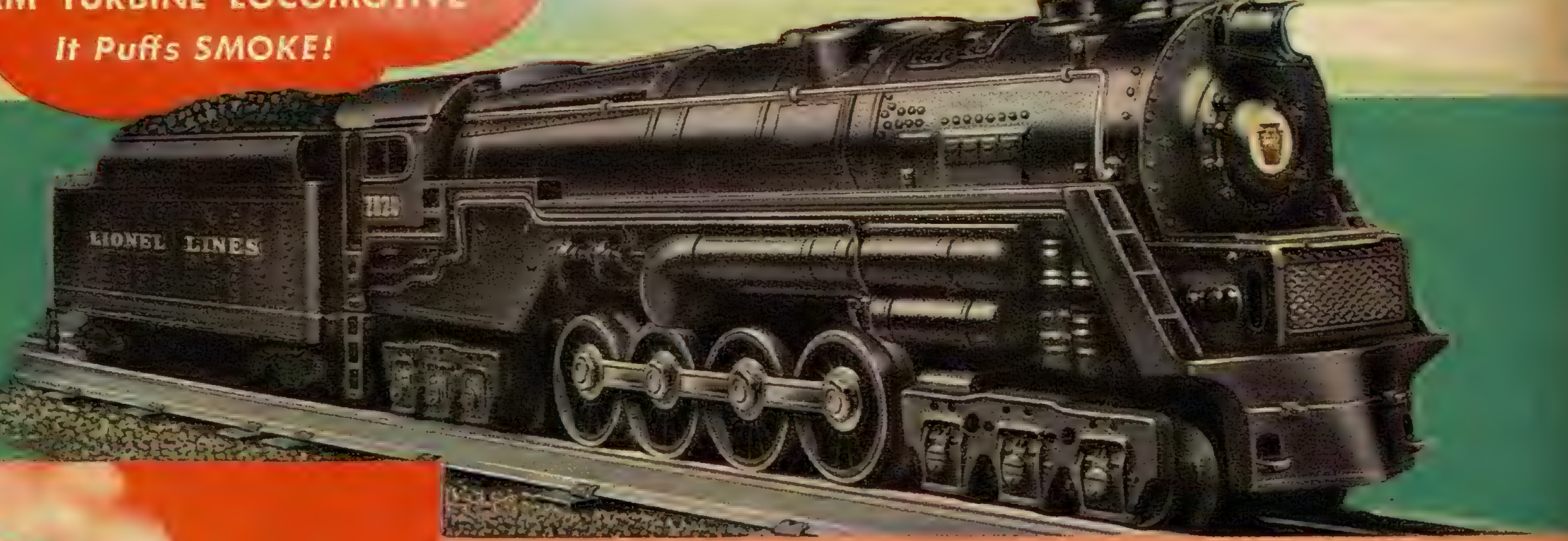
All "027" Outfits include a Lionel-built Transformer—for 110 to 115-volt, 60 cycle alternating current. Trains with whistles are furnished with No. 1041 60-watt Transformers with built-in circuit-breakers, whistle and speed controls. Trains without whistles are furnished with No. 1037 40-watt transformers.

**No. 1041 60-watt Transformer**

**No. 1037 40-watt Transformer**

## The New, Handsome, Powerful LIONEL 20-WHEEL PENNSYLVANIA STEAM TURBINE LOCOMOTIVE

*It Puffs SMOKE!*



### 8-WHEEL DOUBLE WORM DRIVE (No. 2020 LTS)

A Brand New scale detailed masterpiece, after the famous Pennsylvania R.R. Steam Turbine Loco S-2.

- **Six wheel trucks front and rear.**
- **Realistically driven by LIONEL'S exclusive double worm drive.**
- **Natural sounding built-in whistle in scale detailed tender.**
- **Puffs SMOKE like a real loco—SMOKE that is odorless and leaves no residue.**
- **Note boiler detailing shown in photograph at left.**
- **See following pages for Lionel train sets with this new 20 wheel Steam Turbine loco.**

# Magnificent LIONEL "O27" Outfits Powered by the 20-Wheel Pennsylvania Steam Turbine Locomotives

Each Loco puffs clean white smoke — no odor. LIONEL Locos were first in the world with SMOKE. Each of these handsome freight sets features the exclusive LIONEL electro magnetic remote control real R.R. Knuckle Couplers—AND—solid steel wheels—AND—scale detailed die cast trucks.

## No. 1413WS LIONEL "O27" FREIGHT TRAIN

(with SMOKE and built-in whistle)

*This sensational freight outfit consists of:* No. 2020 Steam Turbine Loco, with SMOKE—No. 2466WX Whistle Tender—No. 2452X Gondola Car—No. 2465 Oil Car—No. 2454 Box Car—No. 2472 Caboose—8 Sections Curved Track—3 Sections Straight Track—No. 1019 R. C. Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Direction Booklet—No. 1041 Transformer.

## No. 1417WS LIONEL "O27" FREIGHT OUTFIT

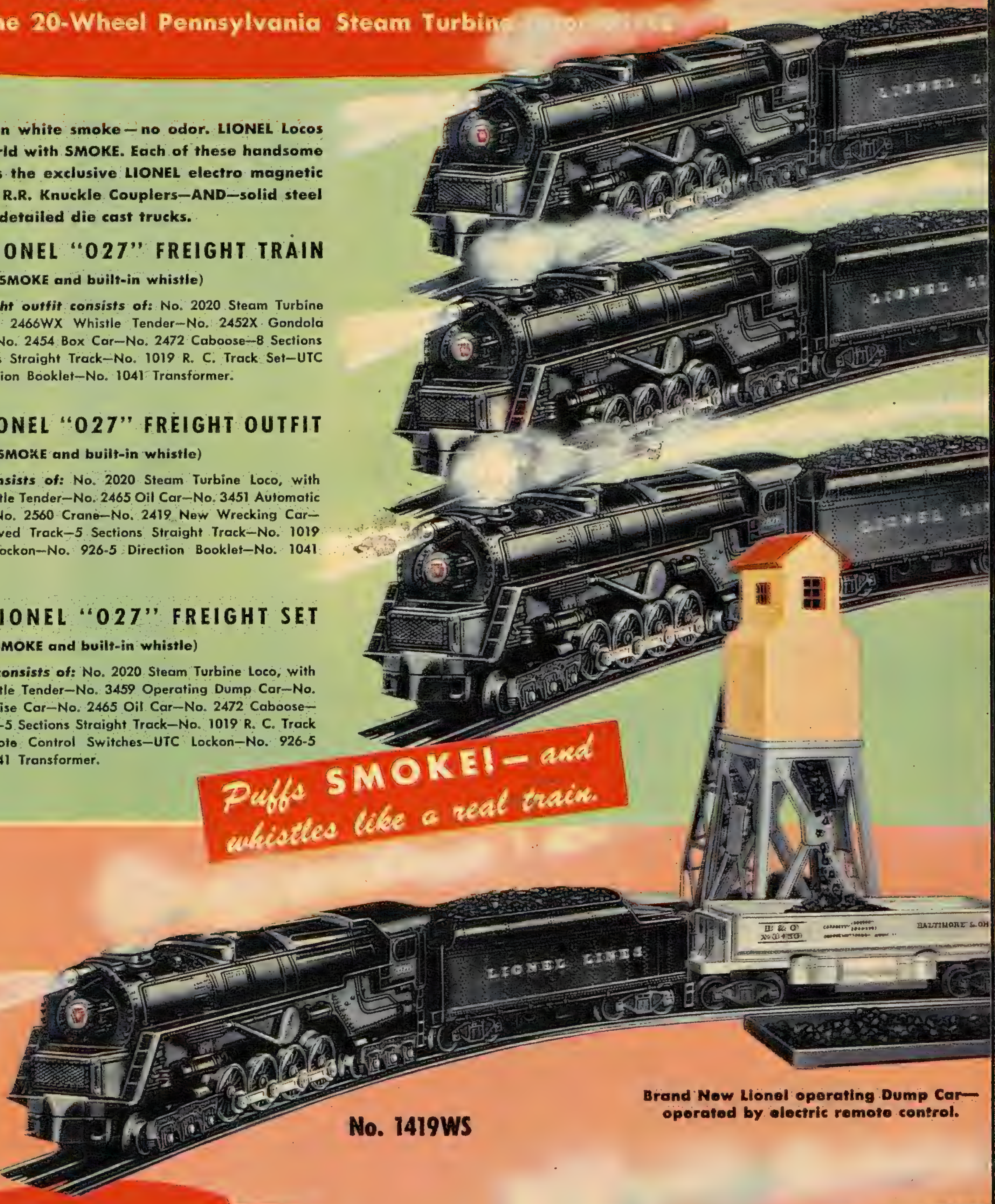
(with SMOKE and built-in whistle)

*This freight outfit consists of:* No. 2020 Steam Turbine Loco, with SMOKE—No. 2020W Whistle Tender—No. 2465 Oil Car—No. 3451 Automatic unloading Lumber Car—No. 2560 Crane—No. 2419 New Wrecking Car—Caboose—8 Sections Curved Track—5 Sections Straight Track—No. 1019 R. C. Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Direction Booklet—No. 1041 Transformer.

## No. 1415WS LIONEL "O27" FREIGHT SET

(with SMOKE and built-in whistle)

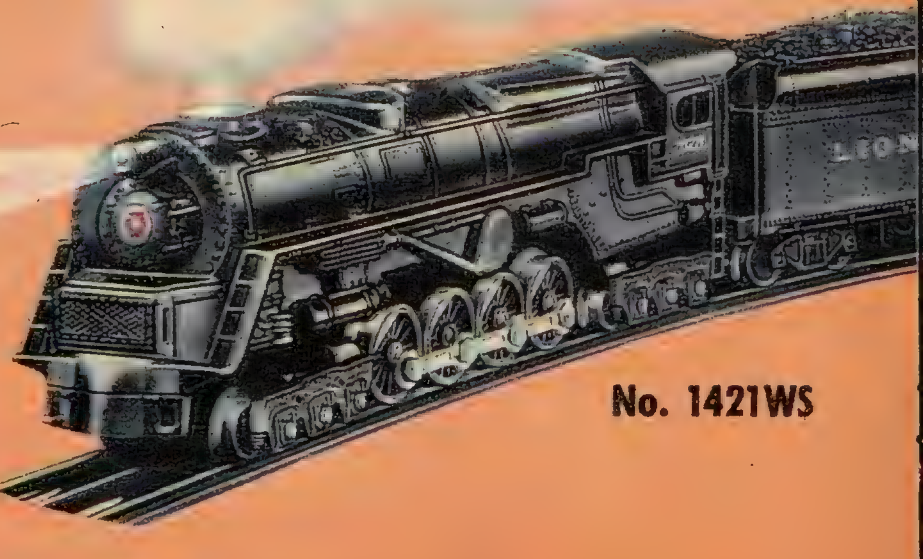
*This freight outfit set consists of:* No. 2020 Steam Turbine Loco, with SMOKE—No. 2020W Whistle Tender—No. 3459 Operating Dump Car—No. 3454 Operating Merchandise Car—No. 2465 Oil Car—No. 2472 Caboose—10 Sections Curved Track—5 Sections Straight Track—No. 1019 R. C. Track Set—Pair No. 1121 Remote Control Switches—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Direction Booklet—No. 1041 Transformer.



**Puffs SMOKE!—and whistles like a real train.**

**Brand New Lionel operating Dump Car—operated by electric remote control.**

**No. 1419WS**

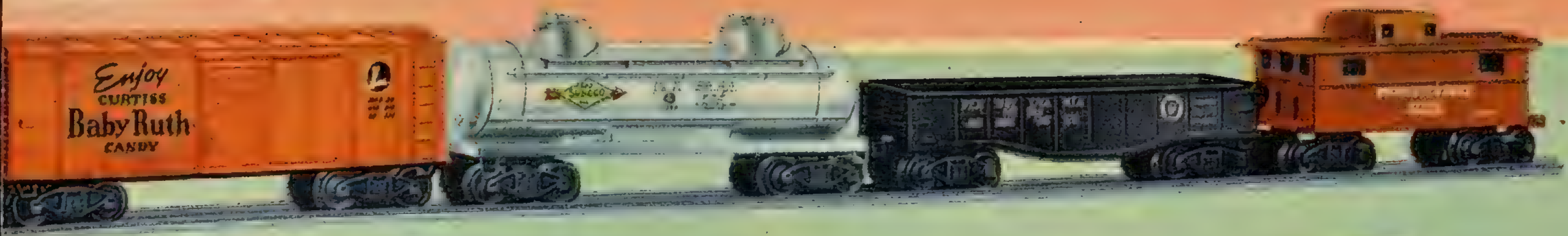


**No. 1421WS**

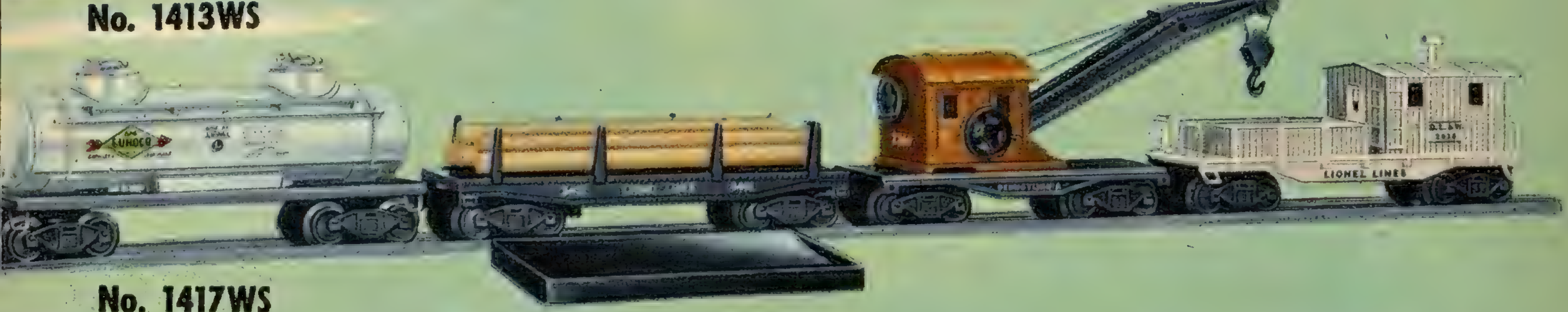
## Two De Luxe LIONEL Freight Outfits powered by New Pennsylvania Steam Turbine Locomotives

These are outfits of exquisite beauty. An exceptional model railroad system with operating accessories. They are masterpieces of scale detailing. All cars are equipped with the New LIONEL exclusive electro magnetic remote control real R.R. Knuckle Couplers, solid steel wheels, and die cast trucks.

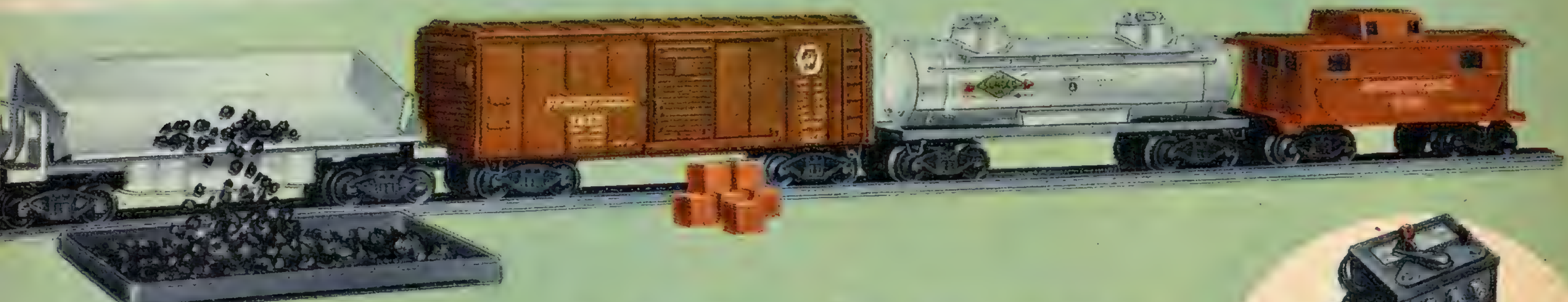
**A generous supply of SMOKE PELLETS included with each LIONEL WS Train Outfit**



**No. 1413WS**

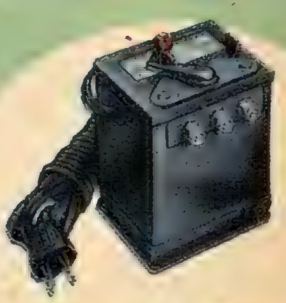


**No. 1417WS**

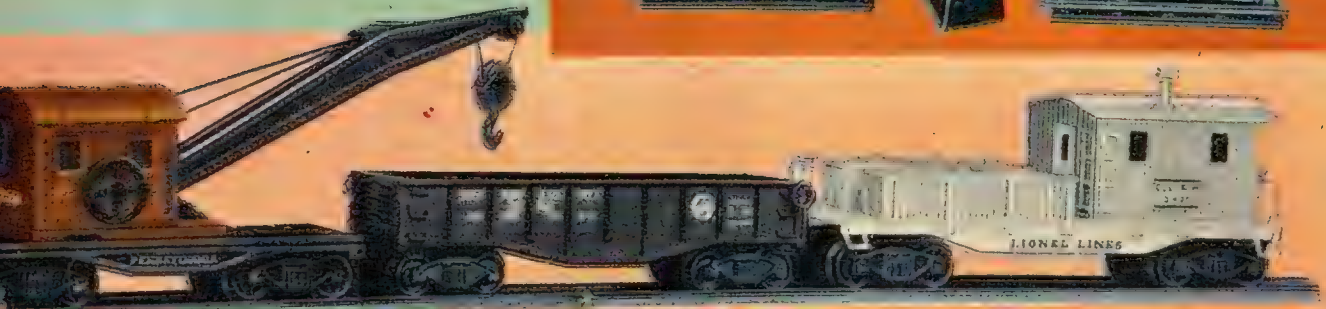


**No. 1415WS**

**These are the New LIONEL "O27" Gauge Remote Control Switches, the R. C. Track Set, and the straight and curved tracks included in sets No. 1415WS, and No. 1421WS.**



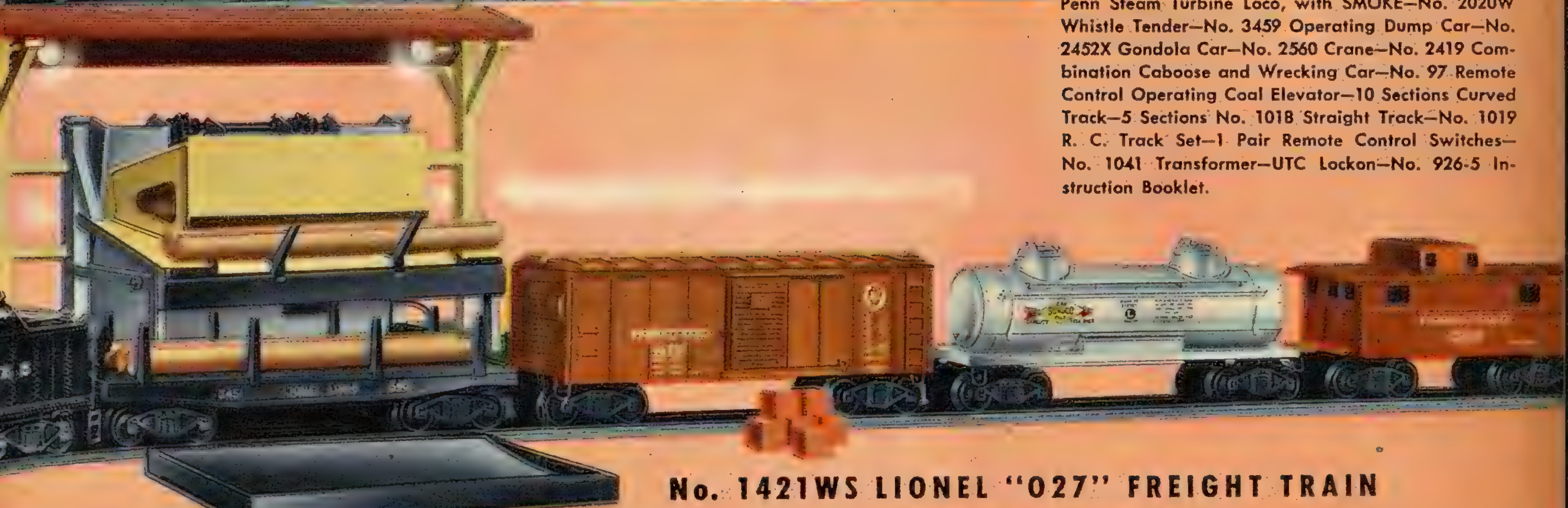
**This is the LIONEL No. 1041 Transformer**
with speed and whistle control, and built-in circuit breaker.



## No. 1419WS
## LIONEL "O27" FREIGHT TRAIN

**(Loco with SMOKE and WHISTLE)**

***This DeLuxe Freight Outfit comprises:*** No. 2020 Penn Steam Turbine Loco, with SMOKE—No. 2020W Whistle Tender—No. 3459 Operating Dump Car—No. 2452X Gondola Car—No. 2560 Crane—No. 2419 Combination Caboose and Wrecking Car—No. 97 Remote Control Operating Coal Elevator—10 Sections Curved Track—5 Sections No. 1018 Straight Track—No. 1019 R. C. Track Set—1 Pair Remote Control Switches—No. 1041 Transformer—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Instruction Booklet.

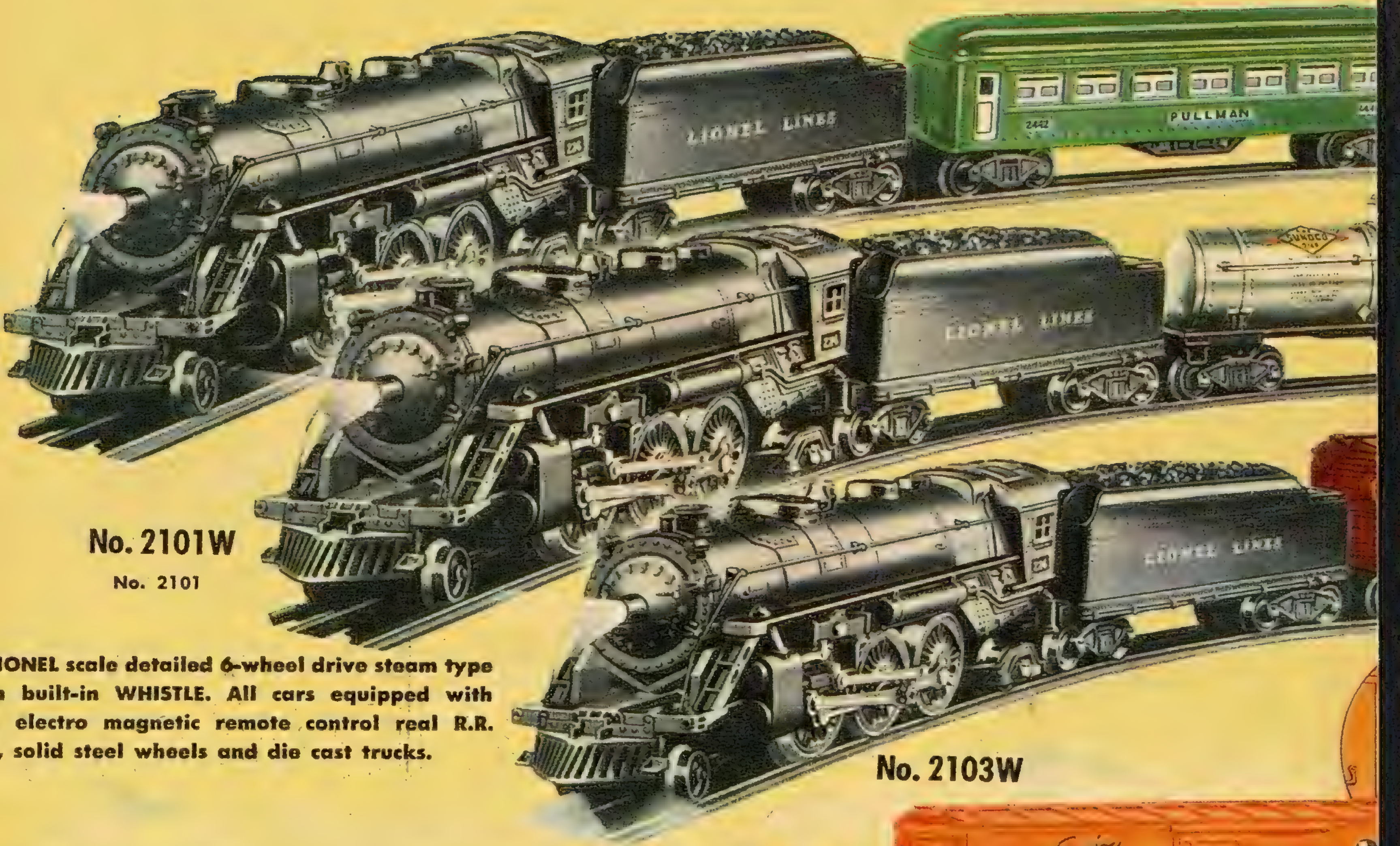


## No. 1421WS LIONEL "O27" FREIGHT TRAIN

**(Loco with SMOKE and WHISTLE)**

***This Lionel freight set consists of:*** No. 2020 Pennsylvania Turbine Loco, with SMOKE—No. 2020W Whistle Tender—No. 3451 Operating Lumber Car—No. 2465 Oil Car—No. 3454 Operating Merchandise Car—No. 2472 Caboose—No. 164 Remote Control Operating Log Loader—10 Sections Curved Track—5 Sections Straight Track—No. 1019 R. C. Track Set—1 Pair No. 1121 Switches—UTC Lockon—No. 1041 Transformer—No. 926-5 Instruction Booklet.

# Masterp
# Detailing—LIONEL

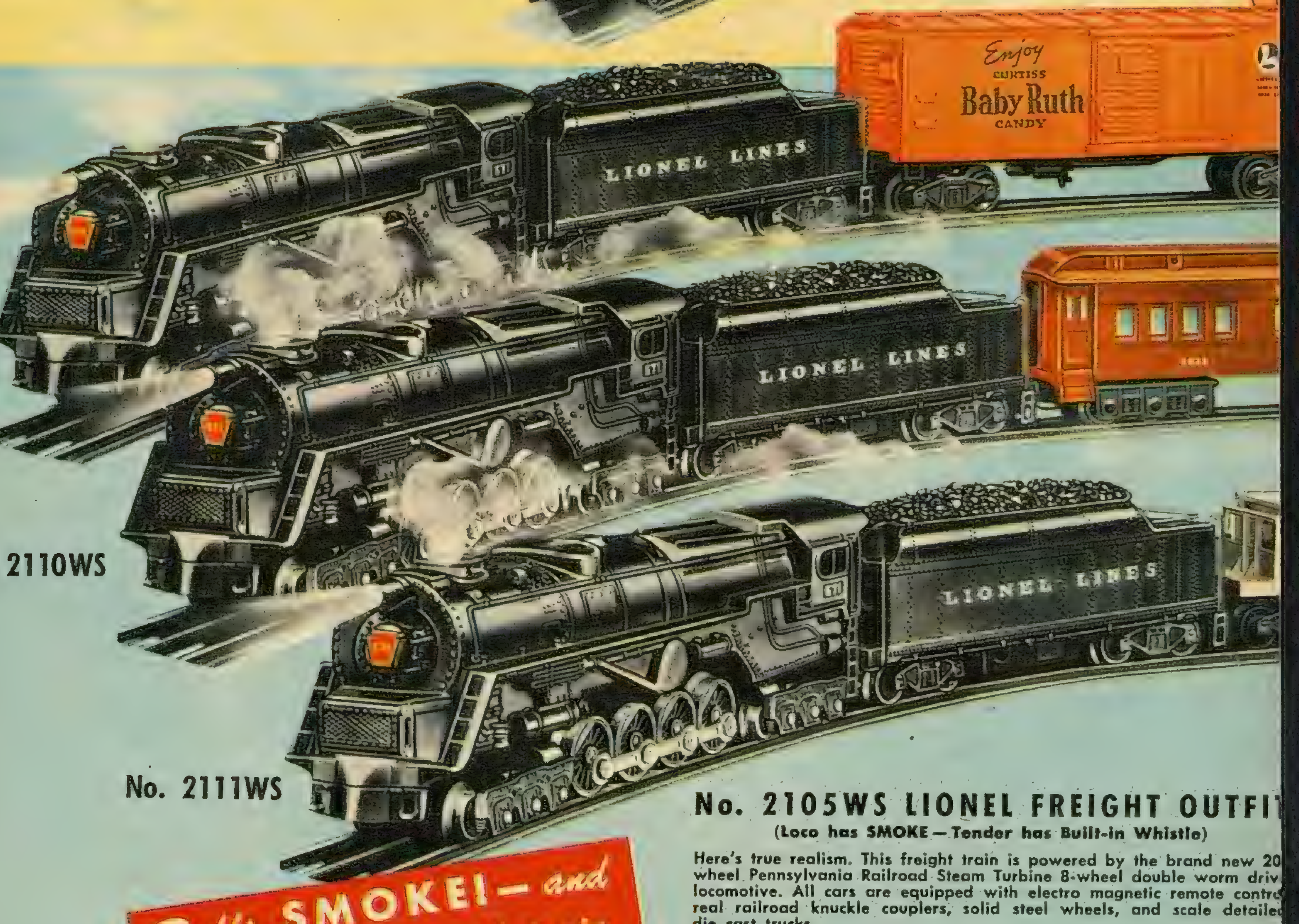

LIONEL LINES
PULLMAN
2442
SUNOCO
LIONEL LINES
LIONEL LINES

**No. 2100W**
**No. 2100**

**No. 2101W**
**No. 2101**

**No. 2103W**

**Powered by the LIONEL scale detailed 6-wheel drive steam type locomotives, with built-in WHISTLE. All cars equipped with LIONEL exclusive electro magnetic remote control real R.R. Knuckle Couplers, solid steel wheels and die cast trucks.**


Enjoy
CURTISS
Baby Ruth
CANDY
LIONEL LINES
LIONEL LINES
LIONEL LINES
Puffs SMOKE!— and
whistles like a real train.

**No. 2105WS**

**No. 2110WS**

**No. 2111WS**

## No. 2105WS LIONEL FREIGHT OUTFI

**(Loco has SMOKE—Tender has Built-in Whistle)**

Here's true realism. This freight train is powered by the brand new 20 wheel Pennsylvania Railroad Steam Turbine 8-wheel double worm driv locomotive. All cars are equipped with electro magnetic remote contr real railroad knuckle couplers, solid steel wheels, and scale detaile die cast trucks.

***The set comprises:*** No. 671 Pennsylvania Turbine Locomotive wit SMOKE—No. 2466W Whistle Tender—No. 2555 Oil Car—No. 2454 Bo Car—No. 2457 Illuminated Caboose—8 Sections OC Curved Track— Sections OS Straight Track—RCS Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Instruction Booklet—No. 167 Controller.

# s of Scale
# "O" GAUGE OUTFITS

PULLMAN
2442
OBSERVATION
2443

## No. 2100W LIONEL "O" PASSENGER TRAIN

**(with Built-in Whistle)**

***Set consists of:*** No. 224 Locomotive—No. 2466W Whistle Tender—2 No. 2442 Passenger Cars—1 No. 2443 Observation Car—8 Sections Curved Track—3 Sections Straight Track—RCS Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Direction Booklet—No. 167 Controller.

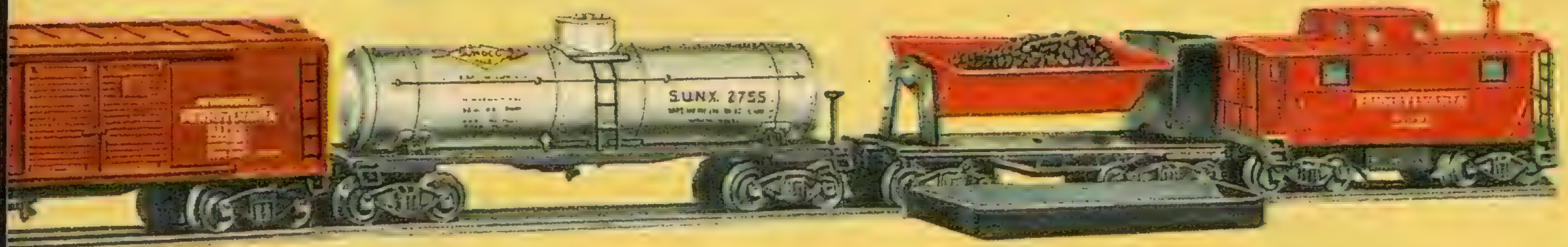
**Number 2100**—Same as described above, but WITHOUT built-in whistle and No. 167 Controller.

## No. 2101W LIONEL "O" GAUGE FREIGHT SET

**(with Built-in Whistle)**

***Set consists of:*** No. 224 Locomotive—No. 2466W Whistle Tender—No. 2555 Oil Car—No. 2452 Gondola Car—No. 2457 Illuminated Caboose—8 Sections OC Curved Track—3 Sections OS Straight Track—RCS Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Direction Booklet—No. 167 Controller.

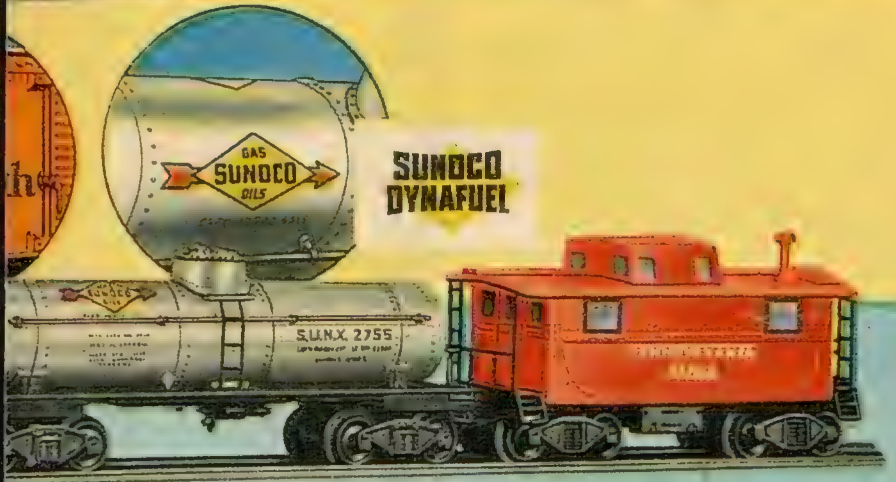
**Number 2101**—Same as described above, but WITHOUT built-in whistle and No. 167 Controller.



## No. 2103W LIONEL "O" GAUGE FREIGHT SET

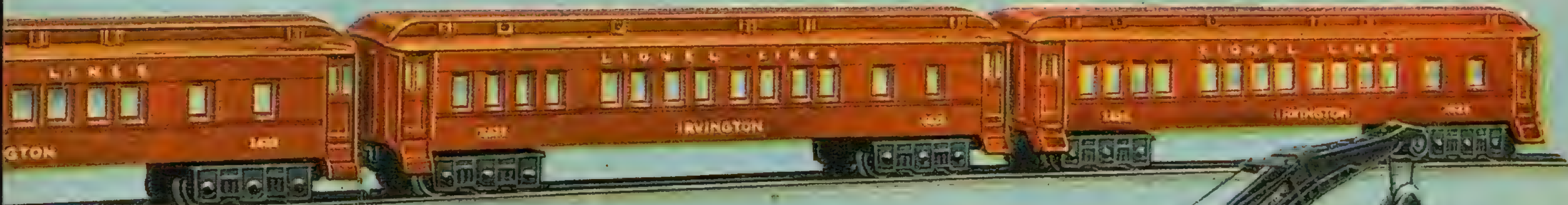
**(with Built-in Whistle)**

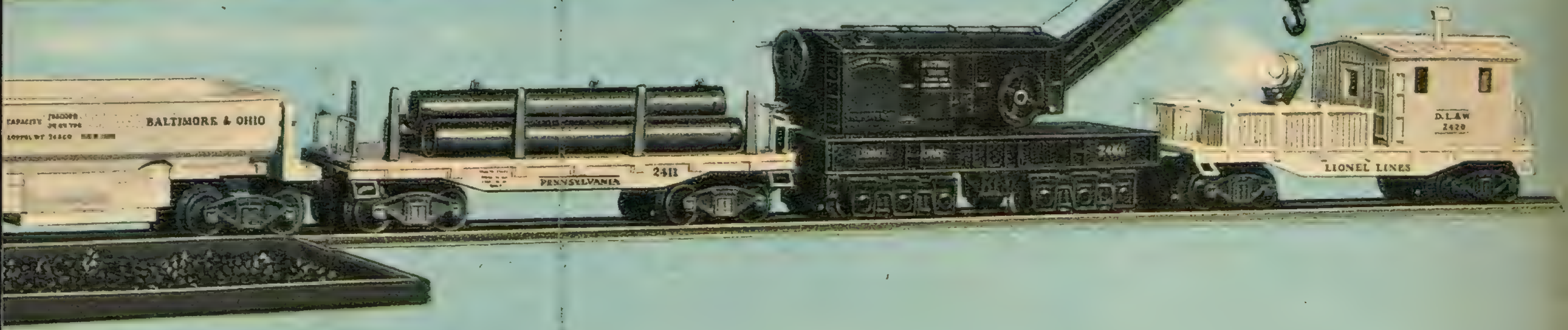
***Set consists of:*** No. 224 Locomotive—No. 2466W Whistle Tender—No. 2458 Automobile Car—No. 3559 Operating Coal Dump Car—No. 2555 Oil Car—No. 2457 Illuminated Caboose—8 Sections OC Curved Track—3 Sections OS Straight Track—RCS Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Direction Booklet—No. 167 Controller.



**A generous supply of Smoke Pellets included with each LIONEL "WS" Train Outfit.**

**No. 703-10 Special bulb for locos with SMOKE.**





## No. 2110WS LIONEL PASSENGER TRAIN

**(Loco has SMOKE — Tender has Built-in Whistle)**

This train and its companion, the freight, are both powered by the new scale detailed LIONEL 20-wheel Pennsylvania Railroad Steam Turbine Locomotive, with 8-wheel double worm drive. One of the finest model locos in the world.

***Set consists of:*** No. 671 Pennsylvania Turbine Locomotive with SMOKE—No. 2466W Whistle Tender—3 No. 2625 Pullman Cars—8 Sections OC Curved Track—5 Sections OS Straight Track—RCS Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Instruction Booklet—No. 167 Controller.

## No. 2111WS LIONEL FREIGHT TRAIN

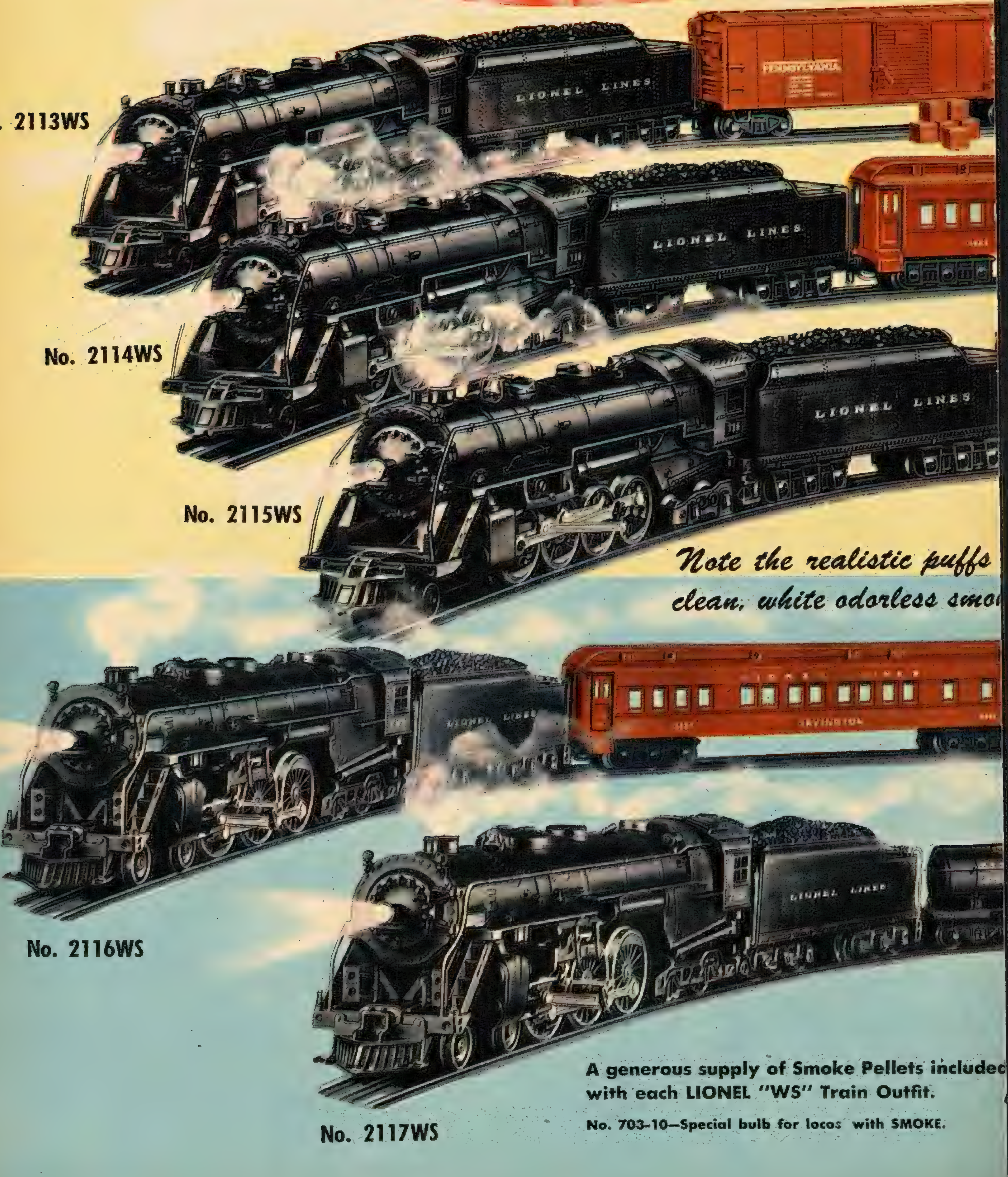
**(Loco has SMOKE — Tender has Built-in Whistle)**

Here is a masterpiece of scale realism. Brand new 20-wheel Pennsylvania Railroad Steam Turbine Locomotive, with 8-wheel double worm drive. Four exciting new work cars that are scale detailed with utmost precision.

***The set consist of:*** No. 671 Pennsylvania Turbine Locomotive with SMOKE—No. 2466W Whistle Tender—No. 3459 Operating Dump Car—No. 2411 "Big Inch" flat car with metal pipes—No. 2460 Crane—beautifully detailed—fully operative—No. 2420 Wrecking Car-Caboose with powerful searchlight—8 Sections OC Curved Track—5 Sections OS Straight Track—RCS Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Instruction Booklet—No. 167 Controller.

# LIONEL DOUBLE WORM DRIVE 8-WHEEL (2-8-4) LOCOMOTIVES

## Power the strikingly realistic LIONEL Train Sets featured below


No. 2113WS
LIONEL LINES
PENNSYLVANIA
No. 2114WS
LIONEL LINES
No. 2115WS
LIONEL LINES
LIONEL LINES
IRVINGTON
No. 2116WS
LIONEL LINES
No. 2117WS

*Note the realistic puffs*
*clean, white odorless smo*

**A generous supply of Smoke Pellets included with each LIONEL "WS" Train Outfit.**

**No. 703-10—Special bulb for locos with SMOKE.**

**All Trains equipped with exclusive LIONEL electro magnetic remote control real R.R. Knuckle Couplers, solid steel wheels, and die cast trucks.**

## No. 2113WS LIONEL "O" GAUGE FREIGHT OUTFIT

**(Loco with SMOKE — Tender with Built-in Whistle)**

The LIONEL double worm drive applied to the 8-wheel driving section gives this magnificent locomotive a true-to-life naturalness that is miniature railroading at its precision best.

***The set consists of:*** No. 726 Locomotive with SMOKE—No. 2426W Whistle Tender—No. 2855 Oil Car—No. 3854 Operating Merchandise Car—No. 2857 Illuminated Caboose—8 Sections OC Curved Track—7 Sections OS Straight Track—RCS Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Instruction Booklet—No. 167 Controller.

## LIONEL No. 2114WS "O" PASSENGER OUTFIT

**(With SMOKE — and built-in whistle)**

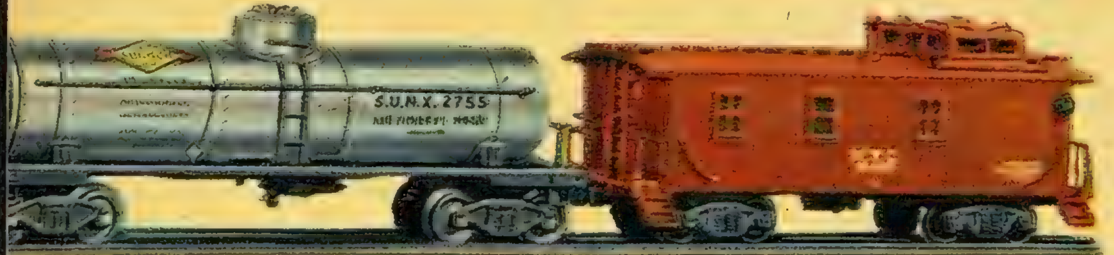
***This beautiful new passenger train consists of:*** No. 726 8-Wheel Drive Locomotive with SMOKE—No. 2426W Whistle Tender—3 No. 2625 Pullman Cars—8 sections OC Curved Track—5 sections OS Straight Track—RCS Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Instruction Booklet—No. 167 Controller.

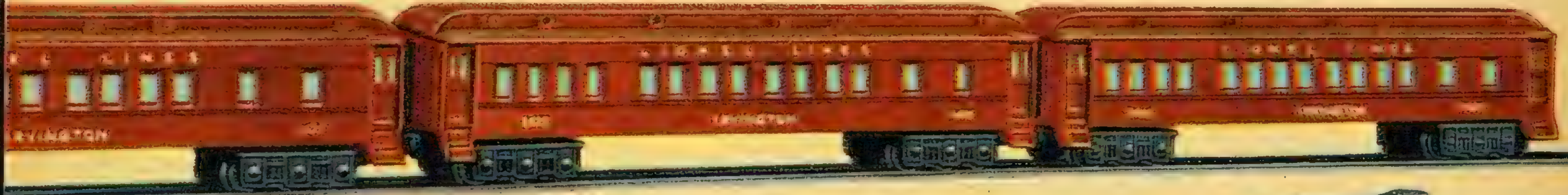
## No. 2115WS LIONEL "O" GAUGE FREIGHT WORK TRAIN—WITH SMOKE

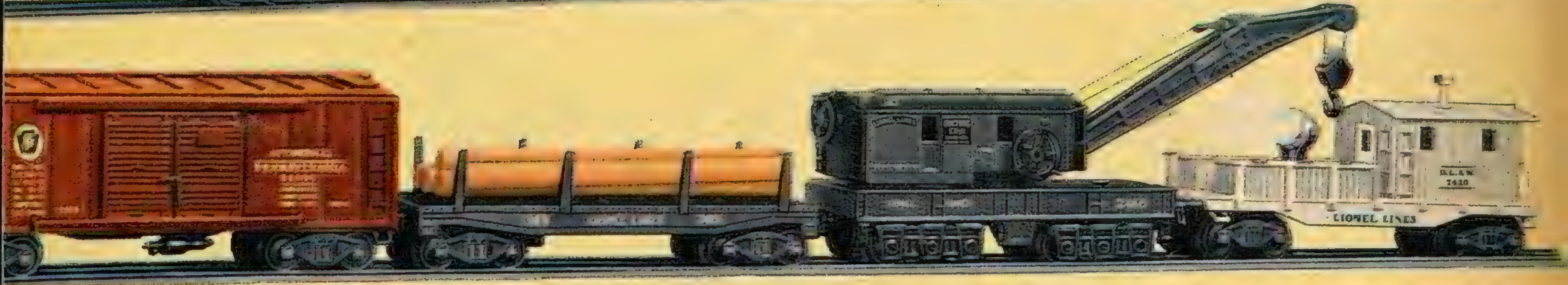
**(Also features built-in whistle)**

This is one of the most magnificent freight trains in model railroading. It is powered by the new Lionel 8-wheel double worm drive locomotive.

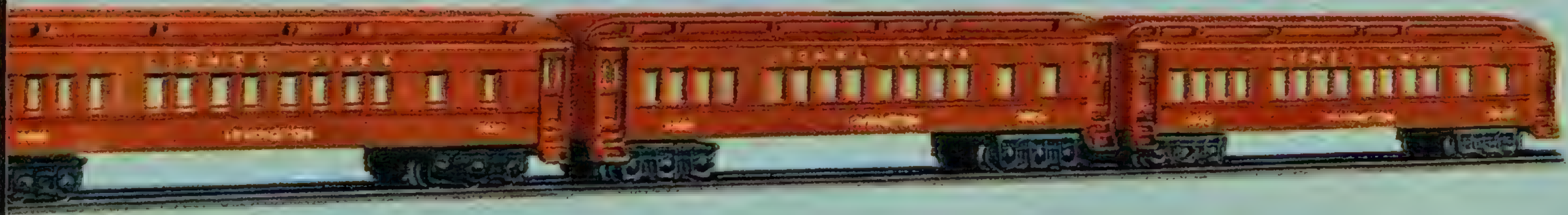
***The set comprises:*** No. 726 Locomotive with SMOKE—No. 2426W Whistle Tender—No. 2458 Automobile Car—No. 3451 Automatic Unloading Lumber Car—No. 2460 Fully Operative Scale Detailed Crane—No. 2420 Wrecking Car Caboose with Powerful Searchlight—8 sections OC Curved Track—3 sections OS Straight Track—RCS Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Instruction Booklet—No. 167 Controller.

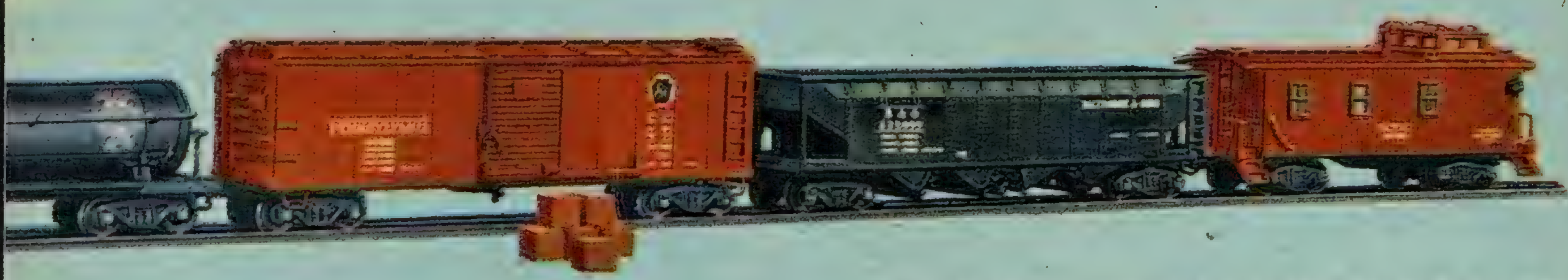






## Magnificent Giant of the Rails Puffs SMOKE—Whistles





## No. 2117WS "O" GAUGE FREIGHT TRAIN—WITH SMOKE

**Featuring built-in remote control whistle**

Powered by one of the finest scale detailed locomotives made by Lionel—a 6-wheel worm drive. The whistle tender has two trucks of six wheels each.

***This freight outfit consists of:*** No. 703 Locomotive with SMOKE—No. 2703W Whistle Tender—No. 2856 Hopper Car—No. 3854 Operating Merchandise Car—No. 2855 Oil Car—No. 2857 Caboose—8 sections OC Curved Track—7 sections OS Straight Track—RCS Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 Instruction Booklet—No. 167 Controller.

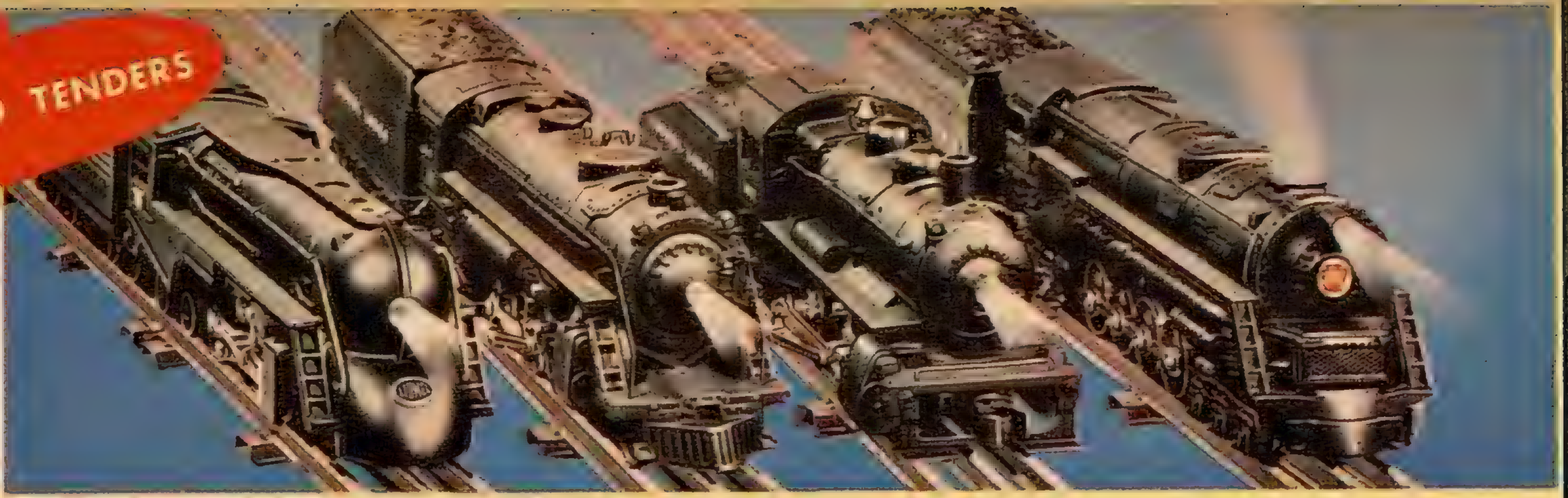
## No. 2116WS "O" PASSENGER TRAIN — WITH SMOKE

**Featuring built-in remote control whistle**

Powered by the magnificent LIONEL 8-wheel, double worm drive loco, this set onsists of the following: No. 703 Locomotive with SMOKE—No. 2703W Whistle ender—4 No. 2625 Pullman Cars (each 14¼" long)—8 sections OC Curved Track—7 sections OS Straight Track—RCS Track Set—UTC Lockon—No. 926-5 nstruction Booklet—No. 167 Controller.

# LIONEL "O27" LOCOMOTIVES AND TENDERS

The world's outstanding experts in model railroading have declared that this new 1946 line of Lionel locomotives and tenders is unquestionably the finest scale detailing in the world for model locomotives at popular prices.



**No. 221LT** Lionel Empire State 6-wheel Drive Locomotive, (2-6-4) accurately detailed, polished driving rods and handrails. Powerful headlight.

**No. 1666LT** New Steam-Type 6-wheel Drive Locomotive, (2-6-2) scale detailed, cast in pipes, lugs and rivets gives it a realistic appearance.

**No. 1665LT** Lionel Switcher with thermostatically controlled bell in tender. Four-wheel drive, backup light on tender. A swell "goat" for your yard.

**No. 2020LTS** brand new Lione Pennsylvania Railroad 20-whee steam turbine locomotive (6-8-6 that puffs smoke. 8-wheel double worm drive.

# LIONEL "O" GAUGE LOCOMOTIVES AND TENDERS

Compare the precision scale detailing of these brand new Lionel locos and tenders, designed for operation on Lionel's "O" gauge. Here is true realism and faithful adherence to detailing. These locomotives and tenders may be purchased separately.

**No. 224LT** Lionel scale detailed, 6-wheel steam type locomotive, (2-6-2) with whistle tender. Jewelled pilot lights, realistic coal in tender. Lugs, rivets, pipes cast in.

**No. 403LT** Lionel scale detailed switcher with thermostatically controlled bell in tender. Working backup light on tender. Airbrakes and pipes cast in.

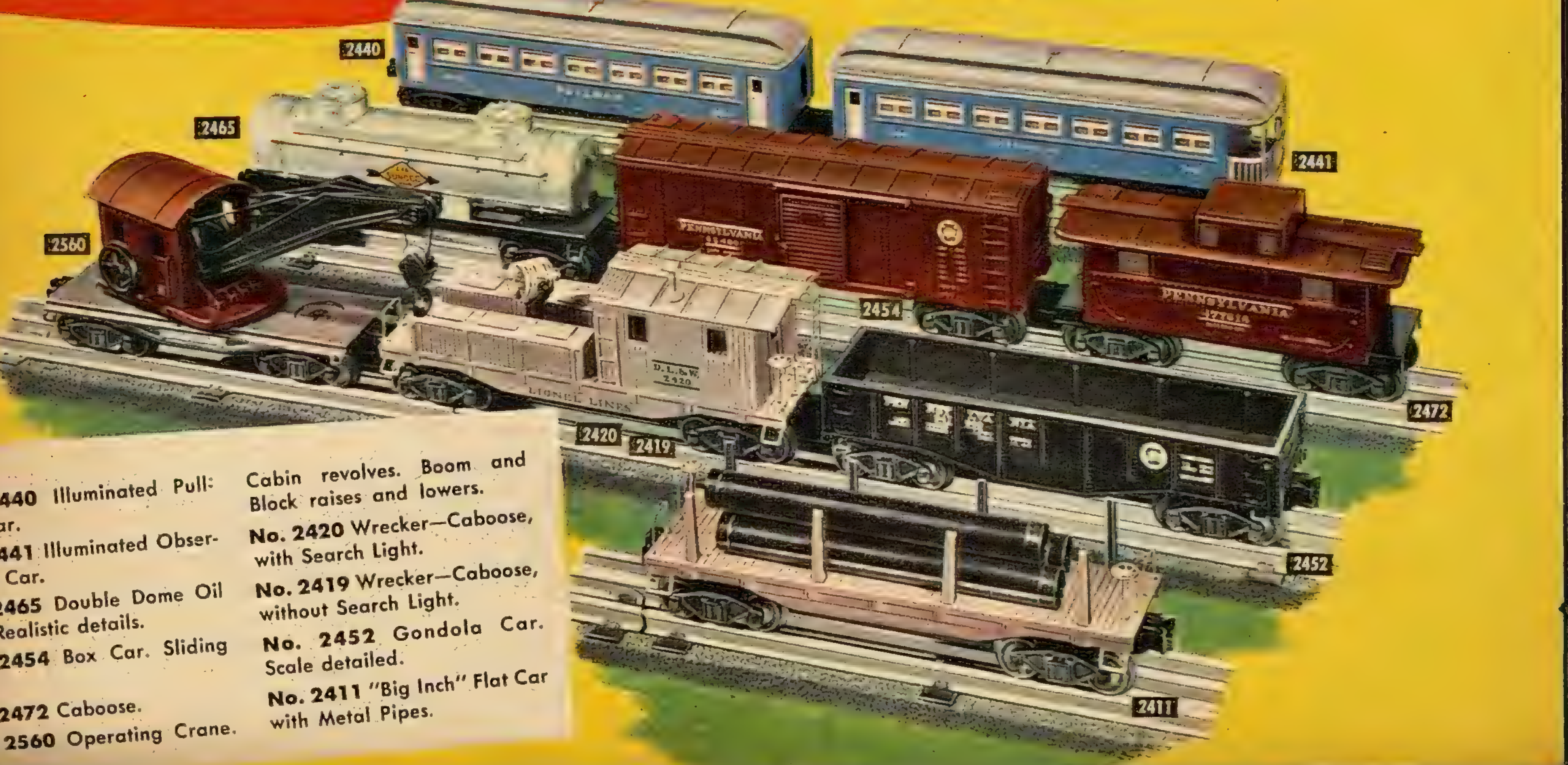
**No. 671LTS** Lionel model of Pennsylvania Railroad steam turbine, 20-wheel locomotive (6-8-6) with smoke. 8-wheel double worm drive with whistle tender.

**No. 726LTS** beautiful scale proportion 8-wheel drive locomotive (2-8-4) that puffs smoke. Built-in whistle. Double-worm drive motor. Twelve-wheel tender.

**No. 703LTS** scale detailed steam type locomotive (4-6-4) with smok — 6-wheel worm gea drive. Whistle tende Baker valve gear. Jewelled pilot lights.

# LIONEL "O27" GAUGE CARS

**All cars equipped with new Lionel electro magnetic, remote control, real railroad knuckle couplers.**



**No. 2440** Illuminated Pullman car.

**No. 2441** Illuminated Observation Car.

**No. 2465** Double Dome Oil Car. Realistic details.

**No. 2454** Box Car. Sliding door.

**No. 2472** Caboose.

**No. 2560** Operating Crane. Cabin revolves. Boom and Block raises and lowers.

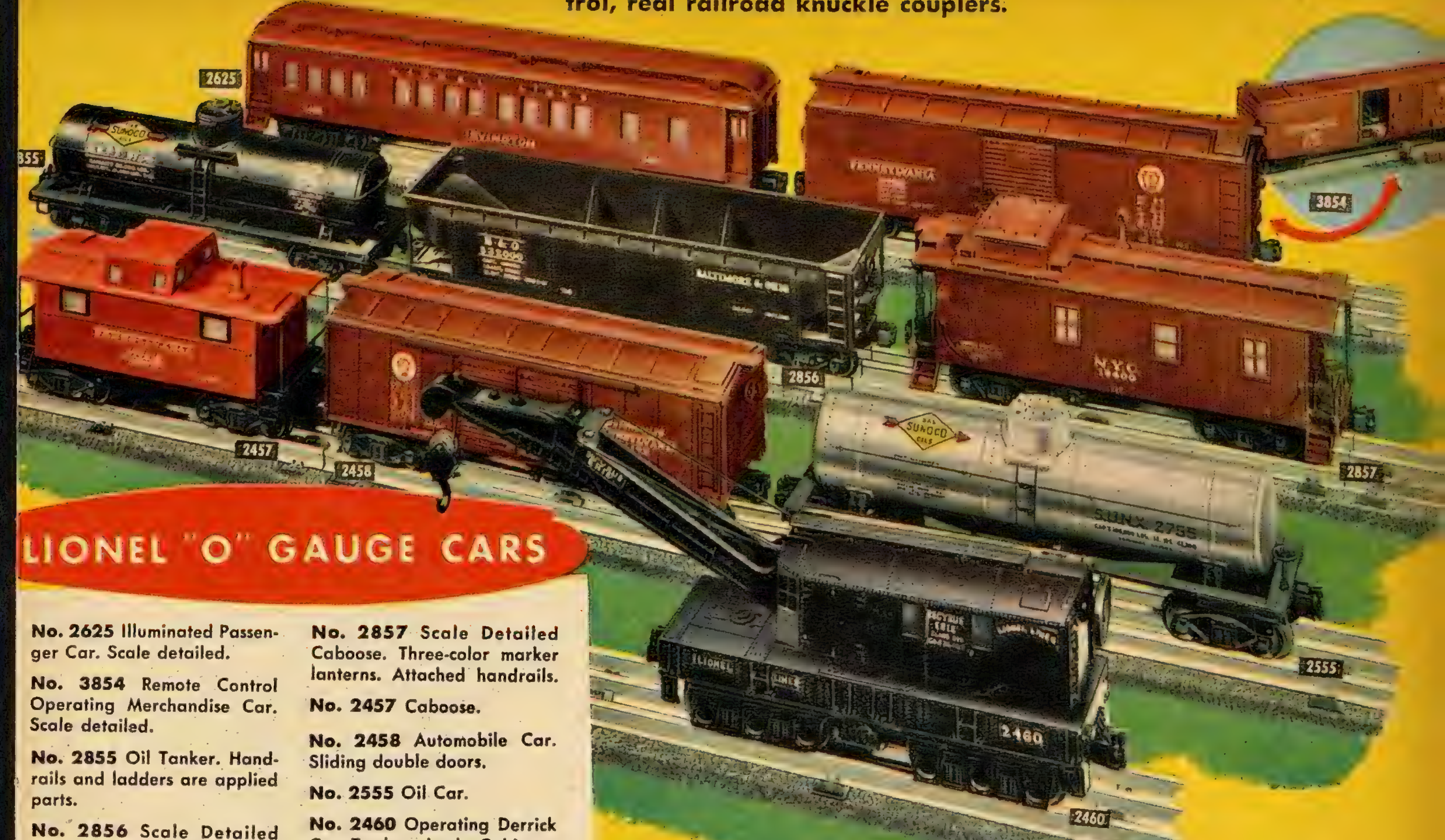
**No. 2420** Wrecker—Caboose, with Search Light.

**No. 2419** Wrecker—Caboose, without Search Light.

**No. 2452** Gondola Car. Scale detailed.

**No. 2411** "Big Inch" Flat Car with Metal Pipes.

trol, real railroad knuckle couplers.



## LIONEL "O" GAUGE CARS

**No. 2625** Illuminated Passenger Car. Scale detailed.

**No. 3854** Remote Control Operating Merchandise Car. Scale detailed.

**No. 2855** Oil Tanker. Handrails and ladders are applied parts.

**No. 2856** Scale Detailed Hopper Car. Hopper doors fitted with springs and latches.

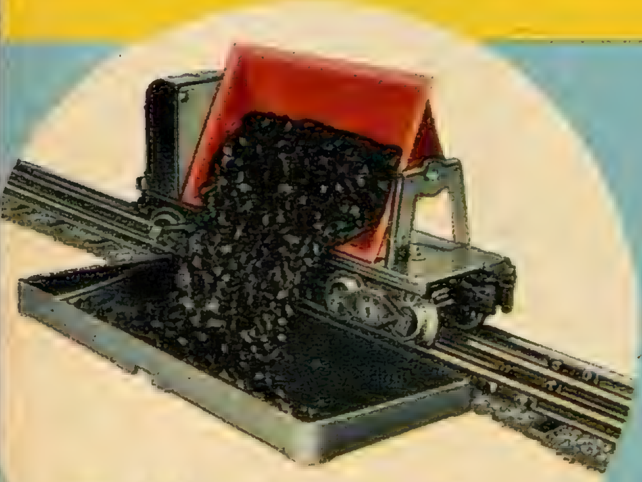
**No. 2857** Scale Detailed Caboose. Three-color marker lanterns. Attached handrails.

**No. 2457** Caboose.

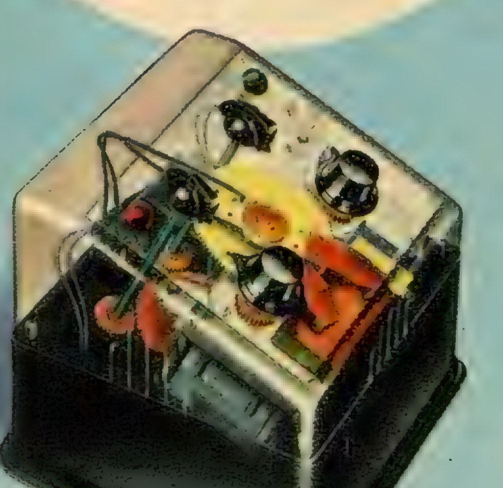
**No. 2458** Automobile Car. Sliding double doors.

**No. 2555** Oil Car.

**No. 2460** Operating Derrick Car. Twelve wheels. Cabin revolves, boom and block raises and lowers.



**No. 3559** Lionel Remote Control unloading coal car, tips and unloads at the touch of a button.



## Phantom view of
## IONEL "TRAINMASTER" TRANSFORMER

eaturing the famous Lionel built-in thermostatic ircuit breaker, protects transformer by imme- iately shutting off current in the event of a hort circuit in the track layout.

## LIONEL "TRAINMASTER" TRANSFORMERS

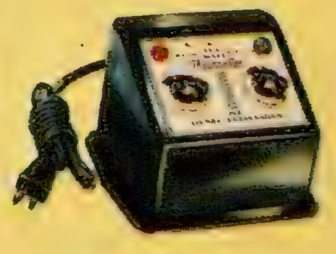
Lionel Trains operate on harmless low-voltage current. To obtain this from an A.C. house outlet, a Transformer is required. Any Trainmaster Transformer is capable of operating any Lionel Train in this catalog with its standard equipment. No transformer is "safer" to operate than a Trainmaster!

**TYPE Z, 250 WATTS**
**115 Volts AC, 60 Cycles**

Complete with a built-in circuit-breaker. Contains 4 output circuits, each independently controllable. Continuously variable from 6 to 25 volts.

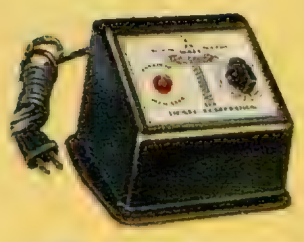
**TYPE V, 150 WATTS**

The only Underwriters' laboratory-approved 150-watt transformer. Contains built-in circuit-breaker. Green panel light indicates connection to power line; red light warns of transformer overload.



**TYPE R, 100 WATTS**

This durable, steel-cased transformer, with built-in circuit-breaker, has two independent output circuits, each variable from 6 to 24 volts, is ample for the operation of a train plus accessories.



**TYPE Q, 75 WATTS**

Output ranges from 6 to 24 volts. Red light on panel indicates transformer overload. Comes in steel case.

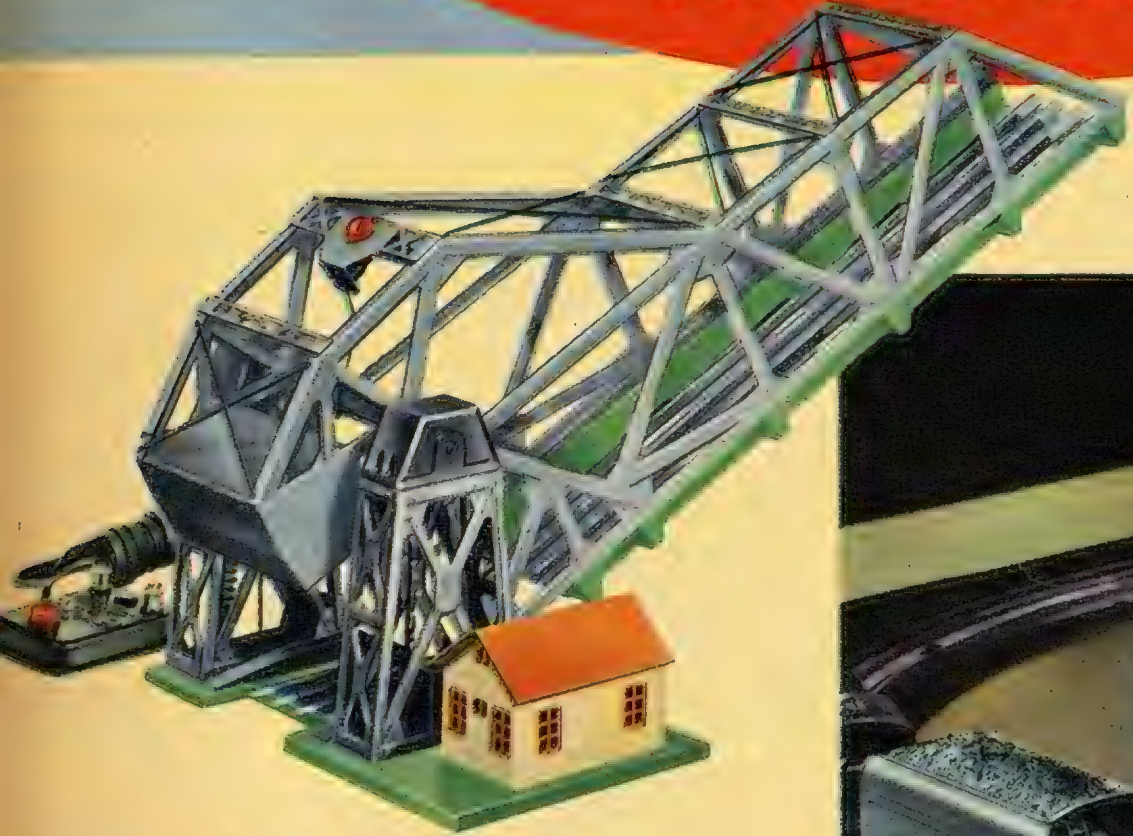
**TYPE 1041, 60 WATTS**

Comes with built-in circuit-breaker, whistle controller and reversing controller. Delivers from 5.5 to 18 volts. Unbreakable steel case.

**TYPE 1037, 40 WATTS**

This transformer, with rating of 115 volts, 50-60 cycles, delivers from 7.5 to 17 volts. Contained in heavy steel case.

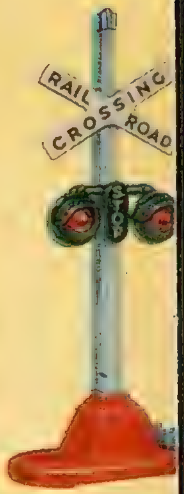
# LIONEL AUTOMATIC ACCESSORIES FOR MODEL RAILROAD REALISM



**No. 313 Bascule Bridge**—The new, electrically operated bascule bridge opens at the touch of a button and automatically stops train. Constructed of heavy gauge steel with deeply embossed rivets and plates. Operating motor is enclosed in bridge tender's shack. 21½" long, 9¼" high when closed.

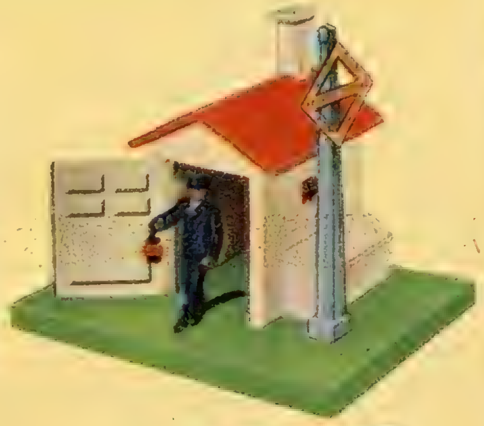
## LIONEL WATER TOWER

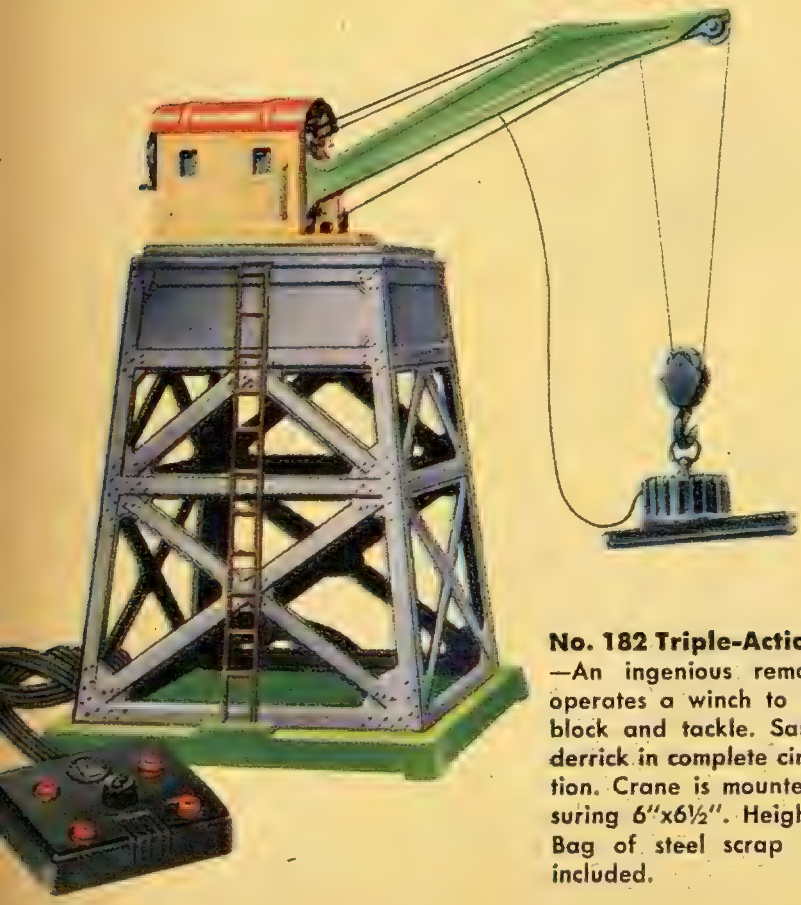
**No. 38.** A new and most realistic accessory. You operate it by remote control. Back your loco and tender up to the water tower—Presto! and the spout comes down to fill the tender. You see the water empty out of the lucite tank. Lo and behold, the tank then fills up again. Actually the water does not leave the tank. All operated by a specially designed pump and motor built into the top of the tank. A LIONEL accessory you surely must get this Christmas!



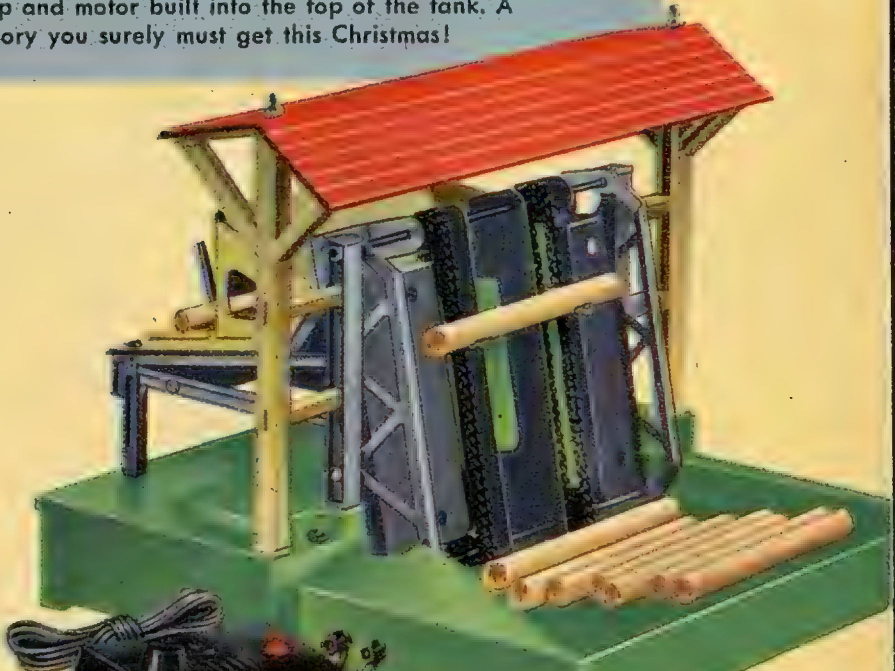
**No. 154 Flashi
Highway Sign**
—As train a
proaches, traf
signal flashes alt
nate red warni
lights. Flashi
ceases when tr
has passed. C
tactor is includ
9 inches high.

**No. 45 Gateman** — When train nears, door opens and gateman rushes out swinging lantern. When train has passed, gateman returns to shack and door closes. Action is automatic. Complete with contactor.

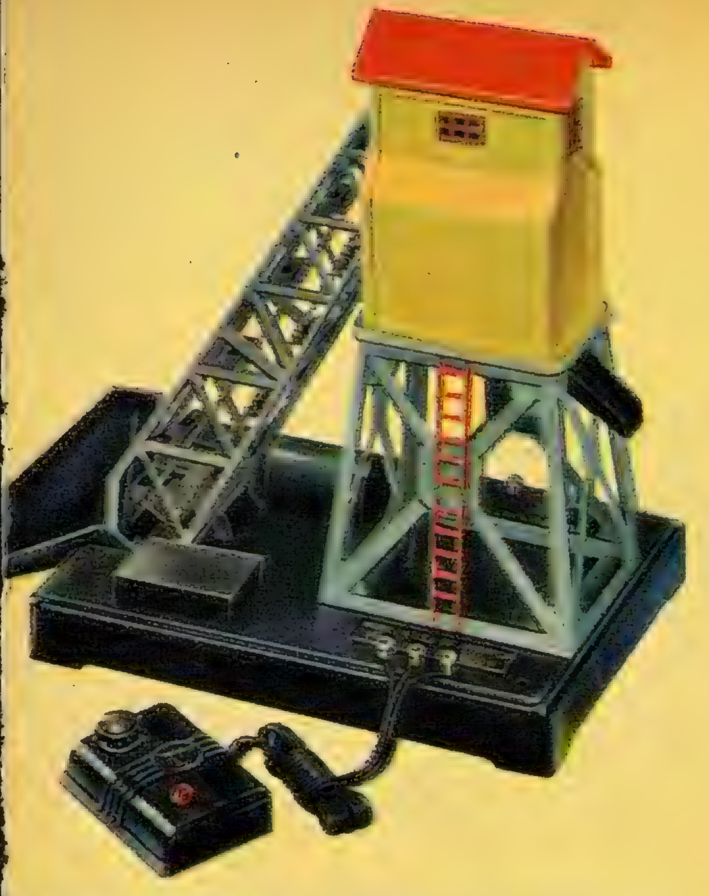




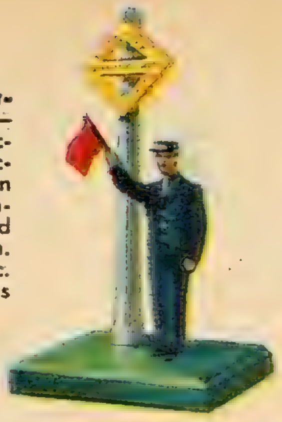
**No. 182 Triple-Action Magnet Crane**—An ingenious remote control motor operates a winch to raise or lower the block and tackle. Same motor revolves derrick in complete circle, in either direction. Crane is mounted on a base measuring 6"x6½". Height of crane is 10". Bag of steel scrap and receiving bin included.



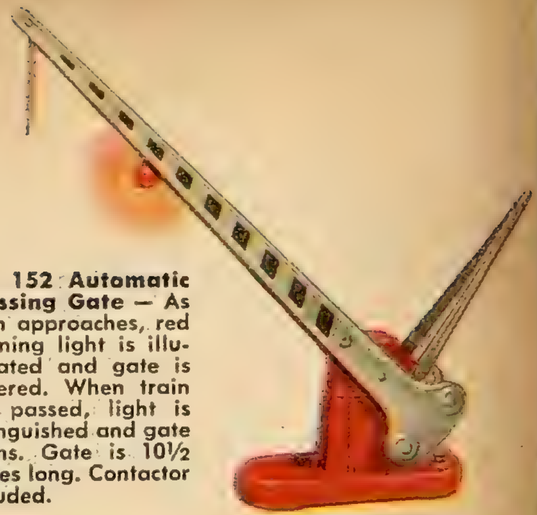
**No. 164 Electric Log Loader**—Cars may be loaded with logs by remote control. Hooks on revolving chain carry logs up to elevated loading platform. Lumber cars may be drawn up along side of Log Loader. 9" high, 11¼" wide, 10¾" long. Logs are included.



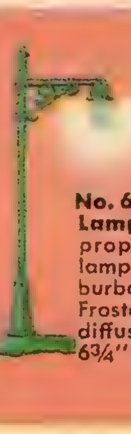
**7 Electric Coal Elevator**—Artificial coal is scooped up by a of buckets traveling on an endless chain. Chain conveyor uckets to top of bunker where they dump their contents into At touch of button coal pours down chute into car. Artificial ncluded.



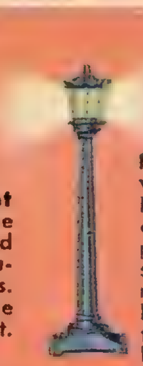
**No. 1045 Operating Watchman** — An ingenious, electrically operated accessory. When train approaches, watchman waves his red flag up and down. Action is automatic. Warning signal is 7″ high.



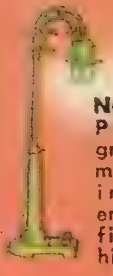
**No. 152 Automatic Crossing Gate** — As train approaches, red warning light is illuminated and gate is lowered. When train has passed, light is extinguished and gate opens. Gate is 10½ inches long. Contactor included.



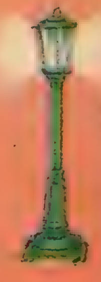
**No. 64 Street Lamp** — Scale proportioned lamp for suburban areas. Frosted globe diffuses light. 6¾″ high.



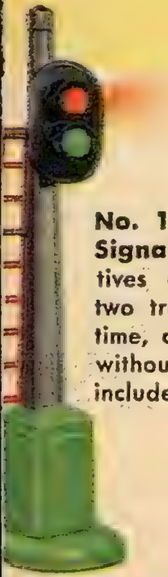
**No. 35 Boulevard Lamp**—Fitted with opalescent, plastic lamp shade and ornate cap held by screw type finial. 6⅛″ high.



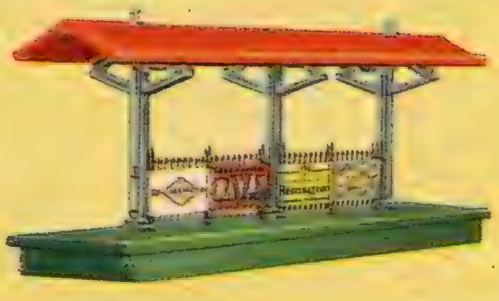
**No. 58 Lamp Post** — A graceful, ornamental design in baked enamel ivory finish. 7½″ high.



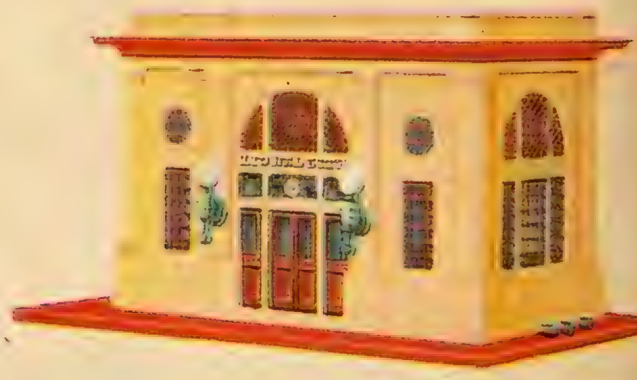
**No. 56 Lamp Post**—Copy of lamps used for lighting parkways. Top of lamp can be removed. 7¾″ high.



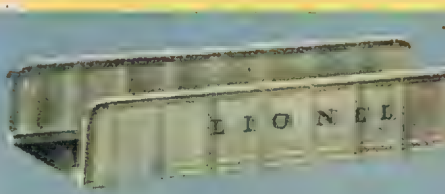
**No. 153 Automatic Block Signal** — Controls locomotives automatically so that two trains may run at same time, on same oval of track, without accident. Contactor included.



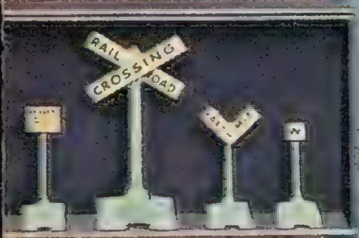
**No. 156 Illuminated Station Platform**—A beautifully designed accessory for intermediate station stops. Fence dividing platform contains four colorful billboards. Illuminated by two lamps under roof. 12″ long, 5⅛″ high, 3¼″ wide.



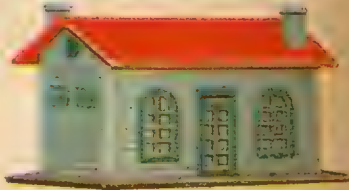
**No. 115 Illuminated Stop Station**—Deep embossings simulate stone construction. Equipped with automatic train-stopper. Interior illumination. Swinging doors, removable skylight. Lockons and wires included. 13⅝″ long, 9¼″ wide, 8½″ high.



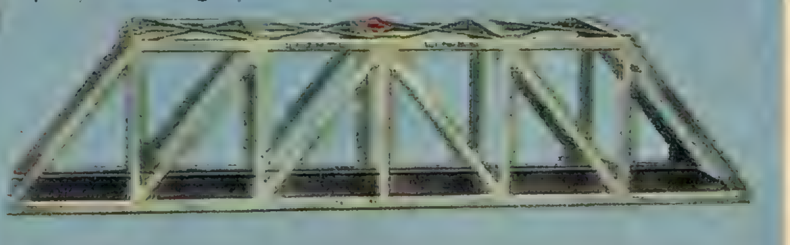
**No. 314 Plate Girder Bridge**—This new reproduction is die cast with rivet heads projected in sharp relief. Distinct plate stiffeners, floor beam brackets and flange reinforcements. Sections can be used in multiple with striking effect. Single span is 10″ long.



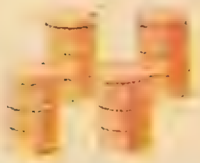
308 **Yard Set**—This real- set includes whistle and limit posts, trespassing and two crossing warnings. of steel, enameled white black lettering.



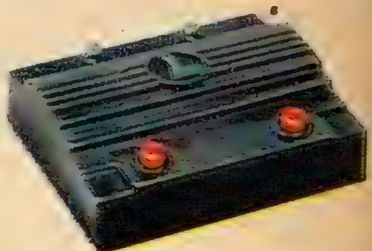
**No. 137 Illuminated Stop Station**—Made of steel and equipped with automatic train stopper. Roof is removable. Two UTC Lockons, fibre pins and wires are included. 8½″ long, 4⅜″ wide, 5″ high.



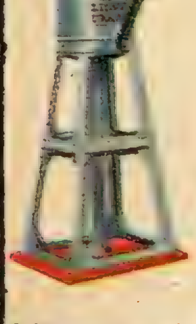
**No. 315 Illuminated Trestle**—Large, impressive rolled steel railroad trestle with built-in serial landmarking beacon light. Gusseted girder steel members are deeply embossed with accurately placed rivet heads. Can be used with trains of any gauge. Bridge is 24½″ long.



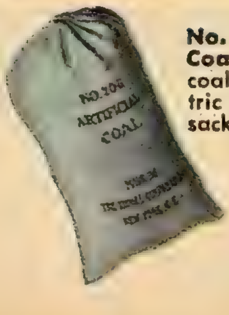
**No. 0209**—Set of four barrels.



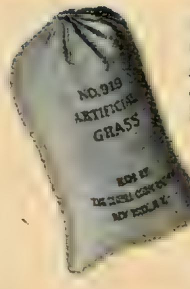
**No. 167**—Whistle Controller.



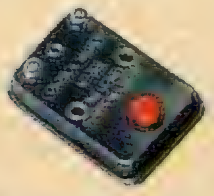
3 **Water Tower**—Real- steel water tank for locomotive train sets. high.



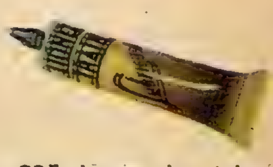
**No. 206 Artificial Coal** — With each coal elevator or electric dump car, a sack of artificial coal is included. Looks like real anthracite and is dustless. Package contains ½ pound.



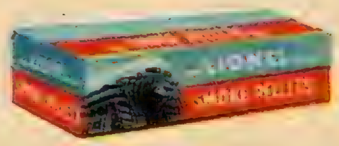
**No. 919 Bag of Grass** — Beautiful scenic effects can be achieved with this bright green artificial grass. Approximately ½ pound to bag.



**No. 88**—Controller.



**No. 925**—Large size tube of Lionel lubricant.



**No. 196**—Lionel smoke pellets (100 pellets in package).

# LIONEL "027" GAUGE TRACK EQUIPMENT

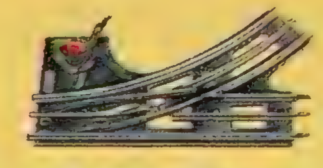
# LIONEL "O" GAUGE TRACK EQUIPMEN

**All Lionel Track Accessories fit into track without extra wiring or special gadgets.**

**No. 1121 Remote Control Switches**—Pair of switches, each equipped with a newly designed operating mechanism containing red and green colored electric lights that indicate the position of the swivel rail. Pair, one right and one left hand switch, comes complete with switch controller and connecting cable. Switch is 9⅜" long, 6⅞" wide.

Running rails of Lionel "O27" track are formed by a turn-back flange, making them doubly rigid. All ties are oxidized black.
No. 1018 Straight track is 8⅞" long.
No. 1013 Curved Track is 9½" long.
No. 1013-17 Steel pins.
No. 313-82 Fibre pins.

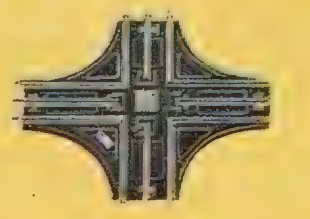
**No. 1025 Illuminated Bumper** — Equipped with an electric caution lamp. One section of "O27" track included.



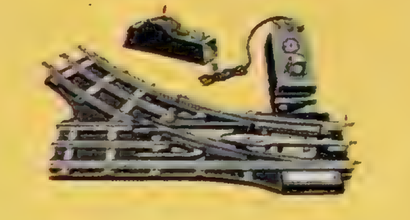
**No. 1024 Manual Switches**—Constructed of steel and perfectly insulated, switch is operated by hand lever.

**No. 1019 Remote Control Track Set and Controller**—Operates electric couplers and electric unloading mechanism in freight cars. 10" long. Two button controller and connecting cable are included.

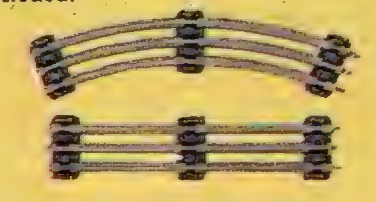
**UTC Lockon** — Clamped on track, it provides perfect contact for wires leading to transformer.



**No. 1021 90 Degree Crossover**—Black enamel base to match the ties of "O27" track. 7⅜ inches square. A great help in making interesting track layouts.



**No. 022 Remote Control Switches**—Patented built-in electrical device automatically unlocks and throws swivel rail when train approaches an open switch. Intricately molded Bakelite base supports rails. Pair, one right and one left, 10" long. Electric cord, remote controls and lamps are included.



OC Curved track is 10⅞" long.
OS Straight track is 10" long.
½ OC ½ Section, curved track.
½ OS ½ Section, straight track.
OSS Straight track with two insulated rails.
OC-18 Steel pins.
O11-11 Fibre pins.

**No. 025** "O" Gauge Bumper.
**No. 703-10** Special Bulb for Loco with smoke.

**UTC Lockon** — Clamped on track, it provides perfect contact for wires leading to transformer.

**No. 042 Manual Switches**—Lev on control box turns swivel rail an signal light. Construction is simila to No. 022 switches. 10½" long.

**RCS Remote Control Track Set** Operates electric couplers and electr unloading mechanism in freight car 10" long. Two-button controller ar connecting cable are included.

**No. 020X 45-Degree Crossover** Constructed of steel. Bakelite cro ing insulation. 11¾" long.

**No. 020 90 Degree Crossover** Similar to No. 020X, but 90 degr 8⅜" square.

*Oh, Boy!*

**I'll learn real railroading in MODEL BUILDER!**

## MODEL BUILDER Magazine of Model Railroading

With MODEL BUILDER'S hundreds of diagrams, pictures, drawings and stories of the best layouts in model railroading, you can't go wrong. Articles by the experts will tell you how to set up your own road, how to landscape it, how to construct models of buildings and equipment.

**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**

**MODEL BUILDER, Dept. G**
**15 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y.**

Please send me eight big issues of MODEL BUILDER for one dollar which I am enclosing. ☐

Save me the trouble of re-subscribing and enter me for 16 issues for these two dollars. ☐

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

## THERE'S FUN AND ADVENTURE WITH A LIONEL CHEM-LAB!

ALL the thrills and excitement of chemistry are yours with a new Lionel Chem-Lab. With one of these complete home laboratories you can perform scores of chemical tricks and experiments which will mystify and amaze your friends.

You'll find it's easy, with your Chem-Lab, to make synthetic pearls, invisible ink, a chemical flower garden. You'll be able to make ghost flames or turn water to wine and wine back to water.

Each of the five handsome Lionel Chem-Labs contains the essentials for practical study and experimentation. See them on display at your dealer's NOW!

*(Continued from page 42)*

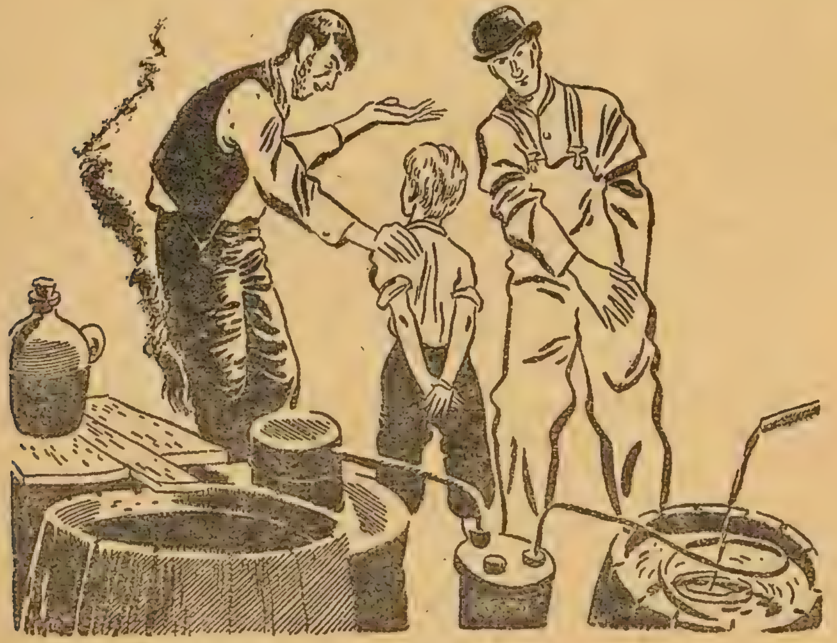
"Hmmm," said my grandfather. "I have been wondering if you could paint a sort of bird's-eye view, a rendering, as the architects call it, of the farm as it will look when the Master Plan is completed, with all the fountains and cascades in operation."

"Why, I think that would be very interesting. I could paint it from one of the upstairs windows."

"Or the side-porch roof. Now there is one thing; I have a feeling that Walter will have more ideas from time to time. Would it be possible to paint in fountains and pools as the plans arrive from England?"

"Oh, certainly," said Miss Boveen. "It so happens, that I have a little time now while waiting for a gray day, so I can start the Rendering this afternoon; that is, make a charcoal sketch. It should be a pleasant change."

THE inharmony between Grandma and the guinea hens did not end with her slight experience of the first night on the farm. It had really just begun. For several nights it was fairly quiet, until soon after dawn one morning when the guinea hens made a commotion that prompted Grandma to suggest to my grandfather (suggest isn't the word, but nobody gave orders to my grandfather) they be moved some distance from the house.



My grandfather said that he would consider the matter, the way a person does when he plans not to give it another thought.

Now, guinea hens are extremely sensitive to nocturnal sounds, and there was a certain professional jealousy between Sport and the guinea hens concerning their virtue as alarm clocks. Sport, not being able to roost in the tree, preferred to sleep on my bed or in it. When the guinea hens went off they touched off Sport's professional rivalry. He let out a roar right in my face that naturally woke me up.

That's what happened this night of which I am speaking: the guinea hens woke up Sport, who roared in my ear in such a way that it made me force him out through the window. He kept right on roaring until the guinea hens were fit but impossible to be tied. I was about to climb out, too, when I noted Grandma's boudoir cap protruding from a lighted window near by.

At almost the same time my grandfather extruded himself through the kitchen door, wearing his crutches, nightshirt, and shotgun. He raised the gun, aimed it carefully, and let it go both barrels at the top of the tree where he knew no guinea hen would ever roost.

Lights began to go on all over the house. In the hall I passed Miss Boveen carrying a candle. "Did I hear a sound?" she said. I found Grandma and Cousin Jenny both leaning on the kitchen door and trying to bolt it. I could have told them that the bolt was out of line, but they wouldn't have listened. Maybe they couldn't; my grandfather was banging on the outside of the door with the butt of his shotgun.

"Dammit to hell, let me in!"

Presently his cast appeared between the door and the jamb, and that was over.

Simultaneously a commotion began at the other kitchen door, which had already been bolted. It was pretty much of a bedlam outside, what with the guinea hens screeching, Sport roaring, and the roosters they had wakened crowing at the top of their cockerel lungs, yet I could faintly hear Mrs. Cragg shouting, "Oh, my God, my miasma! Let me in!" I opened the door and there she was. "What is going on in my kitchen?" she said. She was answered by a clap of thunder that seemed to come right in the door after her and caused Cousin Jenny to faint dead away on the floor.

Sis suddenly materialized from behind the cupboard where the cooky jar was supposed to be hidden, with one hand outstretched as if sleepwalking. The sleepwalking act was not very convincing because I noticed that her eyes were a little bit open to see where she was going.

Then Miss Boveen drifted into the dining-room doorway clad in a nighttime jibba. "My," she said. "I should like to paint this scene."

NATURALLY, all this brought the guinea hens to a head, as you might say. My grandfather, while instructing Jakie about the farm work next morning, stressed guinea hens to the exclusion of almost everything else. They must be caught, he said, and taken over to the Old Dead House and kept there. In closing he said that Jakie looked as if he had a hang-over and was building up to a new one.

There are tricks in every trade, they say, and there are tricks in the trade of catching guinea hens, but Jakie and I didn't know them until my grandfather showed us. We got two hens into a feed bag, but the rest were so excited that we couldn't get near them even with a long-handled fish net.

My grandfather finally called the chase off, extracted the reluctant bottle from Jakie's hip pocket, and sent him up to the barn to do the chores.

"Charles Beebe, what are you doing?" asked Grandma.

"Just a routine analysis," said my grandfather, swigging at Jakie's bottle.

"What is it?" inquired Miss Boveen.

"Well, it tastes like a mixture of fusel oil and turpentine, but I would guess that it was intended to be corn whisky. However, it will do. Sonny, run and fetch me a soup plate full of cracked corn."

Back on the porch my grandfather poured the contents of Jakie's bottle into the plate and told me to place it in the sun which was just beginning to creep around under the Guinea-Hen Tree.

"Now git," he said, looking at me in particular but also at the others, "or keep quiet."

I got, ran around the house, and lay down on my stomach where I could observe the Guinea-Hen Tree. After a while I noticed the guinea hens approaching their tree in unison from all directions, the cock strutting in the lead. Finally he arrived at the plate of corn and pecked at it. He had another shot of corn and pecked the hen nearest him, who seemed as if she might be about to eat. She in turn pecked the hen next to her, and a general pecking began during which the cock had a few more snorts of corn.

Suddenly he crowed loudly and fell over backward. At that the hens rushed in and one by one they fed and reeled away or dropped in their tracks. The last one, the smallest hen, fell right into the plate. My grandfather shouted at me to put them in the feed bag. All I had to do was pick them up and stuff them in, pulling out more or less loose feathers here and there for my collection.

WHEN my grandfather ordered the guinea hens taken to the Old Dead House, Jakie seemed reluctant to have me come along, but I followed him anyway. I was surprised to find J. Baker's rig outside the door.

Jakie showed no surprise at the rig or when J. Baker came out of the big double door of the Old Dead House and sat down on a rock to smoke his pipe. "About fifteen pints," he said to Jakie. "She's going all right now. What have you got in the sack?"

"Guinea hens," said Jakie. "Grandma can't stand their screeching, so Mr. Beebe got 'em drunk on my corn. Good thing I had a spare bottle up at the barn."

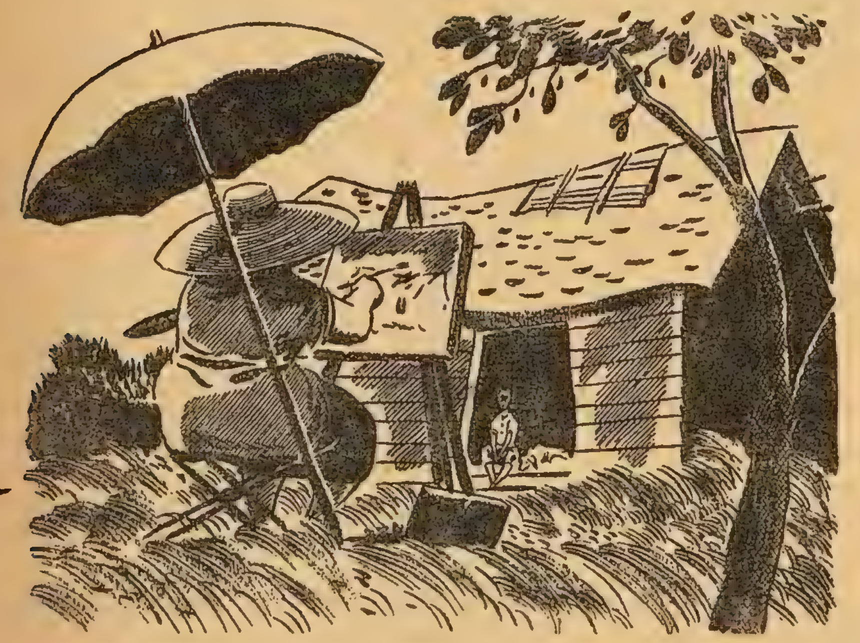
"Say," I said, "there's an awful funny smell around here." It seemed to come out of the Old Dead House. I went in.

"Hey, Sonny," said Jakie, "git out of there. That's my private bedroom." It was very dim, so I pushed the door all the way back. Sure enough, it was his bedroom. There was a cot in the corner, but what interested me right away was the biggest still I had ever seen. Of course the only other still with which I was familiar was the little one my grandfather used to make applejack in the cellar. Jakie and J. Baker came in behind me.

"Boy," I said, "that is *some* still! It's about the biggest I ever saw. How much will she do a day?"

"Oh, 'bout two-three gallons if she's runnin' steady," said Jakie.

I lifted the cover of one of two barrels standing against the wall. "Looks like corn."



J. Baker replied, "It is corn, Sonny. We're purifying it for your grandfather. We're taking all the poison out. You saw what that poison did to the guinea hens and you've seen it knock Jakie cold more than once. You wouldn't want every chicken on the farm going around laying square eggs and the cow giving poison milk, now would you?"

"Well, square eggs would be all right."

"Well," said J. Baker confidentially, "we want to surprise your grandfather, so don't mention a word about this purified corn."

"Yup, we wanna surprise him," said Jakie.

"Hey," I said, "must take an awful lot of corn to run this still. Is that where that corn goes from our crib?"

"Of course it is," said J. Baker. "Naturally, we bring some in from outside, too."

Outside we dumped the guinea hens out of their sack, and right away the two sober ones flew up in a tree. The others were just lying around like dead. One of them, the smallest, was actually dead. "Guess she couldn't take it," Jakie said.

"If you want to keep them here," said J. Baker, "feed them a little of that mash with their regular feed. Keep them slightly intoxicated. You'd better keep the still going as much as possible; we have a lot of customers for poison in the village."

"I don't rightly know how I kin," said Jakie. "Every time I come over here Mr. Beebe yells at me. He's got a powerful lot of work fer me over to the Big House."

"Hmm, how about Sonny here? You can keep a fire going, can't you, Sonny? You might earn a dime once in a while."

"I sure can," I said, "and I like dimes."

"I dunno," said Jakie doubtfully. "Last year he blowed up Mr. Beebe's still by fergittin' to turn the water on the condenser."

"Well, he can't forget the water here," said J. Baker. "The water runs all the time." That was true because a constant flow of ice-cold water from the now debilitated mountain stream that fed our reservoir was diverted through the condenser of Jakie's still whether the still was in operation or not, and from there on wandered down the hill through the day lilies and horse-radish.

Jakie was not wholly convinced. "Yeah, but Sonny might remember somethin' else to fergit, maybe boil the still dry and burn the bottom outen it."

"I wouldn't do that," I said. "I'm a year older than I was last year."

J. Baker grinned. "You must remember, Sonny, that this is no pip-squeak still; if it blows, you'll blow with it, and maybe the Old Dead House as well."

"Grandpa's still wasn't no pip-squeak, either."

"Of course not, just on a smaller scale. So you think you can run this still, do you?"

"Sure," I said. "I'll be back after lunch."

THE next morning I stopped on the side porch to see if my grandfather had any little errand he wanted me to do before I went over to the Old Dead House.

"You know, Mr. Beebe, I think this would be a splendid time to start your portrait," said Miss Boveen.

"I don't," said my grandfather, who had planned a quiet morning with his agricultural bulletins and the farm ledger. "Haven't you anything to do on the Rendering or in the garden?"

"No. The Rendering must wait for further developments in the Master Plan, and the garden must wait for a gray day. I have done all I can for the present on blue days. I have really been painting frantically."

"Miss Boveen," said my grandfather, "I think the Old Dead House would make an ideal subject for a picture. Here, use my binoculars."

"I think it would make a lousy picture," I said, noting a wisp of smoke trailing from its chimney, indicating that Jakie had already started the still.

Miss Boveen peered through the glasses. "You know, Mr. Beebe, that is a splendid idea."

"The Old Dead House is all fallin' down," I said, "and the windows is busted."

"That makes it so much more picturesque, Sonny. Will you help me carry my things over?"

"Grandpa's got some work for me to do, I think," I looked at him hopefully.

"Not a thing, Sonny. You help Miss Boveen with her things and report to me occasionally on how Jakie's work is going."

When we arrived at the Old Dead House the doors were open and Jakie was nowhere in sight.

Miss Boveen surveyed the scene from this angle and that with her view finder and finally set up her easel squarely in front of the big doors, where she had a good view of the interior. "My," she said, "it reminds me of a brass market in Damascus. The firelight on that copper-work is beautiful."

I looked at her carefully, but she seemed perfectly serious. There was a fire under the still that lit up the whole room, the mash barrels, some old buckets and tubs, the still, and especially the condenser, and the jug into which the poison was dripping.

"Now, Sonny," said Miss Boveen, "can you squat down in the doorway? There, that's right—a little more to the left—splendid." She began to sketch rapidly. Sport came over and flopped down beside me. "Oh, that's fine." She sketched with a pencil for a couple of minutes and then began to use paint much faster than I had ever seen her do before. From time to time she looked through the view finder.

After quite a while I noticed that she was looking more at the still than at me. "Hey, Miss Boveen," I said, "kin I git up and stretch?"

"Why, bless your heart, Sonny, I had forgotten you were still posing. Certainly, have a good stretch. I wonder if Jakie would mind if you put a little more wood on the fire. It is dying down somewhat, and I liked the light the way it was."

Again I looked at her and again she was serious. "Oh, I guess he won't mind." I built up the fire and changed the poison jug, which was almost full. "Miss Boveen," I said, "do you need me any more for a minute? I should oughta go over and tell Grandpa what Jakie is doin'."

"No, you run along. I'll put some wood on the fire if necessary."

I found Jakie leaning on his shovel and holding a flask up to the light. "How's the still runnin'?"

"Miss Boveen's paintin' a picture of it," I said.

"Holy smoke, we'll all end up in the clink!"

"She don't know it's a still, I don't think."

"Mebbe not, but yer grandpa'll know all right when he sees the picture. We're in a mess! Say, J. Baker's comin' up pretty soon; mebbe he'll have an idee."

When I got back to the Old Dead House, I was relieved to see Miss Boveen still painting intact and J. Baker leaning against the left-hand door holding his horse. For some reason he had a towel wrapped around his head and the horse was unhitched from the buggy. "Jakie wants to see you," I said to him.

"The horse and I are posing for Miss Boveen."

At that moment Jakie appeared.

"Jakie, you are just in time," said Miss Boveen.

"In time fer what?" said Jakie, looking around as if for the sheriff.

"In time to pose for me. Please sit down cross-legged beside the fire under your kettle."

Jakie obeyed, then I went behind Miss Boveen and looked at the picture. "Holy smoke," I said, "how did you do that?"

Miss Boveen smiled. "That is artistic license."

"Gee, that's *some* license." The only thing in the picture that had anything to do with reality was the still; that was perfect. I was shown very brown and with no clothes on at all except a sort of diaper; Sport's ribs stuck way out; the tub and bucket seemed to be made of gold; a couple of guinea hens were vultures; J. Baker was an Arab in a turban and sort of a nightgown and he was holding a camel. I was fascinated as I watched Jakie shape up as another Arab.

After a while Miss Boveen stood back and scrutinized the scene and the picture. She put one more dab of paint on it. "There," she said, "finis."

J. Baker and Jakie came to look.

"A wonderful imagination," said J. Baker.

"The clink," said Jakie.

My grandfather got to see the picture first thing. He was delighted with it. "Miss Boveen," he said, "this is a masterpiece. I had no idea that creative talent could do so much with the Old Dead House. I wish I could get over there to see it again for myself. Sonny, I can understand now why you and Jakie like to spend so much time over there."

"It is very picturesque," said Miss Boveen.

"I should say so. Would it be too much of a favor, Miss Boveen, to ask your permission to hang this picture in my room for the rest of the summer?"

"Why, of course not, Mr. Beebe; I shall be delighted to make you a present of it."

"You are too kind. This picture means a lot to me." I had a feeling that it might mean a lot to Jakie and me, too, before long.

ONE fine Saturday morning my grandfather and Sport and I had managed to get out on the side porch before any of the others. In fact, we had persuaded Mrs. Cragg to serve our breakfast out there.

When we had finished eating my grandfather said, "Sonny, run up to the carpenter shop and get me a hammer and cold chisel and that new set of carving tools of your father's."

When I brought the tools he selected a half-inch gouge and proceeded to carve out a channel down the full length of his cast in front.

"Hey, what you doing?" I asked him.

"I am sick and tired of this damn thing and I am going to take it off."

I stood by fascinated, half afraid that he would dig a chunk out of his leg, but he didn't. When he had got as deep as he considered wise he stood up between his crutches, handed me the gouge, and said, "Now, Sonny, you dig a trench down the back side of the cast and *don't* dig any holes in my leg."

While I was absorbed with this delicate task Cousin Jenny's voice came from the edge of the porch. "Why, Sonny Wilder, what on *earth* are you doing?"

"Yes," said Sis, "what on *earth* you doing?"

"I am sick of this damn thing," said my grandfather, "so Sonny and I are taking it off."

"You're making an awful mess on the floor," said Mrs. Cragg, who had come out for our trays.

"You can't do that," Grandma stated flatly. "It has to be done by your physician."

"That remains to be seen," said my grandfather.

When I had channeled as deep as I dared my grandfather got back in the swing and took up the hammer and cold chisel. He put the blade in the front groove and moved it slowly along, tapping it every now and then. I think he was as surprised as I was when the cast suddenly split open all the way down the groove.

"Now, Sonny, pull it apart with one quick jerk."

I did, and there was his leg looking as if adhesive tape had been pulled off it.

"Can I have the cast for my collection?" I said.

"I want half," said Sis.

"You ain't got no collection," I told her.

"She *hasn't any* collection," Grandma corrected me.

"That's what I said," I said.

"SONNY, you want to earn yourself a dime?" Jakie asked me early one afternoon.

"Sure, how?"

"Run over to the Old Dead House and tend the still till I can get over. Keep a good fire up."

"Okay," I said.

At the Old Dead House I stoked up the fire under the still and then noticed that there was only a trickle of water running through the condenser. That was bad, even dangerous. I went up to the dam and found that the water level had dropped to a point where it just barely ran into the pipe which fed the still. This was easy enough to fix; I simply put a board over the main pipe that led to the Big House and the water pressure held it in place. Of course that would be hard on the rest of the family, but, after all, I couldn't let the still blow up.

After a while I noted with relief that a good stream of water was flowing through the condenser and the poison was dripping rapidly into a gallon jug. Suddenly Jakie hurried into my line of vision on the short-cut path, a rare sight indeed because Jakie never hurried. Something must be wrong.

"Hey, Sonny," he called as soon as he was close enough, "the sheriff's comin' up the wood road with J. Baker." As he came closer I saw that he was sweating although the day was cool.

"What are you gunna do?" I asked uneasily.

"I dunno. Guess I better grab me some fishin' tackle and a gun and beat it back up in the mountains. You better beat it, too, before you get arrested and put in a reform school."

"I'll go with you," I said.

Jakie went into the stillroom, threw some equipment into his burlap bag and started out the door.

"Where ya goin'?" It was the sheriff's voice.

"Figgered I might do some fishin'."

"What, with a rifle? Jakie, if I done my duty and looked neither to the right nor to the left, like Mr. Beebe says, I should ought to arrest you for breakin' the law."

"What law?" said Jakie.

"You know what law," said the sheriff, "the prohibition law. I got a John Doe warrant right here to arrest any man, woman, or child"—he looked at me—"found in possession of or engaged in the manufacture of illegal alcoholic beverages, or words to that effect."

"Can't a feller make hisself a little likker in his own house just fer a drink hisself or maybe with another feller?" Jakie looked at J. Baker, who said nothing.

"No, accordin' to the law, he can't. But you and J. Baker been doin' more than that; you been distributin' this stuff up and down the whole valley."

"We just give it to our friends," said Jakie.

"You don't give it, you sell it; and, what's more, some of these friends ain't your friends no more. I was talkin' to a feller this morning said your stuff like to a killed him, and if he ever lays his hands on you he's gonna make chopped steak out of you. And that ain't the worst. There's Federal men in town, gov'ment men."

"You ain't foolin' me, are you, Sheriff?"

"No, that's the truth," said J. Baker. "Two of them are staying at the Mountain View House."

"Maybe we better lay low for a while," said Jakie.

"You're damned tootin' you'd better lay low," said the sheriff. "Let me have a look at this here still." And he walked into the Old Dead House. "Say, that's a beauty. But where's the safety valve and pressure gauge?"

"We ain't got none," said Jakie.

"Holy smoke, it's a wonder you ain't blowed yourself to kingdom come long afore this. I'll see if I can't get you the valve and gauge off that still we raided down at Suffern last week."

"Thanks," said Jakie.

"Now look here," said the sheriff, "I don't mind you fellers making a little shine in your own house for your own use. But this poisonin' business has got to stop. Just how do you run this stuff? Do you throw away the first couple of pints and the last couple?"

"Hell, no," said Jakie. "We can get a dollar a pint for that stuff. Why would we throw it away?"

"Man, you're lucky you ain't killed nobody yet, instead of just almost killing 'em. The first run and the last run are like fusel oil and worse than rat poison."

"Well, I hate to throw it away, but if you say so, that's that."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the sheriff. "As long as you're my friends, I won't say nothin' to the gov'ment men and I'll take a couple of pints a week for testing, but you just lay low till the gov'ment men get out of town and your customers get so thirsty they forget about being poisoned."

"Hey, Jakie," I said, "where's my dime?"

"What dime?" said Jakie.

"The dime you said you'd give me for watching the still."

"I ain't got no dime. J. Baker, you got a dime for Sonny?"

"I dare say," said J. Baker, fishing out a small leather change purse.

"That's corrupting the morals of a minor," said the sheriff. "And that's a jail offense."

Sis suddenly appeared at the head of the short-cut path. "Hey, I want a dime too, J. Baker."

"Why should you get a dime?" I demanded. "You didn't do nuthin'."

"Sis, you can have a nickel," said J. Baker, "because you're smaller than Sonny."

Sis looked critically at the nickel and then at my dime. "Mine is bigger," she said.

MY grandfather was examining a letter that had just come from England. Suddenly he clapped his hand to his forehead and shouted at Grandma. "Dammit to hell, your son has gone completely haywire, and I think my daughter has caught it from him."

"Please don't swear before the children," said Grandma. "They pick things up so rapidly."

"Dammit to hell," said Sis.

"What is the matter?" asked Miss Boveen.

"Walter wants me to hook up the shower rooms at the the tennis court and to put perforated underground pipes all over the court to moisten the cinders in dry weather. And Louise thinks it would be nice to have sunken pools full of goldfish around the pavilion."

"Ah think goldfish are lovely creatures," said Cousin Jenny.

"In one of the parks in Kansas City," said Grandma, "there is a goldfish pool with colored lights around the side under water, and at night the fish change from lavender to green to purple to blue and so on. I think that might appeal to Walter."

"Judging by this letter," said my grandfather, "anything might appeal to him. I'll write and ask him."

He was studying the letter, wrinkling and unwrinkling his forehead. Suddenly he started banging the bell so hard that both Mrs. Cragg and Nellie came through the kitchen door at once and Sport started to bark. "I've got it!" he shouted. "I've got it!"

"What in the name of the Creator is the matter?" demanded Grandma.

"Mrs. Cragg," said my grandfather. "You must get your brother-in-law Henry Conkling away from death's door again. I have important work for him."

"He's settin' right out in the kitchen."

"Well, tell him to hurry home and get his tools."

"He brung 'em," said Mrs. Cragg.

"Just what have you got?" asked Grandma.

"An idea," said my grandfather. "I shall hook up the underground pipes in the tennis court and use them to water the melons. I shall also hook up the showers under the pavilion, and Jakie can use those for washing sand off the vegetables. I shall install the goldfish tanks as a sop to my daughter, as long as she has not demanded any fountains before. Not bad, is it?"

"Cousin Chahles, you're a genius," said Cousin Jenny.

WE were all sitting around on the side porch after lunch one day when Jakie approached.

"What is it, Jakie?" said my grandfather.

"Well, I've got something I'd kinda like to ask you."

"Fire away."

"Well, it's sorta like this," said Jakie. "Would it bother you much if me and Nellie got hitched?"

"I think it's a splendid idea," said my grandfather. "Have you spoken to Nellie about the matter?"

"Oh, shore, and she says okay but ask you first."

"How romantic!" said Cousin Jenny with a little giggle. "Was it love at first sight?"

"*I* don't think it's romantic," said Grandma. "I plan to take Nellie to Kansas City with me. I need a chambermaid." Jakie looked alarmed.

"Was it love at first sight?" Cousin Jenny persisted.

"Yup, I reckon, Ma'am."

"Give me your hand, Jacob." My grandfather wrung it vigorously. "My heartiest congratulations, my boy; you've got a fine girl, and I hope she'll make you stop running that still on the mountain."

"Who tole yah?" said Jakie, looking at me.

"Nobody," said my grandfather. "I have two eyes in my head and a nose on my face and I can smell corn mash on the breeze and see smoke coming out of the Old Dead House chimney. Besides, Miss Boveen painted an excellent picture of your still which I have hanging on the wall of my room. It is called 'Copper Market in Damascus.' There are three Arabs in the picture that look remarkably like you and J. Baker and Sonny."

My grandfather and I repaired to the tennis court to admire the melons. When he had got settled he spread the latest of my father's letters out flat and began to explain to me its contents. "Sonny, your father wants to have underground pipes all over the lawn with sprinklers every twenty feet so that the whole thing can be watered at once by turning a valve instead of lugging a hose around."

"That would be good," I said.

"Yes, the idea is excellent; he says it works very well at the Duke of Northumberland's place, and the duke has made a private golf course out of his lawn. Your father thinks it would be nice if we had a private golf course on the farm. Frankly, Sonny, I think your father is getting delusions of grandeur."

"What's that?" I asked.

"In this case it seems to be the idea that we have the whole New York City water supply to play with instead of a small mountain stream that dries up when we most need it. However, while we are laying the sprinkler system we can hook up a delousing spray for the chicken house and feed the chemicals right into the water line. How's that for an idea?"

"Swell," I said.

"One thing is certain," said my grandfather. "If all these fountains and cascades and sprays ever get to working this place will be known far and wide as the great swamp of Rockland County."

THE morning of Jakie's and Nellie's wedding day turned up a snag in the matter of liquid refreshments. Grandma thought that coffee would be adequate, but Cousin Jenny wanted a fruit punch as well, if my grandfather would promise not to "adulterate" it with applejack. He promised but insisted on having a keg of beer for the men.

"Beer in a barrel is vulgar," said Grandma.

"It isn't very refined," said Cousin Jenny. "I think it's more suited to a clambake than a wedding."

"What's wrong with clambakes?" demanded my grandfather. "I believe Hermann attends them regularly."

"That is in the nature of research for his work; he takes his stomach pump along."

"If you must serve beer," said Grandma, "beer in bottles would much better befit the occasion."

"Very well," said my grandfather. "Tell Jakie to drive in and get four cases of beer from Gus's saloon."

"Kin I go too?" said Nellie from the doorway.

"You cannot," said Mrs. Cragg. "Too much to do."

"Oh, let her go," said my grandfather.

I had been wondering what to give Jakie for a wedding present, and the sight of a lot of labels my grandfather had been printing in preparation for fall gave me an idea. They all said:

CHARLES BEEBE
HIS
APPLEJACK
5 years old

If I gave Jakie some of these labels he could put them on his bottles of poison and nobody would know it was the same old poison, for a while anyway, and Jakie wouldn't have to lay low any more. I put about a dozen labels in my pocket. Pretty soon I heard Mrs. Cragg leave the kitchen, so I went out and helped myself to a cupcake. Then I followed her out to the side porch.

"WHAT in tarnation," she was saying, "can be keeping those two? They've been gone two hours."

"Maybe they have eloped," said Cousin Jenny hopefully. "Wouldn't that be romantic?"

"No, it wouldn't," said Mrs. Cragg bluntly. "It's bad enough my kin marryin' that no-good mountain man 'thout them elopin'."

"Elopements often are romantic. I recall—" Miss Boveen's recollection was interrupted by Nellie and Jakie drawing up at the gate in the buggy. He pulled a case of beer out of the back and handed it to Nellie.

At the porch they were greeted by Mrs. Cragg. "You been a mighty long time gettin' that beer. Whatcha been doin', moonin'?"

"No ma'am," said Jakie. "I got me a shave like Mrs. Wilder told me."

"That didn't take no hour," said Mrs. Cragg.

"No ma'am. The sheriff had his rig hitched right in front of Gus's saloon, and we had to wait till he left afore we could bring the beer out."

"We thought maybe you had eloped," giggled Cousin Jenny.

"Oh, no ma'am, we wouldn't do nothin' like that afore we was proper hitched," said Jakie, coloring up.

"Eloping," said my grandfather, "means running away and getting married."

"Oh," said Jakie, " we done that, too, only we didn't run no place on account of we had to bring the beer back. We only went across the street to the justice of the peace while we was waitin' for the sheriff to get away from Gus's saloon."

"You did *what?*" said Grandma, almost shouting.

"See, Ah tole y'all. Isn't that just *too* romantic?"

As soon as I could get Jakie alone I said, "Hey, Jakie, I got a wedding present for you." And I gave him my grandfather's bottle labels with an explanation as long as he couldn't read much. "Now you won't have to lay low any more."

"Sounds like a good idee," said Jakie, "but maybe it'll make your grandpa mad. I wouldn' want to do that."

"Why should he be mad?" I said. "He's got lots of labels and he can make as many as he wants."

"Well, I kin try it onct, and if he's mad I won't try it agin. I got just time to go over and load the still and git her runnin'. You stay here and keep an eye out fer the sheriff."

MY father's wardrobe had been well plundered to make Jakie presentable for the wedding ceremony; a blue suit, black shoes, a shirt and a tie and even underwear. While Jakie was getting into these things I brought up something that had been bothering me since he had gone over to start the still. "Jakie," I asked, "was the water running all right in the condenser?"

"Holy smoke," he said, "I was in such a hurry I never give it a look."

"I better go over," I said.

As I was running out the door Grandma called me sharply:

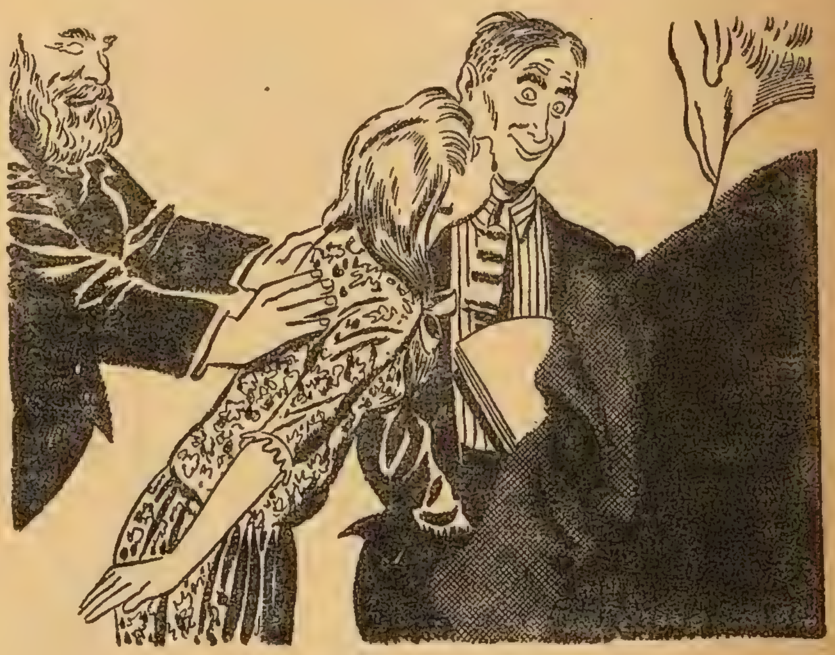
"Sonny, where are you going? You come right back here and get washed and dressed. The guests are already beginning to arrive."

When I got dressed I went back to where Jakie was uncomfortably looking out of the window at the gathering crowd.

As I joined him the sheriff came in. "Jakie, you see them two men in the black suits standin' by the tree? Them's the gov'ment men from Suffern."

Jakie shuddered. "Lordamercy, the still's goin' full blast. I wisht I never hada come back after me and Nellie got hitched this mornin'."

"Jake, turn around and let me see how you look," boomed my grandfather from the doorway. "Hmmm, a little pale around the gills. Feel nervous?"



"I wish I was dead," said Jakie convincingly.

"Now, don't take it so hard, my boy; marrying is just naturally a nervous business. Here, take a good long pull of this," and my grandfather held out a flask of applejack. "That'll put fire in your veins. Hundred proof."

Even Jakie, with all his experience, gasped, and my grandfather chuckled. "That's what a marryin' man needs. Take another hooker to keep that one company."

Grandma had appeared at the door. "Jacob," she said sternly, "you promised me to abstain from liquor before your wedding. Charles Beebe, I am astonished that you condone such conduct."

"Ma Wilder, I see no harm in a little cambric tea to steady the nerves before a wedding; I believe I'll have a snort myself." And he retrieved the flask from Jakie.

"That is not cambric tea," said Grandma.

"I didn't say it was," said my grandfather.

THE guests at the wedding were numerous and varied as to costume. Nellie and Jakie having a rather small acquaintance, Mrs. Cragg had invited her friends and so had J. Baker and, I think, the sheriff.

My grandfather gave away the bride as long as Mrs. Cragg refused to be an active party to mating her kin to a no-good mountain man, especially in a ceremony held out of doors instead of properly in a church. J. Baker managed to look quite formal with a shirt and tie and dark jacket added to his white overalls and shiny shoes. When he handed Jakie the ring, Jakie dropped it and there was a good deal of searching around in the grass before it could be found. Finally the preacher said, "I now pronounce you man and wife. Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder."

"Go on, kiss your wife," said J. Baker audibly. Jakie hung back, but Nellie, at a gentle push from my grandfather, took care of the situation. The kiss looked as if it might have lasted indefinitely, but at that moment the ground trembled slightly and a thunderous roar came across the valley from the Old Dead House. Everyone swung in that direction in time to see smoke, steam, and flying debris envelop all but the peak of the roof.

"Well, Jakie," said my grandfather, "it looks like a good omen."

Jakie was in no condition to answer. He just stood there trembling and pale. J. Baker looked shaken too. Cousin Jenny was fainting.

After a time the sheriff approached. "Mr. Beebe, them gov'ment men was over to the Old Dead House and want to speak to you, alone." I tagged along as a matter of course. J. Baker and Jakie followed.

"Mr. Charles Beebe?" said the larger of the gov'ment men.

"At your service," said my grandfather.

"Well, Mr. Beebe, we hate to interrupt the festivities, but we have reason to believe that a still was being operated at the site of the explosion."

"That's interesting. May I ask you what leads you to this conclusion?"

"Well, we have some rather damning evidence. In the first place, the whole area smelled of corn mash."

"Ah," said my grandfather, "the guinea-hen food. Did you by any chance notice any guinea hens around?"

"We also have this." And the larger gov'ment man held out a piece of curved copper tubing.

"What do you make of that?" said my grandfather.

"It looks to us very much like part of the coil from a condenser."

"Or part of the heating coil of an incubator. Was there broken glass scattered around?"

The gov'ment man looked annoyed. "Yes, there was. But we also found these." And he held forth part of my wedding present to Jakie. My grandfather looked at the bottle labels and chuckled. "Ah, the good old days," he said. "Are these labels part of your evidence?"

"Well," said the gov'ment man, "they would seem to indicate that you were operating an applejack still."

"Gentlemen, may I venture to suggest that you have not thoroughly prepared your case?"

"Why not?" said the smaller gov'ment man. "It looks like an open-and-shut case to us."

"Well, in the first place," said my grandfather, "you found no fermented corn mash, just the smell of it. In the second place, you found no still, just a piece of copper tubing. In the third place, no man in his right senses tries to make applejack out of corn mash. In the fourth place, if a man did want to make applejack, where would he get hard cider at this time of year? In the fifth place, if you will read this label more carefully, you will notice that it says at the bottom, 'Five years old'; in other words, before prohibition."

The gov'ment men looked completely confused. J. Baker and the sheriff grinned, and Jakie just stood there worshiping with his mouth open.

"Circumstantial evidence," said my grandfather, "is a dangerous toy to play with, but I have no intention of reporting you gentlemen to your superiors."

"Thank you," said the gov'ment men in unison.

"Sonny," said my grandfather, "run in and get a bottle of that applejack, the stuff that says eight years old. I think these gentlemen need a bracer."

THE telephone rang as I was passing it one noon, so I donned my deep voice and answered, "Mr. Beebe's residence; the butlaah speaking. . . . Yup, she's here." I turned in the direction of the dining room. "Hey, Cousin Jenny, it's a telegram for you."

"Isn't this just too exciting?" said Cousin Jenny.

To the telephone she said in her sweetest voice, "Yes, this is she." Then she listened. After a little, she gurgled, "Oh my, isn't that just too romantic! . . ." She patted me on the head and she started back to the dining room.

"That telegram was from Hermann," said Cousin Jenny. "Isn't that just too, too romantic?"

"I wouldn't have said so offhand," said my grandfather, who took an unromantic view of Cousin Hermann.

"Oh, hush, Cousin Charles. Hermann's stomach pump has been accepted by the Mayo Clinic, and he is goin' out to Battle Creek to give a demonstration."

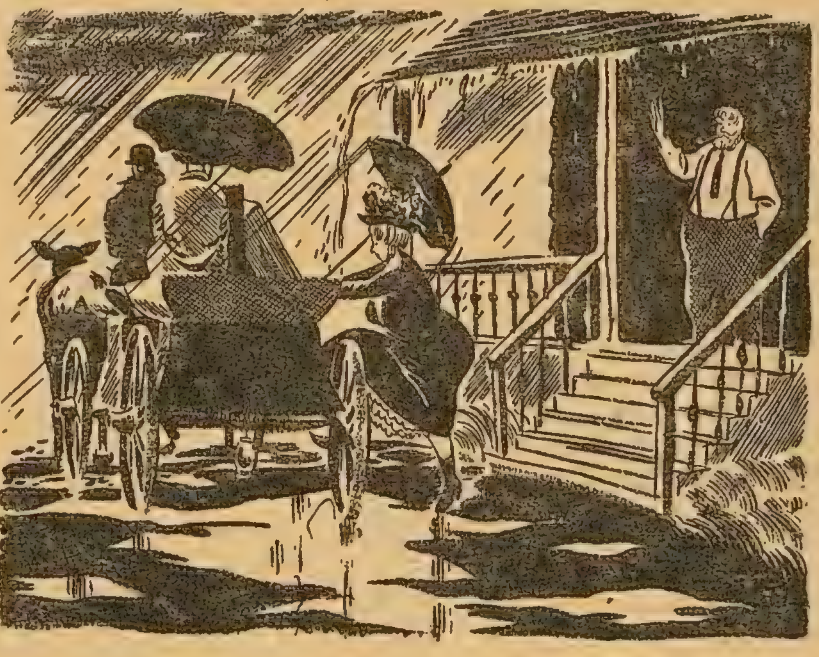
"I knew a man in Naples who had almost all his insides taken out by the Mayo brothers," said Miss Boveen.

"Disgusting," said Grandma.

"But that isn't the romantic part," said Cousin Jenny. She giggled. "Now, you listen; *I* am goin' out to Battle Creek with Hermann and Zelda."

"I understood that you were separated," said Grandma.

"We were, but we're havin' a reconciliation. Now isn't that romantic?" Cousin Jenny giggled again. "Just like a second honeymoon. You know what Hermann said in his telegram? He said, 'We leave Friday stop That is an order.' Now, isn't that forceful?"



"Maybe he wants to demonstrate his pump on you," suggested my grandfather.

"Oh, Cousin Charles, don't be such an old wet blanket. He signed his telegram 'Your loving Hermann'!"

"How does he usually sign his telegrams to you?"

"The same way," said Cousin Jenny, "but this time he really meant it."

GRANDMA decided to leave the same time as Cousin Jenny. The day of their departure dawned with what might be called a meteorological portent. Anyway, that is what my grandfather called it, and for my benefit he translated, "This weather is up to tricks." I could have guessed that just by observing the sky, hot and hazy early in the morning. The haze did thin by midmorning, but instead of a blue sky it revealed last night's thunderheads still in place. During the morning and early afternoon they towered up higher and higher, without seeming to move.

Jakie left after lunch with the trunks in the wagon. Shortly after, there was a brilliant flash of lightning and a terrific clap of thunder that made us all jump.

Rain should, by all the rules, have followed immediately, but it didn't. Instead the flashes became more brilliant, with the thunder following closer and closer. The house shook as if it would fall apart. Through all this the air was deathly still and oppressive. I had never seen a dry thunderstorm before, and the abnormality of it scared me as I raced around closing windows. I was in a hurry to get back to the safety of my grandfather, in whose lap Sis was already whimpering with her face in his beard to shut out the flashes.

Finally there was a puff of wind, and then the rain. Deliberately the gray wall of water marched down the mountain, erasing one landmark after another. The Old Dead House vanished completely in a matter of seconds, then the tennis court, then the barn, and then the trees only a few yards from the window.

My grandfather seemed pleased with the storm, but Grandma was annoyed. "I hope J. Baker manages to get out here in this rain," she said, looking at the clock.

"Oh, Mrs. Wilder," gasped Cousin Jenny, "You wouldn't *dream* of setting out in this terrible storm."

"I have no intention of missing my connections in New York because of a passing shower."

Miss Boveen sat quietly, apparently unable to think of any phase of her experience in Europe to compare with this storm.

Then J. Baker came in streaming water.

The original idea had been for my grandfather to ride down to the station to see the ladies off, but by the time they and all their luggage were stowed in the surrey there was no room for him, so he more than contented himself with a courtly farewell on the side porch.

The storm gradually quieted down, but it kept on raining steadily. The air was filled with a pulsating roar like not too distant surf as the Ramapo Hills shed their water into our mountain stream.

EARLY the next morning my grandfather awakened me. It surprised me to find him still in his nightshirt. He had his binoculars. "Come with me," he said. "I have something to show you."

I followed him out to the side porch roof. It was a beautiful clear morning, the sky washed clean by last night's storm. "Look," he said with a comprehensive gesture that included a good part of the farm.

I looked, rubbed my eyes, shook my head, and looked again. The whole lawn seemed to be covered by a gently undulating silver blanket of spray five or six feet thick from the sprinkling system. Beyond that the concrete masks and dolphins mounted on the reservoir wall to take care of overflow were spouting water far beyond their catch basin. Farther away the stately row of eighteen fountains trailed off toward the Stillwaters.

"Hey, Grandpa, look at that," I said, pointing to a silvery spear of water that projected several feet above the garden wall.

Before he could speak there was a raucous commotion down at the fabulous chicken hose. "Must be a weasel," he said, training his glasses in that direction. "No, by golly, the hens are soaking wet; it's the delousing spray. Sonny, run down and turn it off; I told Henry Conkling to put the valve right behind the main door."

At the chicken house I found the sprays running wide open on the roosts and nesting boxes, but there was no valve to be found. Then I remembered that Henry had said there were no more valves to be had in Suffern, so he had just hooked the pipe up with a nipple and a union in such a way that a valve could be put in later.

The carp-pool fountain down in the old melon patch was squirting at least twenty feet in the air, just what my father had wanted, although it was squirting on quite a slant and not falling back into the pool.

Back up on the side-porch roof, we found Miss Boveen busily at work on the Rendering. "Good morning," she said. "You are just in time. Would you mind standing over where you were before?"

"Before what?" asked my grandfather, confused. He now wore his bathrobe over his nightshirt.

"When you and Sonny first came out onto the roof. I was here, but I dare say you didn't see me in the shadow. You just completed the composition. Now if you will stand where you were and take off your bathrobe I can fill in some more detail."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," said my grandfather. "Let me see that Rendering."

We looked and, sure enough, there we were sketched into the left foreground.

Miss Boveen said, "There is one thing I wanted to ask you, Mr. Beebe: is the tennis court supposed to look like that in the Master Plan?" And she indicated what appeared to be a swimming pool in the Rendering with water lilies in it.

"Well, I'll be damned," said my grandfather, looking from the Rendering to the original, where the sun now shone on melons and cucumbers floating in several inches of water. "Sonny, run and turn off the water."

"Can't," I said, "there ain't—I mean aren't—no valves; Henry Conkling used the last valves on the goldfish tanks and the showers."

My grandfather gritted his teeth and looked around as if he would go out and tear up the whole water system with his bare hands. He spotted Jakie pursuing his leisurely way down from the barn through the lawn sprinklers with a pail of milk in each hand.

"Jacob," roared my grandfather, "get a sledge hammer and knock out those cement copings out of the tennis-court entrances, so the water will run out."

"Yes, sir. It's gettin' a little wet in there for melons."

"Well," said my grandfather, looking at me, "I said the whole plan hinged on water and I was right, and you said you couldn't put hinges on water because the screws would fall out and you were right too. Now the screws are out."

AT this juncture the sheriff's rig stopped at the front gate and the sheriff got out. "Hey, Mr. Beebe," he shouted, "What you got there, a waterworks? Mind if I come up and have a look?"

"Not at all," said my grandfather.

The sheriff stepped out on the side-porch roof. "Things is sorta outa control, ain't they?" He grinned.

"Certainly not; it is part of the Master Plan."

"You mean to say all them squirters is s'posed to be goin' like that?"

"And why not?" said my grandfather. "Sheriff, how many times have I told you that you will never get anywhere in farming by doing the same old thing in the same old way year after year? It is the unusual that makes for progress in agriculture. Take melons, for example. What is the old-fashioned way of growing melons? In dry, sandy soil, isn't it?"

"Sure," agreed the sheriff.

"Exactly. But what do *I* do? I use logic, common sense. A melon is ninety-five per cent water, isn't it?"

"'Bout that, I reckon."

"Well, according to that, the logical place to grow melons is in a swamp, but you can't do that because the vines rot. So what do I do? I grow them in cinders and flood them now and then to assure enough water."

"Well, I'll be—" said the sheriff.

"Now, Sheriff, do you recall a wager we made some time ago? A little bet of five gallons of five-year-old applejack as to which of us would grow the bigger and better melons this summer."

"Seems to me I do. All right, Mr. Beebe, I reckon you win this year with your newfangled tricks, but just wait till next year; I'll think up something myself."

"It had better be good," said my grandfather.

During the conversation the sheriff had been looking from time to time at the lawn. Now he said: "Mr. Beebe, them squirters is sort of washin' away the lawn in that there place. Maybe they'd oughta be turned off."

"We can't turn them off until Miss Boveen has finished."

"There. Finis," said Miss Boveen, standing back to survey the Rendering.

My grandfather examined it. "Splendid, a masterpiece. Louise and Walter will be delighted."

"Looks natural enough to drink," said the sheriff.

"Swell," I said.

Just then Mrs. Cragg appeared in the doorway, followed by Sis. "Breakfast is ready," she said.

My grandfather frowned. "Mrs. Cragg, will you try to get hold of your brother-in-law, Henry Conkling?"

"He's settin' right out in the kitchen. He brung up a lot of valves he figures you might be needin' after last night's rain. There ain't no flies on my brother-in-law Henry Conkling."

"Me neither," said Sis, looking herself over.

Suddenly I recalled how I had shut off the house- and farm-water supply when I needed water for Jakie's still by putting a board over the pipe. "Hey, Grandpa," I said, "I can shut off everything. Want I should do that?"

My grandfather appeared to consider for a moment, then said: "Why, yes, Sonny, you might as well. I think we have given the Master Plan a satisfactory trial run." He winked at me and turned back to the others. I was lost in admiration. How could any man be like that?

THE END

# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## By Helen Greenwood

A **LONG WAY FROM BOSTON,** by **Beth O'Shea,** is the gay account of a trip taken by two New England girls in an old Model-T Ford back in the early 1920s. Kit Crandall and Beth met in their Boston rooming house and decided to see the world together.

*Beth O'Shea*

Miss O'Shea writes delightfully and unselfconsciously. The twenty years that have passed since she took her jaunt have served to increase her enjoyment of her adventures while giving her an impersonal perspective. The people they met on their journey are as vivid to her now as they were then.

Kit was the able and decisive member of the partnership, while Beth was the adventurous and romantic one. They had very little money to finance their trip to California, so they slept rolled up in blankets on the ground or on people's porches. They had planned to sell aprons to farm wives, but while the farm wives they encountered were happy to feed them in exchange for tales of their experiences, the girls sold no aprons.

Beth fell in love three times on the trip, the first time with a cowboy, Rex. In San Francisco the girls settled down on Telegraph Hill and met a group of carefree Bohemians who finally shocked their New England souls by playing strip poker. And Beth fell in love again, this time with a sailor. In New Orleans it was a newspaper reporter and it was that last experience that sent them home.

A Long Way from Boston is a charming book, refreshing and wholesome, and it is written with so much gusto that it's almost as good as taking a trip oneself.

Whittlesey House, New York. Price $2.75.

BELGIUM-born **May Sarton's** book, **The Bridge of Years,** is a warm and touching story of family life there during the years between the two World Wars.

*May Sarton*

Mélanie and Paul Duchesne had a home outside Brussels. Their three children and a group of friends filled it with life and a kind of growth, of which Mélanie was the main force. Happiness held through the threat of war, which all of them faced and prepared to meet. On the day when they knew they must either flee or be found by the German invaders, words were hardly needed for each to know the other's decision—they stayed.

Doubleday and Co., Inc., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.75.

LOUISE DICKINSON RICH, whose I Took to the Woods was so popular a few years ago, has written, in **Happy the Land,** a mature sequel to the earlier book.

This is the story of the second part of her life in the Maine woods, and underlying her lively chronicle of daily events, she discloses the deep devotion that existed between her husband and herself.

Ralph Rich died in the forests he loved so well, and Mrs. Rich's affection for the land seems to have deepened and intensified to sustain her other loss.

It is the unexaggerated quality of the writing in Happy the Land, the lack of gush and overemphasis, that makes it such good reading.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, New York. Price $3.

# QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

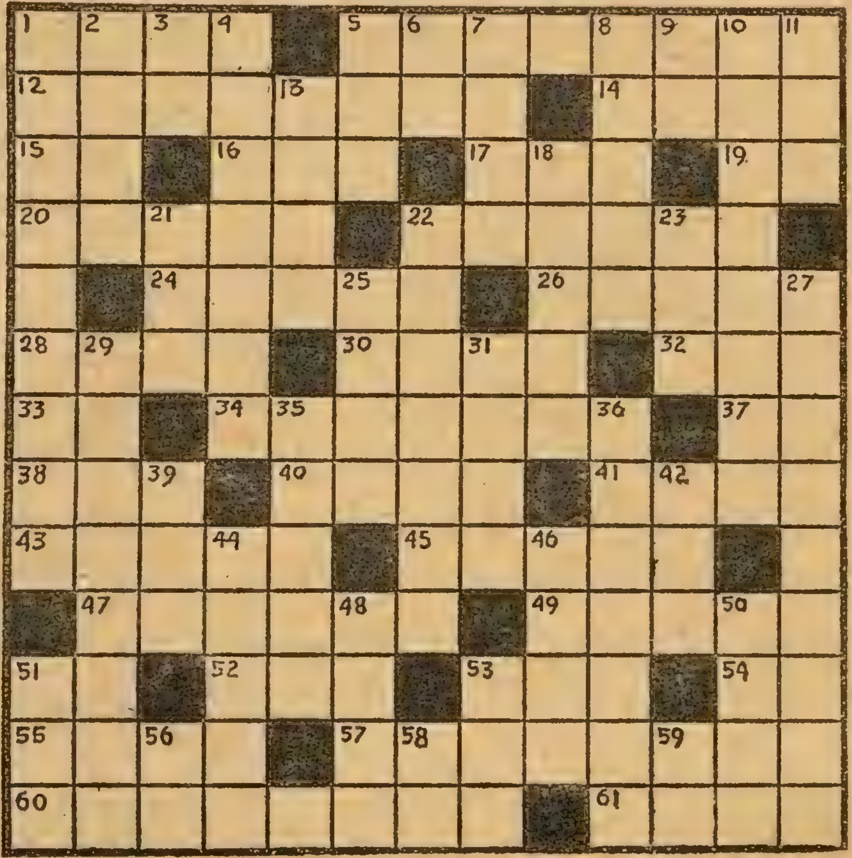
## By Ted Shane

### HORIZONTAL

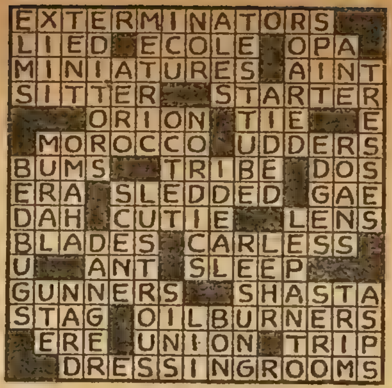
1 An earthy bumpkin would be a what?
5 What birdlike creature seems to be a link between mammals and reptiles?
12 Muscle oil would be what?
14 What's Miss Mater's given name?
15 George Washington Hill specialized in the what? (abbr.)
16 What wilderness did the Israelites wander through after leaving Egypt?
17 Hill
19 What kind of line do reporters crave?
20 Sir Thomas Malory wrote what d'Arthur?
22 What Inc. was smashed by New York's Mayor O'Dwyer?
24 455 grains of distilled American water equals one what?
26 The Michaelmas daisy is also called a what?
28 Likewise-doer
30 What kind of rule do convention delegates often vote by?
32 Beer with "more" alcohol is what in the United States?
33 Egyptian spirit, lived with mummy in the tomb
34 Holes negotiated in one under par are what in golf?
37 Which is the Pelican State? (abbr.)
38 Work done by 1 dyne acting through distance of 1 centimeter
40 A campaign's being waged to color what yellow? (abbr.)
41 *Leap* to church when it sounds (anag.)
43 What's town in German?
45 In what region would you hang an auricular pendant?
47 Simultaneous whats have been held at Bad Nauheim and Nuremberg?
49 What's the only thing they won't do to G.I. houses?
51 Yammering Idiots (abbr.)
52 Greek letter No. 23
53 Name the first flood-control project
54 Fill in: —— Hung Chang
55 Who was the first congressman from Boston?
57 Digitalis is derived from what plant?
60 The old steam motorcars ran on what fluid?
61 Who put the jinx on the ancient Greeks?

### VERTICAL

1 Political Kaffeeklatsches are called what?
2 Name a French Doughville
3 Hep to
4 Maids are enjoined not to do what in hotels mornings?
5 What is having a terrific struggle to reassert its supremacy over the sword?
6 Gal's name in two letters
7 Name an island in the Weather Factory of the World
8 Sails hang from whats on ships?
9 What's unsingular and abbreviated?
10 What does the farmer raise in wet weather?
11 Word used in attention-calling
13 Air about a person
18 Beat the gums for the party is slang for what?
21 Fish *ore*? (anag.)
22 Whose law is the basis of the science of genetics?
23 Class of Japanese outcasts
25 Twisted lock
27 Actualities
29 Rapt mite (anag., two words)
31 MC
35 Mitey mites might be whats?
36 Carbon dioxide in a wine causes it to do what?
39 The American Legion of the Civil War is the what? (abbr.)
42 B-4
44 What species of maniac is fed from a bottle?
46 Patty who is ex-U.S. lady golf champion?
48 What American magazine switched from the extremely funny to the extremely serious?
50 156
51 A Tibet truck is a what?
53 Name the American pioneer's most important weapon
56 Word denoting hesitation
58 Preposition
59 Complete: *Le Coq d'* ——

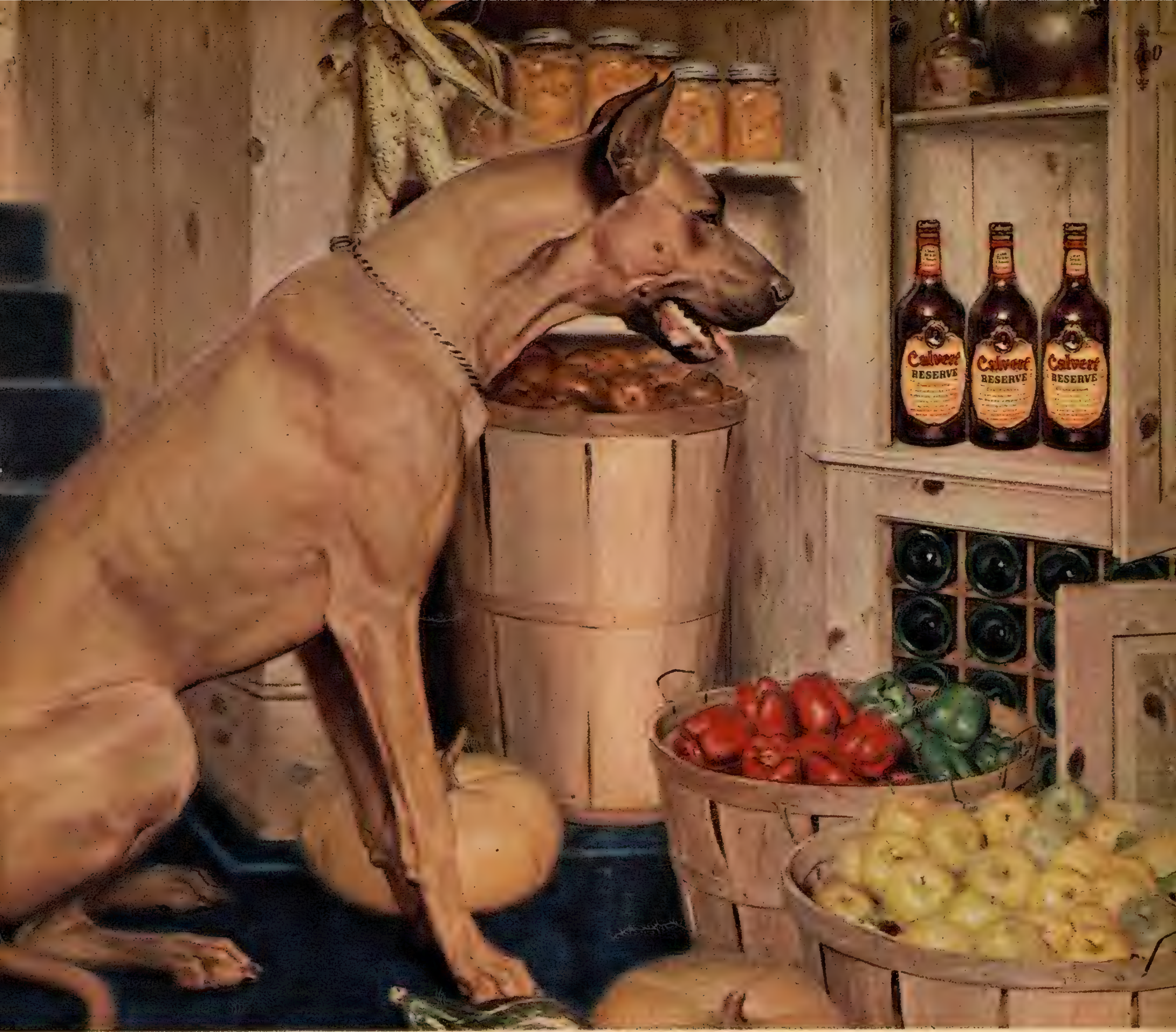


The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| E | X | T | E | R | M | I | N | A | T | O | R | S | ■ | ■ |
| L | I | E | D | ■ | E | C | O | L | E | ■ | O | P | A | ■ |
| M | I | N | I | A | T | U | R | E | S | ■ | A | I | N | T |
| S | I | T | T | E | R | ■ | ■ | S | T | A | R | T | E | R |
| ■ | ■ | ■ | O | R | I | O | N | ■ | T | I | E | ■ | ■ | E |
| ■ | M | O | R | O | C | C | O | ■ | U | D | D | E | R | S |
| B | U | M | S | ■ | ■ | T | R | I | B | E | ■ | D | O | S |
| E | R | A | ■ | S | L | E | D | D | E | D | ■ | G | A | E |
| D | A | H | ■ | C | U | T | I | E | ■ | ■ | L | E | N | S |
| B | L | A | D | E | S | ■ | C | A | R | L | E | S | S | ■ |
| U | ■ | ■ | A | N | T | ■ | S | L | E | E | P | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| G | U | N | N | E | R | S | ■ | ■ | S | H | A | S | T | A |
| S | T | A | G | ■ | O | I | L | B | U | R | N | E | R | S |
| ■ | E | R | E | ■ | U | N | I | O | N | ■ | T | R | I | P |
| ■ | ■ | D | R | E | S | S | I | N | G | R | O | O | M | S |

Last week's answer



## "Looks like the richest harvest ever!"

Are you an advocate of sensible drinking?
Do you prefer a light-bodied whiskey . . . that *also* gives you
magnificent perfected flavor . . . all-around whiskey agreeableness?
Remember . . . Calvert has blended more fine whiskey in its time
than any other distiller in America.
And hence the tradition
*. . . Clear Heads Choose Calvert*

**Calvert**
**BLENDED WHISKIES**
*Reserve* OR *Special*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

# STALIN'S "LITTLE BROTHERS"

Continued from Page 29

be given large increases in pay. This, I was told, was done in order to enlist the sympathies of these workers in the cause of U. S. democracy. Actually, it has worked the opposite way. Latin-American industrialists feared that the disproportionally higher wages which Henry Wallace forced them to pay would precipitate future difficulties; but so long as the money came from the pockets of U. S. taxpayers, they complied. With the cancellation of war orders, their worst fears were realized. As the bonanza from the United States dried out, they found themselves unable to meet the ever increasing demands of their workers. And with the cost of living soaring to fantastic heights, both industrialists and workers blame the United States for all their troubles.

Latin-American labor-union bosses, many of whom are outright Communists or at least ardent fellow travelers, quickly perceived a heaven-sent opportunity to jump upon the "Yanqui monsters" and, encouraged by Moscow, they promptly did. They keep telling their rapidly increasing followers that all the tribulations now suffered by the working masses of Latin America are a direct result of sinister American manipulations. When Vicente Lombardo Toledano, president of the Confederación de Trabajodores de America Latina (Latin-American Workers Federation), visited Moscow in June of this year, he wrote a special article for the Moscow newspaper Trud.

IN this article Toledano outlined a program for the economic liberation of Latin America from "American-British imperialism." This program is a complete affirmation of Soviet principles. It provides for nationalization of all land and industries, forcible imposition of collective farming, state control over exports and imports and over prices and wages, all after the Soviet model. It omits mention of an all-powerful secret police for the rigid enforcement of this program. However, Toledamo charged, "Representatives of foreign imperialism and local reactionaries have united their forces to prevent further democratization of the Latin-American countries and their economic liberation."

Apparently as a reward for his attack on the United States in the Russian press, Toledano was admitted into the august presence of the *Vozhd* (the title which ruling Russian Communists have bestowed on Stalin, and which is the Russian equivalent of Führer). He explained to Stalin that he represented 5,000,000 organized workers in eighteen Latin-American countries, including Puerto Rico; adding that his organization had not been able to penetrate the remaining countries of Latin America because local dictators and American imperialists were "making themselves at home there."

To which Stalin is said to have replied: "*We* are well aware of the imperialist exploitation and persecution to which our little brothers in Latin America are subjected. *We* sympathize with them deeply. *We* are devising ways and means to come to the aid of our little brothers."

Less than two years ago the "little brothers" were still very much on the quiescent side. The last time I spoke with Communist leader Fuenemayor in Caracas, he admitted that for the time being the Communists did not expect to get control of the government. He added, however, "Eventually we naturally want a Socialist state along Soviet lines here."

Likewise, when I met Toledano in Mexico he vigorously denied being a Communist, declaring that his partial admiration for the great Soviet experiment was merely that of a bystander interested in social progress throughout the world. But that was early in 1944. With the war over, the situation changed overnight. U. S. Ambassador George S. Messersmith has had a number of run-ins with Toledano because of the Mexican labor leader's anti-U. S. activities. And Toledano's recent pilgrimage to Moscow tells quite a story in itself.

Of late, Stalin's "little brothers" have turned on an air of cockiness and outspoken belligerence which bespeaks plainly their faith in the protective power of their "big brother" in Moscow. Toledano's outbursts against "Yanqui imperialism" are becoming more vitriolic with every passing day.

In Cuba, Moscow-schooled Anibal Escalente and Russian-born but Cuban-nationalized Fabio Graubert, now the deciding factors in Lazaro Pina's Cuban Federation of Labor, tell their followers almost daily that the reckoning with U. S. imperialists is drawing nearer. In Venezuela, Fuenemayor says he and his followers will stop the flow of oil supplies if the United States gets tough with the Soviet Union.

ACE School of DANCING
R. Gentry

"This lesson teaches poise."
LIBERTY

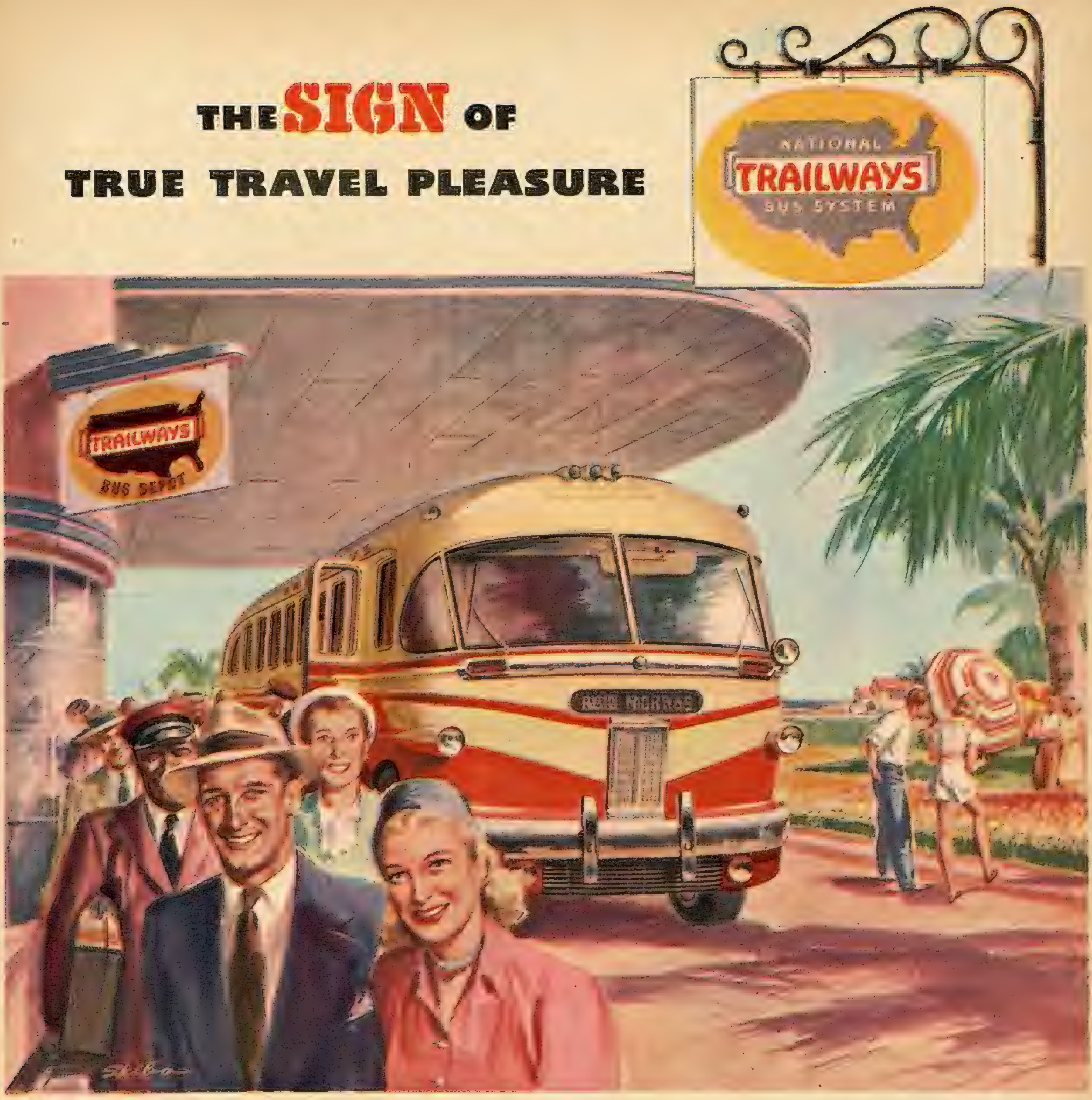
Chile boasts of the largest and best-organized Communist party in Latin America. The Communists there are in absolute control of coal-, copper-, and nitrate-mining unions. They also control the Chilean railroad and longshoremen's unions. They have stated publicly that "nothing will be shipped out of Chile if trouble develops between the United States and Russia." When Soviet Ambassador Dmitri Zhukov arrived in Santiago, thousands of local Communists swarmed to the airport, trying to break through police lines and carry Zhukov off on their shoulders. They boasted he was a nephew of Marshal Zhukov—a claim which the embarrassed Soviet diplomat promptly denied. Which did not prevent Santiago's frenzied Communists from decorating all streets from Los Cerrillos airport to the Plaza Constitución with hammer-and-sickle-emblazoned banners shouting *"Bienvenida!"* (Welcome). Far into the night 8,000 cheering Santiago Communists staged a torchlight parade, giving the first Soviet diplomat in Chilean history a pointedly ideological welcome.

IN Rio de Janeiro, Luis Carlos Prestes, who as secretary general of the Brazilian Communist Party is in the habit of sending fiery congratulatory messages to the *Vozhd* on the occasion of every Soviet holiday, expressed the idea even more forcefully. Following his election to the Senate, Prestes stated in a press interview: "If Brazil should fight Russia, I would form guerrilla bands and together with my followers I would actively fight for Russia." A prominent Brazilian government official told me, "For three years you Americans, from the administration in Washington down, have propagandized and extolled the virtues of Stalin and his regime. You have compelled us to follow suit. What do you want us to do now—buck Stalin?"

The aid to the "little brothers" of which Stalin spoke to Toledano has been on the way for some time. In the days before Pearl Harbor there was practically no Russian diplomatic representation in Latin America. Today the Russian embassies everywhere are generally larger than were the well-remembered German "tourist bureaus" before the war. The Soviet embassies in Colombia and Venezuela, for instance, have a much larger personnel than the U. S. embassies in the same countries. The Soviet Embassy in Havana, Cuba, maintains a personnel of eighty-seven, although there are practically no economic relations

(*Continued on page 70*)

# THE SIGN OF TRUE TRAVEL PLEASURE



© Trailways

You'll see this familiar emblem displayed in cities, towns and hamlets all over the Nation. It stands for friendly, economical, convenient transportation over the most scenic highways in the world.

No other public transportation gives you as complete and thrilling a picture of the life and beauty of this land of ours as do buses. They take you to and through the heart of each community. They pause at colorful "Trail Stops" along the way. They give you a close-up, first-hand view of picturesque America at "scenery level."

Your friendly Trailways bus agent will gladly help you plan your trip. You'll find him at the bus depot displaying the familiar Trailways sign . . . "the sign of true travel pleasure." NATIONAL TRAILWAYS BUS SYSTEM, 185 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

**NATIONAL TRAILWAYS BUS SYSTEM**

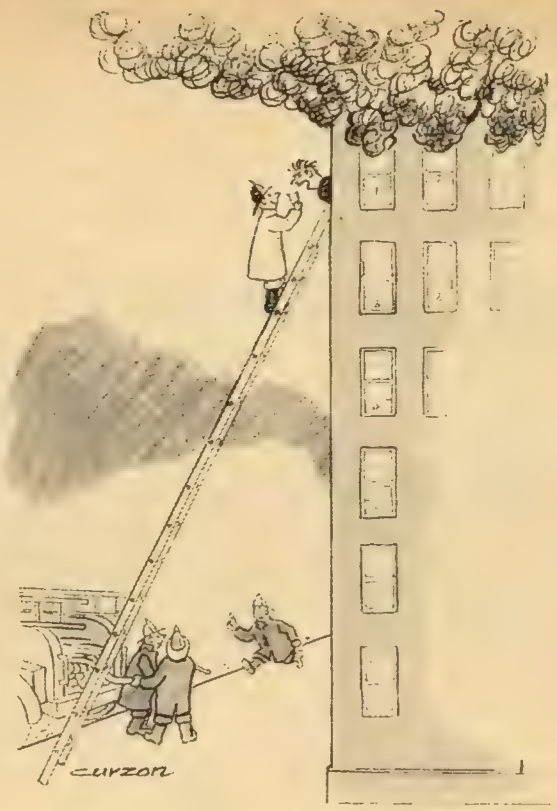
(*Continued from page 68*)

between the two countries. When pint-sized Lenin-bearded Soviet Ambassador Jacob Surits landed in Rio de Janeiro in May of this year, he brought with him a retinue of sixty, and additional comrades have been arriving ever since. Soviet ambassadors Kuznetsov in Mexico, Zhukov in Chile, and Shevelev in Argentina are building up their special staffs at top speed. The irony of it is that Latin-American embassies in Moscow have only from two to five members, no more being admitted by the Politburo.

It is no longer a secret that Russia maintains an extensive, well-organized espionage system throughout Latin America. However, where the Germans before the war had to depend chiefly on their own easily traced nationals for espionage activities, the Soviets today enjoy the fanatical support and co-operation of many native elements in almost every Latin-American country. By virtue of Communist control of labor unions in the transportation, port, and public-utility fields, the *Vozhd* today is in a position to toss a monkey wrench into the economic life of all Latin America at any time he so desires.

THE Soviets aren't any too particular in their choice of new friends. Anyone hating the United States is a welcome ally. At the San Francisco Conference, Russia protested vigorously against Argentina's admission to the United Nations, calling Juan Domingo Perón the leading Nazi in the Western Hemisphere. But that was before the war ended. No sooner had Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden attempted to defeat Perón's election to the Presidency of Argentina, and failed miserably in the attempt, than Moscow executed a complete turnabout, proclaiming the same Perón as the one constructive force which prevents the swallowing up of all Latin America by "rapacious Yanqui imperialism." At Perón's inauguration ceremony, medal-bedecked Soviet Ambassador Constantine Shevelev occupied a place of honor, standing beside Señora Perón. Shevelev was hailed enthusiastically by the assembled populace, while U. S. Ambassador Messersmith was greeted with boos and whistling to an extent that caused Foreign Minister Bramuglia to call at the U. S. Embassy the following day and apologize for his countrymen.

Obeying the *Vozhd's* signal, Latin-American Communists are falling over one another in their eagerness to fraternize with their recent enemies. In Chile, close Communist co-operation with the Falangistas has been an established factor for some time. Argentine Communists are even more enthusiastic for Perón than his original supporters. In Brazil the Communists have linked arms with ex-dictator Vargas in opposition to the present friendly-to-the-United States regime. And a similar picture prevails elsewhere. Anyone opposing the United States, irrespective of ideological creed, is accepted with open arms.



"This is a fine time to sell benefit tickets!"

LIBERTY

When George S. Messersmith was transferred from his ambassadorial post in Mexico to that in Argentina, he said in a farewell address on May 10, 1946: "I am sorry to say that I am resting today under none of the illusions I rested under after the end of the first World War. Because then I sincerely believed that war had ended forever. Today I know that we have nothing better than an armed truce. This is of vital importance to every American, for we should be aware of what things are. . . . There are many of us who see in what is happening today a definite parallel between the period from 1933 to 1938."

Then the ambassador went on to say: "Our prime effort must be toward the bringing about of complete collaboration in the Western Hemisphere—political, military, and economic."

This is precisely what Russia does *not* want. Ambassador Messersmith's words had barely reached Moscow when the *Vozhd* gave the signal for a Russian counteroffensive. The first trumpet call came on June 14, when Benjamin Lan, an American Communist in Soviet pay, beamed an English - language broadcast from Moscow. Referring to President Truman's proposal that the arms of Latin American nations should be standardized with those of the United States, Lan accused the United States of trying to grab monopolistic control of Central and South American armament under the guise of friendly collaboration. He went on to say: "Washington at present is not only trying to restore the old order in Latin America, but also is endeavoring to establish a similar order in countries situated on the Western Pacific."

But the real big blasting got under way immediately following Stalin's conference with Toledano. The Politburo flashed the order to its official mouthpiece, Pravda. Mikhail Arinin, pinch-hitting for vacationing editor David Zaslavsky, made a vigorous attack on "Yanqui imperialism" and the U. S. plan for Pan-American solidarity. Said Arinin, "United States capitalism is seeking to enslave South Americans. . . . President Truman's plan provides for undivided monopolistic domination by the United States in all countries of Latin America, based on political, economic, and military leverage. . . . The Western Hemisphere plan will contribute to the oppression of Latin America." Arinin then quoted actor Paul Robeson to the effect that the plan, carried to its conclusion, would make the United States the arsenal not of democracy but of Fascist dictatorship. He went on to say, "A giant American propaganda machine has gone into action to conceal naked imperialism under the cloak of the noble aims of United Nations policy on Pan-American solidarity. . . . Implementation of the plan will lead to wide-scale exploitation and colonization of Latin America. It threatens the vital interests of Latin-American countries."

IT was only the opening gun of an intensive Soviet propaganda war that has been waged ever since. Day in and day out, Moscow is pouring endless thousands of words of radio-transmitted press material into Latin America for distribution to a continent-wide chain of lavishly subsidized Communist newspapers. Montevideo alone receives each day 10,000 words of propaganda material directly from Moscow, and the same goes for other Latin-American capitals. The principal Communist newspapers are El Siglo in Chile, Hora in Buenos Aires, Diario Popular in Montevideo, Tribuna in Rio de Janeiro, Diario Popular in Colombia, and Hoy in Havana. Day after day these papers, and their subsidiaries in other Latin-American countries, print column upon column of vitriolic attack against the United States and President Truman, drumming time and again on the theme of "Truman's Third World War" and exhorting the Latin-American countries to cast loose from the United States. The good-neighbor policy, they claim, died with President Roosevelt, and "Truman is leading Latin America back into the bondage of Wall Street."

At the same time Moscow is feverishly repatriating German and Czech Communists who have resided in Mexico and other Latin-American countries for the past ten years. These "experts" in Latin-American ways and mentality are to assist in the conduct of the great anti-U. S. propaganda war. Among recent such repatriates were Paul Merker, Erich Jungmann, Walter Janka, Alexander Abusch, Labert Gallam, Paul Frautter, Martha Berg Andre, Anna Seghers, Otto Katz, and Egone Erwin Kisch. First they tried to obtain visas for passage through the United States. When this was denied, a Russian ship called for them at Vera Cruz, bound for a Russian port. Most of them are Communist writers of some note.

True to the promise that was given to Toledano, the *Vozhd* has rushed to the assistance of his "little brothers." In appreciation of this help, the "little brothers" are busy as a hive of bees, and just as full of sting, damning the United States and all it stands for.

THE END

---

## THAT'S MY BOY

### Continued from Page 33

he got on the train he held them stiffly in his lap. It was a football special, and the man next to him already was half tight. He lurched against Pete.

"Sorry," he said. "Goin' to the game?"

Pete merely nodded.

"Whaddya figure?"

Pete shrugged. "I don't know."

"Look, pal, you gotta have *some* kind of idea."

Pete felt uneasy and trapped. For no other reason he said, "I guess so. My boy plays."

The man's brows arched. "Zatso? What's his name?"

"Gregochowski."

The man regarded him owlishly. "Don't recall a kid with that name."

"No," Pete said. "He calls himself Gregg."

"Gregg! Hell, you mean Johnny Gregg?" He poked the men ahead. "Hey, this guy's Johnny Gregg's ol' man!"

They turned quickly and both started talking at once, but the only thing Pete heard was the drunk murmuring, "Well, whaddya know?"

PETE walked into a spacious lobby full of red leather furniture and fine paintings. He looked around hesitantly, the box clutched under one arm, then went over to a man at a desk. "There is a meeting for the fathers of the players," he said. "Could you tell me where, please?"

The man pointed to an archway. "Through there."

Peter started across the lobby, dreading every step. There would be nobody he would know. Not even Johnny would be there.

He was met at the entrance by a student member of the Dads' Day committee. "May I have your name, please?" he said, reaching for a round white ticket.

"Peter Gregochowski."

"Gregochow—" the boy began, then picked up a roster.

"My son calls himself Gregg!"

(Continued on page 73)

Get Set for Christmas

WHAT a wonderful gift for Christmas . . . a Wearever Pen and a Wearever Pencil. Each, by itself, is a gift to be treasured and long remembered. *The pen,* with its "C-Flow"* feed, 14 Karat gold point, generous ink supply. *The pencil,* a veritable gem of mechanical perfection. *Combined* in the handsome gift box, presented as the beautiful Wearever Gift Set, here is a triumph of Christmas giving! This year give Wearever — as dear to the one who receives it, as it is budget-wise to the giver. David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J.

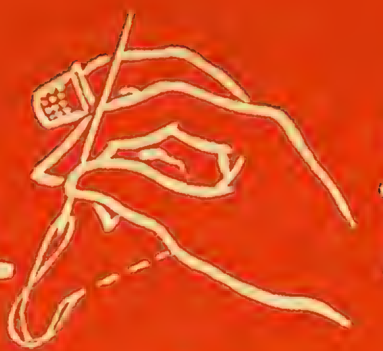
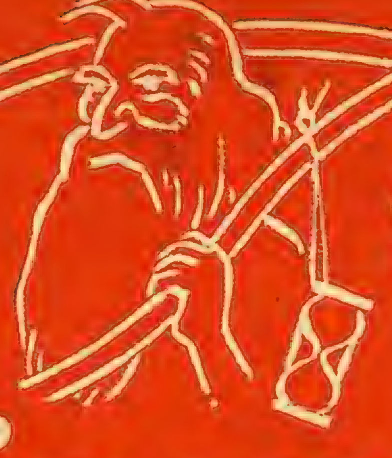
WEAREVER*

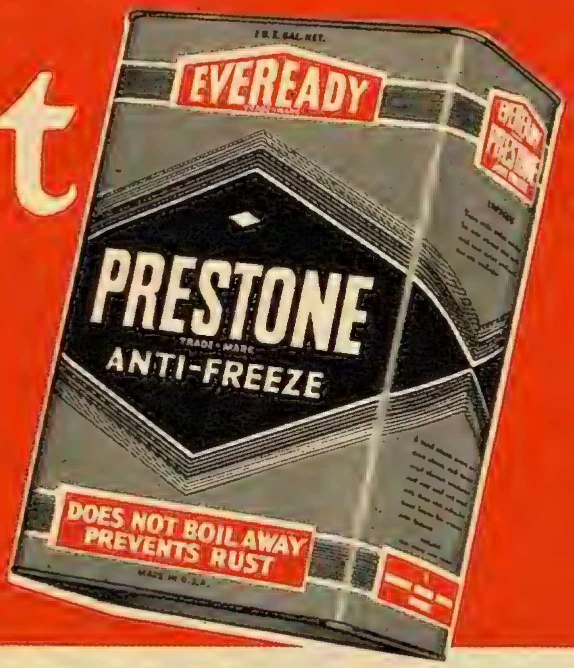
**WEAREVER PACEMAKER Pen and Pencil Set** Distinctively striped in your choice of pearly maroon, golden brown, green or black. $3.75

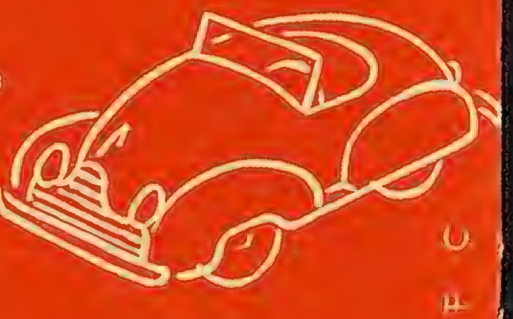
**WEAREVER ZENITH Pen and Pencil Set** In brilliantly rich maroon, coachman's green, navy blue and lustrous black. $2.75

—by America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

David Kahn, Inc. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

# A  in  saves 9

# Put 

# in your  now!

### Winter's here! Your dealer may still have the anti-freeze that protects your engine all winter long!

YOU DON'T worry about trouble—a block-cracking, radiator-splitting freeze-up—when your car's filled with "Prestone" anti-freeze. There's no guessing—no fear that it may have boiled off; you're *safe*, and you *know* it! One shot of "Prestone" anti-freeze lasts all winter, because it doesn't boil away or foam off. Also prevents rust and corrosion.

In 1946, there has been more "Prestone" anti-freeze available to motorists than at any time since 1941—but there isn't *quite* enough today for everyone who needs it. Protect that car *today*—for safety's sake.

**NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.**
30 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.
*Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation*
UCC

*The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.*

### ☛ If your dealer can't supply you with "Prestone" anti-freeze, here's why:

SAME PRODUCT
$2.65 PER GALLON
SAME PRICE

1 "Prestone" anti-freeze, like most other products, depends on the utilization of raw materials and equipment drawn from many fields. Recent industrial dislocations have affected our plant-expansion program, which was not authorized during the war. Planned for years, it is well advanced; but the real benefit will not be felt in 1946.

2 "Prestone" anti-freeze must be produced and *packaged* long before cold weather. Last spring and summer the food shortage diverted packaging materials to the need of starving millions, and adversely affected our ability to meet 1946 requirements. So your dealer may be selling "Prestone" anti-freeze from 5-gallon cans in addition to the familiar 1-gallon cans.

# PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

TRADE-MARK

**"YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT!"—ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER**

*(Continued from page 71)*

"Oh, Johnny Gregg!" the boy beamed as he started to write on the round white badge. Suddenly he stopped. "But what shall I use for your name, sir? Gregg, or—or—"

"My name is Gregochowski," Pete said evenly.

The boy looked up quickly. "Would you spell it, please?"

Pete spelled it and the boy printed it. "Just loop the string through your lapel," he said.

Pete Gregochowski, miserably uncomfortable, sat in a corner and pecked at a plate of cold cuts someone had handed him. The talk was all football, and Pete just listened. Once a tall sandy-haired man named Gehring said something to him, and Pete nodded, hoping his agreement made sense. Gehring glanced at the identification badge in Pete's lapel, then looked quickly away.

For a moment Pete was sorry he had come. He didn't belong here. His world was back in Riverport where you spent Saturday afternoon raking up the leaves. There would be an occasional chat with Ed Horvath or Dan McGuire, and midway through the afternoon Mary would fix a sandwich and get out the beer

TWO buses took them to the stadium. They entered a special gate, where they were met by more committee members who led them to a raised section just behind the players' bench. Then someone came along and started passing out large cardboard squares, and Pete noticed that one side of the cardboard had a big black number painted on it.

He didn't know what it meant, nor did he when the man next to him—it was Gehring—said, "Forty-two." The boy searched his stack for forty-two and handed it over. Then Pete noticed that those who already had their cardboards were slipping the string over their heads, the numbers dangling at their backs.

"Yours, sir?" the boy said to Pete.

"I don't know," Pete said. "No one told me."

"Your son's number—the one he wears on his jersey."

Pete hesitated. "Would you know which for Johnny Gregochow—for Johnny Gregg?"

"*Would* I?" the boy grinned. "Who *wouldn't?*" He whipped out thirty-three. Then he put his stack down and helped Pete on with it. Pete noticed he hadn't aided anyone else with his card.

Settling back, Pete looked up at the banked wedges of massed color that rose all around the horseshoe stadium. Incredible. Seventy thousand, someone had said. Out on the field the hundred-piece band was just swinging in from the tunnel and got a rousing greeting.

To Pete Gregochowski it was a kaleidoscopic montage of unreality, a segment of American life he'd known about only in the remotest manner. Suddenly there was a tremendous roar as the scarlet-clad State squad poured into the stadium and began limbering up.

"Must you always get up on the wrong side of the bed?" LIBERTY

When they got a chance, some of the players loped over to the sidelines, and soon Pete saw Johnny coming. Johnny's dark face was smiling. "Hi, dad. I'm glad you made it," he said.

Pete thought he said it a little too anxiously, and he thought, Does he feel it too? But no—it is only for me. He held Johnny's hand firmly enough, and although an answering smile came to his face, he felt the tightness in it. "It is a nice school, Johnny," he said.

Johnny poked him gently in the ribs. "You haven't seen anything yet." Then he said, "Meet me in the locker room after the game."

Gehring looked at Pete with open-mouthed astonishment. "Say, I didn't know Gregg was your kid. He's sure one helluva ballplayer." He clapped Pete on the shoulder. "You got any more at home like him?" Pete shook his head.

He shifted the box of cookies in his lap. The game would start any moment. The excitement, still new to him, began to take hold, and by the time the teams were lined up for the kick-off, Pete Gregochowski was almost ready to believe he belonged there.

But he wasn't so sure once the game started. The thing to do, he figured, was simply to keep his eyes on Johnny. And midway in the first quarter, when Johnny came sweeping around left end for thirty yards, Pete didn't need the crowd to tell him that was all right. Three seats down, a man was screaming, "All the way next time, Johnny!"

A few minutes later Pete saw Johnny get the ball and fade back quickly, his arm cocked. He saw two Northwestern linesmen hit him, but not before he got the ball away. Forty yards downfield a State end took it beautifully over his shoulder for the touchdown.

After that, Pete tried to learn as he watched, but it was too much for him. Twice he asked questions of Gehring, but the second time Gehring gave him a look of such amazement that he kept quiet from then on. The second period ended a couple of minutes later with State leading six to nothing.

WHEN the half-time ceremonies got under way they were told to front and to line up on the field facing the State side of the stands.

"Here comes our moment of glory," Gehring said with a half-grin. "I suppose it's kind of silly, but I always get a boot out of it. This is the third time for me."

Directly in front of them the cheer leader stood before a microphone. Pete heard the voice booming back through the loud-speakers: "And make it a big one. . . ."

Five assistant yell leaders launched into a series of acrobatics, and then there was a long, rolling cheer. Two photographers scurried up and one took a stand in front of Pete. "How about a big smile, Mr. Gregg?"

Pete stared. "Me? You want a picture of me?"

The photographer looked at him curiously, made his shot, and dashed off.

"You better get used to it," Gehring grinned. "With Johnny only a sophomore, you've got two more years to go."

Pete barely heard him. He was looking after the photographer who had called him by the wrong name.

Pete thought of that number as he went back to his seat. Was that the only connecting link between his son and himself, the most important thing they now had in common? It wasn't enough. By now, even he knew it was a famous number, but its fame was not big enough to fill the void in his heart and thoughts. There had to be something else, and Pete Gregochowski knew he would have to discover it himself.

Pete saw little of the game that didn't take place in the immediate vicinity of number thirty-three. And in the third quarter it was Gregg around end for twenty; Gregg off tackle for twelve; Gregg to Cassidy for twenty more; and then Gregg ramming to the Northwestern four.

But on the next play there was a fumble behind the line, and Northwestern recovered. The thundering triumphant wave of sound that had punctuated the drive expired in a concert of anguished disappointment.

Gehring shook his head. "I don't like this. If those guys get one lucky break and score, it might mean the ball game."

Pete leaned forward, close to the edge of his seat. "Johnny will run again," he said.

But Johnny didn't get a chance. The Northwestern line came to sudden, savage life. It tore great gaps in the State forward wall and began ripping off yardage in alarming chunks. State held for downs on its own ten and punted out. But back Northwestern came, and with about three minutes remaining in the final quarter they were poised on the State twenty-five.

The pay-off play was a beauty and it came on the first down. The Northwestern quarterback faked cleverly to the fullback going into the line, then lobbed the ball laterally to his tailback going wide to the right. Two steps and the tailback stopped dead, got good protection, and connected with his target, who had drifted into the end zone. Even as the ball was in the air Pete heard Gehring scream, "Get back, Tommy! Get back!"

PETE knew who Tommy was. It was Gehring's son, State's quarterback. Gehring covered his face with his hands and gasped. "Tommy let him get behind him! Oh, Lord, how did he let that happen!"

Northwestern converted, making it seven to six, and from the instant the referee's upraised arms indicated the kick was good, a heavy pall settled over the stadium, except for a section across the field where a handful of Northwestern fans were in an advanced stage of delirium.

To Pete Gregochowski the change of mood was instantly apparent. He looked sidewise at Gehring and was amazed at the almost acute physical suffering in the man's face, and then he remembered that Gehring's son had done something terribly wrong.

Pete touched the man's arm. "Your boy couldn't help it," he said.

Gehring shook his head. "The hell he couldn't, the melonhead," he said bitterly. "That was his man and he should have been back with him.

"But the game is not over yet," Pete said. Then, in an afterthought that intruded out of nowhere, "Maybe Johnny can make up for it."

Gehring pointed grimly at the clock. "With three minutes to go?" he said harshly. "Don't be silly. Johnny's a good boy, but he's no miracle man." He looked at Pete hastily. "Don't get me wrong," he continued. "It's just that we've got to do it quick." He explained patiently, almost too patiently, Pete thought, how if Northwestern could hold for one series of downs and then take the ball it would be all over—that time would run out before State got another chance.

It sounded very elementary. In fact, Pete seemed to know exactly what Gehring meant. And not until then did he begin to feel the same reaction that already had set in all around him—the dismay, the disappointment.

Gehring had lost faith, Pete thought. Lost faith in his boy and in the whole team. But a man couldn't lose faith in his own son! That sudden conviction jolted Pete. Wasn't that just what he had done?

Northwestern kicked off and Cassidy fought it back to the thirty-five. Loomis got three on a split buck, and then Johnny pitched one down to Cassidy, who went out of bounds on the Northwestern forty. Johnny fired another one down to the twenty-five, but his receiver dropped it in the clear. Pete heard Gehring groan horribly.

Loomis went wide for four, but not enough to encourage another running play at that point, so Johnny started pitching again. The State line was tired and he was rushed. Fourth and six, and no alternative. Johnny faded back and let go, but the alert Northwestern secondary swarmed all over the potential receiver, and Northwestern took over.

"That's that," Gehring croaked. "Two minutes. They'll sure as hell stall it out."

Pete stared with terrible fascination at the electrically dotted seconds blinking away on the clock. Twice Northwestern hit the line cautiously, and each time the ball carrier got up with exasperating slowness. But finally they overdid it, and the referee stopped the clock with a five-yard penalty for too much time in the huddle. Once more into the line, and then Northwestern, playing it safe, went into punt formation with thirty-six seconds to go.

"They'll aim it out of bounds," Gehring muttered hoarsely. "They'll keep it away from him." Pete knew he was referring to Johnny.

Gehring was right. The kicker angled it sharply, but a strong wind kept it just inside. Johnny gathered it in on his own twenty, just a step from the side line, and as he took it the seventy thousand made a sound almost animal in its agony of hope.

They were all on their feet now as Johnny did a tight-rope act for five yards up the chalk stripe. Then he veered quickly, faking the charging Northwestern end within an inch of his life, leaving him sprawled grotesquely on the turf. By the time he was at the thirty-five, Johnny was jet-propelled.

FISH
Dick Ericson
"Leave it to you, Murphy—first on the block with a mother and daughter outfit!"
LIBERTY

Pete Gregochowski could hear only one voice in the roaring stadium—his own. "Run, Johnny! Run, run, run!" he was screaming.

Johnny cut toward the middle of the field, when he found himself trapped, only to smash head-on into a purple jersey. He stumbled, started to fall, recovered just before his knee touched. He barely had enough traction left to side-step another charging figure and was off again. At the twenty-five he left the safety man flat-footed with a bewildering change of pace and was gone for good.

Pete Gregochowski wouldn't have believed anything could produce such sound as he heard now. It towered up until it reached almost stupefying volume. Someone was pounding him on the chest.

"He did it! He did it!" Gehring shrieked. "What a sweetheart! Geez, man, did you get a load of that!"

State booted the extra point, making it thirteen to seven, and it was all over. There was barely time left for State to kick off again to Northwestern before the gun barked.

Pete Gregochowski stood there while the insanity swirled around him and onto the field. The box of cookies in his hand was pitifully crushed and his cardboard number had disappeared.

THEY were crazy. Everybody was crazy. And every once in a while Pete heard a name:

"Oh, that Johnny Gregg!"

"Did you *see* him? Did you see that Gregg *go?*"

Pete Gregochowski wanted to be crazy too. He wanted to be a part of it, at least feel it.

And suddenly he did. Just like that, as though it were a disease that could strike quickly. Yet, on second thought, it wasn't a disease at all. It was just a brilliant, beautiful light, chasing away all the shadows, and Pete Gregochowski wanted to reach out and embrace it. Oh, how simple it was!

This whole crazy thing that was happening now. Who had touched it off? A boy named Gregg, Johnny Gregg. Yet, when it came right down to it, these people weren't delirious over the *name*. It was the *boy*. The name was merely something they called him. The name couldn't throw a football or run like that. Only the *boy* could do that.

*His* boy. *His* Johnny. The fact that the name had been changed didn't mean Johnny had changed too. He remembered the other things—the way the drunk had responded on the train. . . . The young man who passed out the numbers. . . . The way Gehring had reacted when he found out. . . . They hadn't cared

(*Continued on page 76*)

AC
AC SPARK PLUG

## USE AC'S FOR *Utmost* RELIABILITY

Dairies and milk producers use factory-recommended AC Spark Plugs to assure utmost reliability in milk delivery. Your AC dealer can supply you with factory-recommended AC's for your car, truck or tractor, designed for today's fuels and driving conditions.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

# AC SPARK PLUGS

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED
BY THE AC METHOD
REGISTERED
AC
SPARK PLUG
CLEANING STATION

SPARK PLUGS CLEANED AND ADJUSTED "BY THE AC METHOD" MAY SAVE AS MUCH GAS AS 1 GALLON IN 10

*Your heart will sing... it's the BEST thing that ever happened...*

FREDRIC MARCH
MYRNA LOY

*You'll have the time of your life watching Myrna Loy and Fredric March fall in love all over again, and Dana Andrews and Teresa Wright fall in love at first sight. It's a gay and heart warming story with Virginia Mayo and Hoagy Carmichael (who thrills you at the piano), and you'll meet Cathy O'Donnell, a new personality you'll love ... all in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives"*

*Great* ENTERTAINMENT

*(Continued from page 74)*

about the *name*, only about Johnny.

He saw it all now. He'd been blindly stubborn and unfair, and the tightness in his throat served as emphasis for the fact.

He wanted to see Johnny now. Badly. Pete shoved and fought his way to the jam around the locker-room door. Two harassed guards were holding back the crowd and rejecting virtually all the frenzied pleas for entry.

PETE grabbed the guard and shouted, "Let me in, please! I want to see my son."

The guard looked at him suspiciously. "Who th' hell is *he?*"

Even an hour ago, his face would have set and he would have given a different answer; but now Pete Gregochowski's face split into a wide smile. "Johnny Gregg," he beamed.

The guard seized his elbow. "Man, oh, man!" he boomed. "In you go!" He opened the door a scant eight inches and almost shoved Pete through.

Inside was the strong penetrating odor of liniment and sounds of elation given full release, bouncing and echoing off the concrete walls. From an inner room he could hear the splashing of water in the showers and an occasional exhilarated war whoop. In one corner the coach was surrounded by a knot of sports writers. Two flash bulbs went off near Pete. It was a welter of confusion, but he wouldn't have missed it for anything.

He stood there uncertainly, looking around for Johnny. Then he heard a familiar high-pitched yell. He turned and saw Johnny bearing down on him, dripping wet, a towel flapping over one shoulder.

Pete Gregochowski grabbed him tightly, unmindful of the water. "Johnny!"

Then he was laughing happily, more happily than he ever thought possible, yet fighting at the same time to keep the tears from his eyes. There were things to be said and things that would be better left unsaid, and it was a supremely full moment.

Suddenly he remembered something and held up the box of cookies, battered and crushed, with crumbs sifting out of one corner. "Mama sent some cookies," Pete said soberly.

"Wonderful," Johnny said. "Oh, boy!"

They both looked at the completely pulped box and then at each other, and burst into another fit of delicious laughter.

Then Johnny put an arm around Pete Gregochowski's shoulder and said, "Come on, dad, I want you to meet the coach."

As he walked across the raucously turbulent room, Pete wouldn't have changed places with the President of the United States.

THE END

## NO. 18 TO BARSTOW

Continued from Page 25

port, Harvey asked, "Why did you do it?"

The explanation was, "I had a fight with my wife."

It was 9.30 when we pulled into Barstow. We climbed down and the new engine crew took over. As we walked toward the enginemen's register room, we could see men and women still seated in the diner. Those in the lounge and drawing rooms were enjoying drinks at small tables. The whole scene was one of enjoyment and relaxation.

"According to the insurance companies," said Harvey, "they're safer in there than they are in their own homes. But up in front a man thinks about danger all the time; it never gets out of his mind. And yet any one of those people back there takes safety for granted when they step into a train."

Harvey has hauled a lot of mighty important people across his division. Presidents and Vice-Presidents from Washington have entrusted their lives to his reliability and skill; so many movie stars that his train is sometimes called the "Hollywood Special."

"How do you feel," I asked, "when you've got a lot of famous names on the passenger list?"

"I don't feel no different," he said. "They're all people."

HARVEY and Mel registered in and signed up for beds in the dormitory. They were scheduled for the return trip on No. 3, the California Limited, due out at 6.25 A.M.

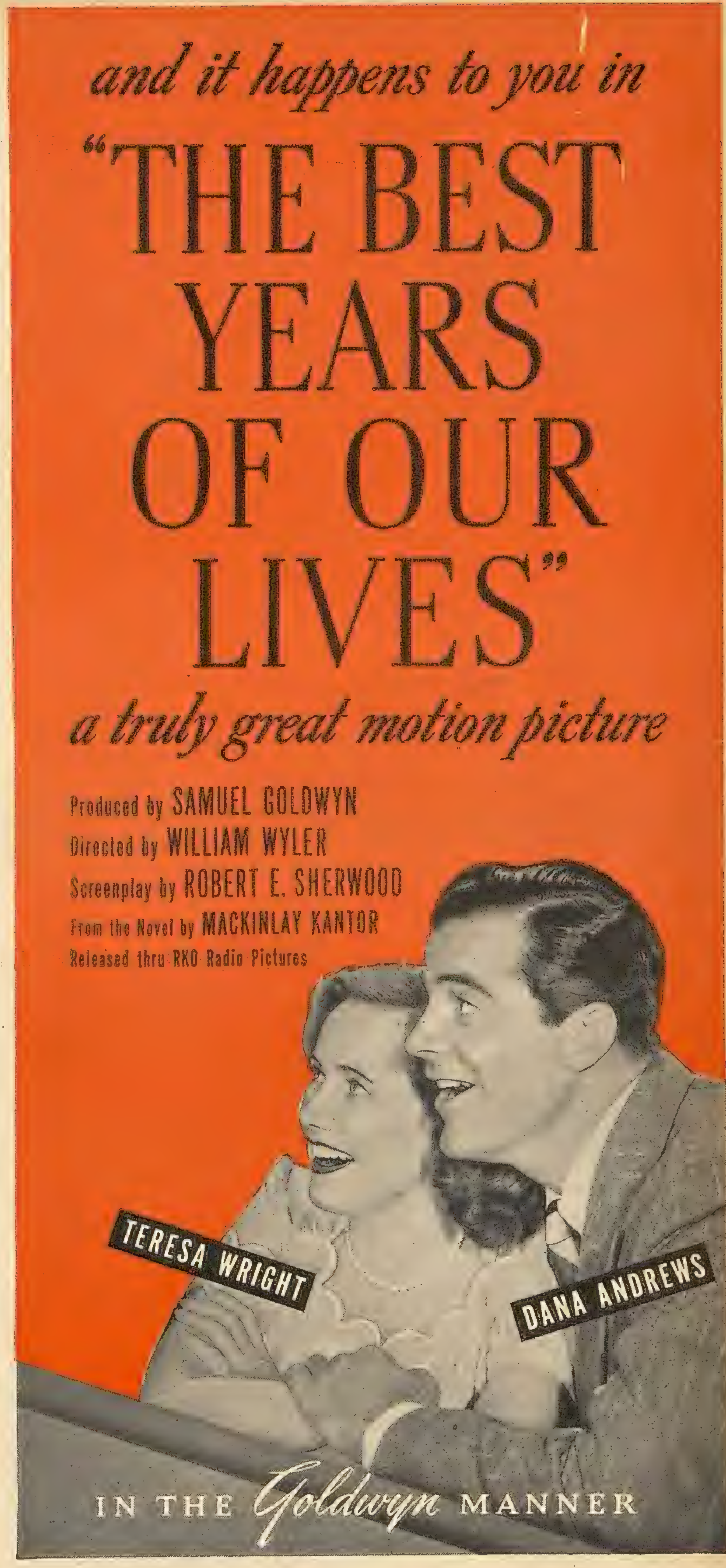
We went to bed at 10.30. The call boy, a young Apache Indian, shook us awake a little before six. We had to wait for No. 3, which rolled in twelve minutes late.

The train was made up of twelve heavy cars, mostly chair cars and sleepers, pulled by one of the Santa Fe's huge Mountain-type steam locomotives. Since leaving the roundhouse the engine had already come 1,200 miles. Stained with alkali and smeared with insects and dust after its long trip, it needed, as Harvey put it, "a wash and a haircomb."

As we climbed into the cab I asked Harvey which he preferred—steam or Diesel.

"Well, motors give you a better ride. They're clean and you're out of the wind and noise. But I grew up with steam. A steam locomotive is something alive and eager, and in a pinch you can always get a little more out of it, but with a motor all you can do is put it in the last notch, and you can't do no more."

During the thirty-four years that he has worked for the Santa Fe, Harvey, who will retire next January when he will be sixty-five, has been on a number of different runs, but he figures he has put engines over the same piece of road between Los Angeles and Barstow about 5,000


and it happens to you in
"THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"
a truly great motion picture
Produced by SAMUEL GOLDWYN
Directed by WILLIAM WYLER
Screenplay by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
From the Novel by MACKINLAY KANTOR
Released thru RKO Radio Pictures
TERESA WRIGHT
DANA ANDREWS
IN THE Goldwyn MANNER

times. That has given him a pretty good memory picture of this stretch of track.

Thirty-four years with the same company and a clean record has put him in the eighteenth position on the seniority list, and this gives him considerable choice as to runs. His rate of pay, based on mileage, is $11.46 a hundred on steam, $11.84 on two-unit Diesels, which averages close to $16 for a day's work, but requires him to be away from home on alternate nights. When he retires he will get a pension of about $120 a month.

By contrast with a Diesel, the inside of a locomotive's cab is a very complex affair. The sloping rear end of the boiler is jam-packed with gauges, dials, valves, and control levers. By contrast, too, the ride in the locomotive cab was no pleasure jaunt. The exhaust from the stack was loud, and the rocking, swaying motion of the high cab sometimes brings a form of engine sickness to green hands.

AT Summit, Harvey stopped to make a brake test before descending the grade for the run to Pasadena. For six miles the descending grade was 3 per cent, 158 feet for each mile. Train brakes and engine brakes operate independently. Harvey used both with an expertness that comes only with long years of experience, but he favored the brakes on his engine. Engine wheels have steel tires. When mounted in the shops, these are expanded by heat and pressed on the wheels. Heavy braking on a long down grade may cause the metal to absorb too much heat, expand the tires, and reverse the process.

Still descending, we passed two long freights, each with a four-unit Diesel at the head and two steam locomotives belching smoke and steam near the rear. The brake shoes of our train were hot enough to cook the grease on the wheels. Blue streamers of smoke lay along the right of way on either side of the train. A long freight fought the grade. It was Western railroading at its most spectacular.

Pasadena is where people still turn out to watch the cars during the ten-minute stop. Old men, retired "rails" mostly, who are interested in steam and ignore the trains pulled by the sleek Diesels. For the old cronies it is enough to say, "Hello, Harv," and have the greeting acknowledged by a lift of the hand, which to the brotherhood says plain as day, "Clear block, oldtimer."

A kid with a bike says, "Got any train orders, Harvey?"

Harvey produces some crumpled "flimsies" saved from an earlier trip. "Better read 'em carefully," he says.

A young stalwart about kindergarten age, accompanied by a starched nurse, comes up dragging a tricycle by the handle bars.

"He wants to know if you'll give it a bit of oil," says the woman. "Engine oil is the only thing that will do."

Harvey obliges, and the young engineer mounts his imaginary locomotive and chugs away in the midst of his own strenuous noises.

"I'm going to miss them kids when I take my pension," Harvey says, easing the steam into the big cylinders for the last leg of the trip to Los Angeles.

They're going to miss him, too.

THE END

---

## SOCIETY BIBLE

Continued from Page 18

derbilt, Jr., wrote a sort of exposé of his social set. The guardians of the Social Register did not consider this exactly cricket; Junior found himself on the outside looking in. No one seems to know for sure just why Elliott Roosevelt's name was scratched, though some think it was because he married actress Faye Emerson.

Phyllis Adams got her demotion by marrying actor Alexander Kirkland, former husband of Gypsy Rose Lee. The dowagers didn't mind so much the second-degree association with the G-string artist, but they considered it extremely bad taste for Mr. Kirkland to become a papa per la Gypsy on the very same day he married Phyllis.

And just how, you may ask irreverently, did the Social Register get that way? How did it get the prestige it claims to wield?

It all started during the boom following the Civil War. The New York-Newport crowd, considered America's aristocracy, were dominated by Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Astor's plush friend, a fastidious young man from Georgia named Ward McAllister. Up to that time, Society had been stratified according to wealth only. With the boom, a dozen new millionaires appeared daily, all eager to crash the social portals.

McAllister lay awake nights, trying to think of a device which would function permanently and irrevocably as a social cream separator to disqualify automatically the undesirable rich. At last he got it. He banded together the twenty-five most highly polished gentlemen in New York Society into a group called the Patriarchs. The Patriarchs established an annual Grand Ball, to which each Patriarch could invite nine couples—for whose social status he was held strictly responsible. Really distinguished visitors to the city were also granted invitations. The total number of invitations to the ball was never to exceed 400—which, by chance, was also the maximum capacity of Mrs. Astor's ballroom, a coincidence responsible for attributing the famous phrase to her.

It was the ball, however, which segregated the "400 people who really *count*" from those wealthy

BRIGHT STAR
BATTERIES
give more bright light longer
BRIGHT STAR
Nº 10 M
FLASHLIGHT BATTERY
REGISTERED
BRIGHT STAR BATTERY CO.
CHICAGO, CLIFTON N.J. SAN FRANCISCO
Compare...
the bright light service of three leading batteries:
HERE ARE THE RESULTS of laboratory tests conducted under government standards. Of the three leading brands tested, Bright Star batteries gave the longest "bright light" service.
VERY BRIGHT LIGHT
GOOD LIGHT
FAIR LIGHT
BRIGHT STAR
Brand A
Brand B
MINUTES
100
200
300
400
500
600
700
800
900
BRIGHT STAR BATTERY COMPANY · Clifton, New Jersey

upstarts who merely wanted to. As it was extremely difficult to obtain invitations, they constituted indisputable social acceptance; and to withhold invitations from the socially prominent was an effective snub.

In 1886 a wealthy young New York dilettante named Louis Keller took McAllister's list of Patriarchs and their guests, added a very few others names of importance, and printed the first Social Register. The edition sold out as soon as it came off the press. Keller saw that he had a paying proposition: he incorporated the business in 1889.

So keenly did Keller feel the importance of his position as self-constituted guardian of Society that his will instructed the Register's new caretakers, Bertha Edmond and Charles Keller Beekman, "never to give it up unless and until a flattering offer is obtained from persons who will conduct it upon the same lines, and who can be relied upon to maintain the standards which I have established."

ALTHOUGH many offers, running into millions of dollars, have been made to the Social Register's heirs, they have never sold. Evidently they were afraid it would be used to gain a fortune through regulating—with the aid of financial donations—the names allowed to enter its august pages.

If they don't let you into the book, they'll at least sell you a copy for eight dollars. Fifty dollars will buy the set: New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Cincinnati & Dayton (which team up), San Francisco, Baltimore, Buffalo.

The Social Register has had its rivals. One of the better known of these, called the Café Society Register, came out two years ago and caused quite a furor by ignoring stuffy dowagers and taking over many who had been sniffed out of the Social Register, such as the head-standing Richard Knight. It was begun by James McKinley Bryant, restaurateur, who made the list of 3,000 names from his autograph collection of the famous.

In 1945, an uppity newcomer decided Keller's Social Register was strictly *hoi polloi.* With poised lorgnette and pursed lips, the newcomer ran a heavy pencil through thousands of names. The result was a new list of about 500, called the Almanac of Society.

The Social Register is trying to ignore this newcomer. But perhaps, topheavy with names that would cause Ward McAllister to toss in his exclusive grave, it may topple. Or perhaps the concept of an exclusive Four Hundred has been laughed to death by an irreverent press.

Only time will answer. Meanwhile, most of us will simply continue to skip right over the Society Section and read the funny sheets.

THE END

American's Finest
The American Distilling Company
BURTON'S
EXCELLENT FINE FLAVORED DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN.
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
BURTON'S
Careful selection of ingredients and scientific distillation insures uniformity and excellence of this fine flavored gin. A product of the American Distilling Company whose name on each package has represented the high standard of merchandise for over half a century
94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY (Inc)
PEKIN ILL. SAUSALITO, CAL.
MAIN OFFICE 247 PARK AVE. NEW YORK, N.Y.
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
94.4 PROOF
BURTON'S GIN
THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY INC.
NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • PEKIN, ILL. • SAUSALITO, CALIF.

Rogers Air-tite

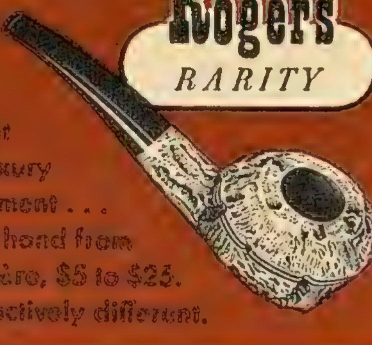
tobacco pouch keeps tobacco fresh!

"seals as it closes"

Cross section view showing how the patented "lips" of the inner pouch seal tightly as you zip the outer pouch closed. Keeps freshness and fragrance in. U. S. Pat. 1,801,192; Can. Pat. 374,167.

You enjoy your last pipeful of tobacco as much as your first with a Rogers Air-tite Tobacco Pouch which keeps tobacco wonderfully fresh and fragrant, thanks to its patented inner-pouch construction and exquisite craftsmanship. In a wide variety of leathers and models (Model 213 illustrated above $3.50) Others from $1.50 to $20.00.

At leading shops everywhere.


Rogers RARITY

The Height of Pipe Luxury and Enjoyment . . . carved by hand from aged Bruyère, $5 to $25. Each distinctively different.

ROGERS IMPORTS, INC., Manufacturers and importers of the finest in smokers' accessories
419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, New York
U. S. AGENTS FOR PETERSON'S PIPES • DUBLIN, LONDON
© 1946 R. I. I.

# VETERANS' Bulletin Board

### BY MATT URBAN

THE American Veterans of World War II (Amvets) is having a tough time trying to hold its top rank as largest World War II vets' organization. Unlike most of its rivals, it neither ballyhoos itself nor criticizes others; consequently, it doesn't get much publicity, and former servicemen have been asking themselves why they should join a group that wasn't making headlines by putting on high pressure for the veteran.

Actually, Amvets, in its quiet way, *has* been getting things done for the veteran. It played an unpublicized but important role in such matters as the fight to retain OPA controls, the terminal leave bill, cars for amputees, surplus war goods and jobs for veterans, community building and improvement.

Although Amvets was fairly successful in establishing itself, it didn't begin to achieve prominence as a national veterans' group until the fall of 1945. Now the middle-of-the-road course which it has followed from the beginning is resulting in a slow, steady growth. Its membership is nearing the 100,000 mark and it appears to be the only World War II organization that is likely to be chartered by Congress. Already the Veterans Administration has recognized its fight for veterans' claims.

Amvets is definitely a different kind of veterans' organization. How different it is can be seen in its selection of Jack Hardy, a widely experienced Los Angeles attorney, for national commander. Not one to hop on the personal glory train, Hardy operates as an Amvet, not as an individual. As commander, he certainly does stick a chin out, but when he does so, he makes it clear whether the chin is his own or the organization's.

"The slow, sure way of organization," he says, "is due to the Amvets' preference for first determining the sentiment of its members on the important questions of the day and then working earnestly and quietly through the exercise of the ballot and the activities of its agencies to accomplish what is best for the veterans of this war. Slowly but surely we hope to gain recognition as the spokesman for them."

That makes sense, but right now the veteran is impatient with any slow, roundabout approach to his problems, and is clamoring for immediate action. How about state or federal bonuses? The new on-the-job-training earning-rates ceilings? The veteran expects a War II organization to take, at once, a decisive stand on issues that he deems timely.

Aren't the World War I veterans' groups doing just that? Maybe that partly explains why the ratio of new membership is twenty to one in favor of those senior organizations. And maybe that's one reason why more than 10,000,000 World War II veterans are still out on the loose as far as veterans' organizations are concerned.

* * *

*Tony Pariso, Portland, Me.* Now that the amended National Service Life Insurance Act has been passed, you have the right to change your 30-Payment Life form of insurance to one of the endowment forms of policy. You can choose any one of the three: the twenty-year endowment; endowment at age sixty; or endowment at age sixty-five.

Its quiet way

* * *

*Richard Petti, Los Angeles, Calif.* If you were discharged more than two years ago, your terminal bonds will be redeemable in less than three years' time. Plans are to have all bonds dated as of the first day of the quarter following the quarter in which you were discharged.

---

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

## FOR LOVE OR MONEY

Continued from Page 17

wrote gripping front-line stuff from official releases and talks with G.I.s on leave. The nearest he'd been to the front was the bar of the Scribe.

"Sir, would it be all right if I got another car for you?" I said. "I'll see the SHAEF dispatcher at the hotel desk. I'm sure he'll give you a car. I've got important reasons for wanting some free time tonight."

Bret Strain climbed into the jeep. "Let's go, sergeant."

I drove him to a dark side street off Place Victor Hugo. A dim light showed beyond the grillwork of a big door. He said he'd be just a minute, and went in.

Two white-helmeted M.P.s walked alongside. It seemed my night for M.P.s. They looked at my trip ticket, dog tags, and ETO card, climbed in, and told me to get going. You can't argue with M.P.s.

What a night! I turned this way and that at their direction and soon was lost. Some twenty minutes of this brought us to a concrete building with one of those big iron doors that roll down from the top. It seemed a funny place for M.P. headquarters. When the door rolled up and I drove in, I knew it was anything but.

IT was a storage garage. Along the walls were big piles of Q.M. shipping cases, and a gang of armed soldiers and Frenchmen were loading two six-by-sixes. The G.I.'s and Frenchmen had carbines slung across their backs, and a first lieutenant, who was heaving cases with the rest of them, had a web belt and a pistol. As I drove in, the lieutenant looked around and then turned back quickly. He was no more an officer than I was. He was Pete Butler, a buck private in my squadron who'd gone A.W.O.L. a few months before.

I asked the hard-faced M.P. sitting beside me, "What is this?"

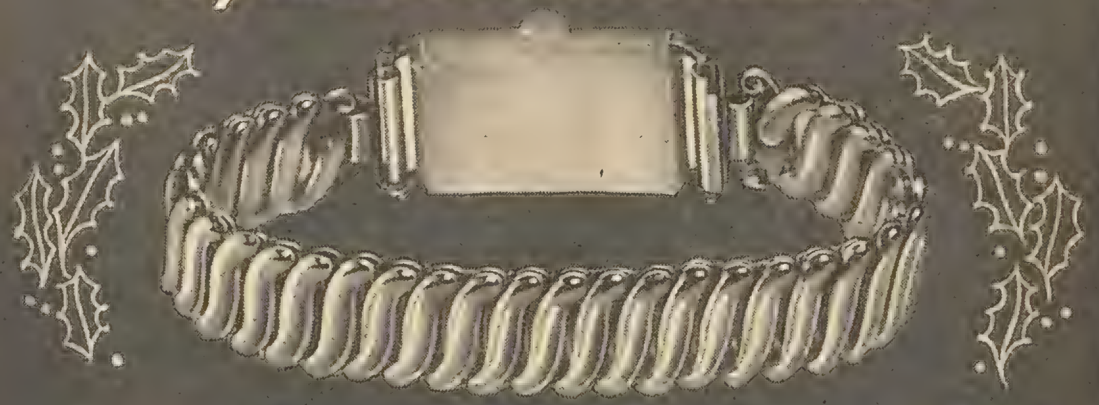
"Get out," he said. "Get to work and keep your trap closed."

I got to work; there was nothing else to do. The gang was working fast, piling cases onto the trucks. My jeep was taken to the back, where a G.I. blotted out the numbers and code letters and stenciled on new ones with a paint gun.

And then I saw Nona. There was a little office cubbyhole almost hidden by a big stack of cigarette cases. When the two trucks roared out, loaded, two more came down the ramp and we began loading cigarettes on them; and through the window of the office I saw Nona chatting with a fat captain who was bald except for a fringe of sandy hair. His name was Slocum, and he'd been hanging around Nona of late. He wore Quartermaster insignia. I didn't like to believe Nona would be here. There was no mistaking her.

She happened to glance out and saw me staring. Her smile faded.

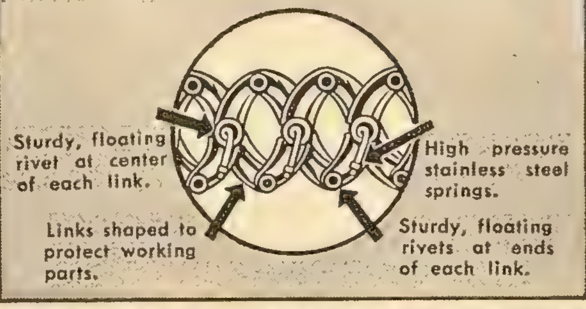
Presently Nona and Captain Slo-



FLEX-LET
*Expansion Watch Bands*

. . . with TRU-RIVET Construction*
for Years More Wear!

INSIDE STORY TRU-RIVET CONSTRUCTION*


Sturdy, floating rivet at center of each link.
High pressure stainless steel springs.
Links shaped to protect working parts.
Sturdy, floating rivets at ends of each link.

Give Your Man a Flex-Let for Christmas!

Flex-Lets are the *only* expansion bands with Tru-Rivet Construction*. They can take the roughest, toughest treatment. Guaranteed one year.

Flex-Lets fit all watches and all wrists. At reputable jewelers in gold filled, non-corrosive stainless steel or 10Kt. gold, $8.95 up.

*Patent Pending

FLEX-LET EXPANSION PRODUCTS, East Providence, R. I.

5¢ EACH LITTLE BLUE BOOKS
Send postcard for our **free catalogue.**
Thousands of bargains. Address:
HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO., Catalogue Dept., Desk M-2402, GIRARD, KANSAS

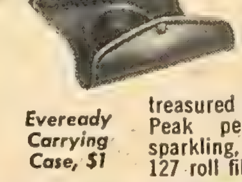
LAW
STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 38 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. Send for FREE BOOK.
AMERICAN EXTENSION SCHOOL OF LAW
Dept. 71-L, 646 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

BELTS
BRACES
GIFTS THAT PLEASE A MAN
by ROYAL London
T.M. REG U.S. PAT OFF
At Men's Shops and Department Stores
GLOBE NOVELTY HOUSE, INC. • NEW YORK CITY
WALLETS
JEWELRY

TALKING OF PICTURES
Falcon IS THE FAVORITE TO GIVE • TO KEEP

Falcon
FALCON CAMERA CO.

$4.45 Tax Paid
Falcon MINIATURE DE LUXE



Eveready Carrying Case, $1

Wherever you go . . . whatever you do . . . capture those treasured memories with a Falcon De Luxe! Peak performance—peak economy—16 sparkling, brilliant pictures on any standard 127 roll film. At better stores everywhere.

On the Way! Other Falcon Cameras Priced up to $23.50

FALCON CAMERA CO. 173 W. MADISON ST. CHICAGO 2, ILLINOIS

Soothes Throat!
VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS

Such soothing relief from coughs, throat irritations, huskiness of colds or smoking with Vicks *Medicated* Cough Drops! . . . because they're *really medicated* with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub and other medications. Try 'em!

**Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights**

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

**If you are between 15 and 55**

**$2.00 a month**

**is all you have to pay for Old Line, Legal Reserve LIFE INSURANCE**

This is half the Permanent Rate, payable until the 6th year. You get $1,754 of Protection all your life if you are now 20, $1,460 if you are 30, $1,142 if 40, etc. Proportionate amounts at other ages. Budget your Insurance like Rent.

**YOUR POLICY WILL BE FULLY PAID-UP IN 30 YEARS**

with no more premiums to pay and all benefits continued. Send Coupon at once! for full details and amount of life long Protection offered at your age!

**MAIL COUPON NOW FOR FREE BOOKLET**

Postal Life Insurance Company, 511 Fifth Ave., Dept. D-649, New York 17, N. Y.
Mail information about your new "$2-a-month", 30-payment Modified 5 Life Policy at my age.
Name........................................
Occupation........................Date of Birth..............
Street & No.........................................
City..............................Zone........State..............

cum came out of the office. "Well, Ralph," she said, extending her hand, "what a surprise!"

"It certainly is," I admitted. She turned away with the captain, leaving a bit of crumpled paper in my palm. I slipped it in a pocket. She got in my jeep with the captain, the door rolled up, and they drove out.

There wasn't much left in the place when the second pair of trucks were loaded. They roared out, and an empty six-by-six came down the ramp. The men climbed in, the Frenchmen crouching up forward under the tarp. Pete Butler was staring at me.

"O.K., Pete," somebody said. "Get on the ball."

"Come on, Ralph," Pete said to me, and took the automatic from his holster.

We went up the ramp to a big parking area on the next floor. The great concrete room was empty, with a single light burning. Pete was breathing heavily.

"This is far enough," he said.

"Pete, I've done nothing to you."

"I know it," he muttered.

I said, "If I hit that window over there I'll probably break my neck in the alley below."

"I guess you would, all right."

"You're not a killer, Pete. I know you too well."

"Quit beating your gums," he snarled. "I'm giving you a chance."

I ran for the window and hit it with my back, hunching. The glass shattered, and there came the blast of a shot. There was the sensation of falling in the blackness, and then a brief shock of pain.

WHEN I woke up it was daylight. I was in a narrow alley in a pile of refuse. My head was throbbing. I got to my feet. My overcoat was pretty well mangled with the glass and my hat was gone, but except for a cut on one wrist I seemed all right. My pocketbook was gone; one of the gang must have done a little pickpocketing.

When I got to Nona's office at the Scribe, a tall G.I. named Tom Whitman was holding the place down. "Where's Nona?"

"That's what I want to know," Tom Whitman said. "What am I supposed to do—her work and mine too?"

"Hasn't she been in this morning?"

"What would I be bitching about if she was in this morning? Her playing around with officers and correspondents, and me doing the work. Take my advice, you'll shake that doll. You're only a G.I. Say, what happened to you? Your coat's all cut up. Been in a fight? You look like hell."

"That's how I feel." I got Nona's note from my pocket:

"Ralph, please help me, no matter what you think."

Well, I'd helped all right. All I'd done was lose my jeep and ruin a perfectly good overcoat. I picked up a phone and shouted my way through three connections to the motor pool. "Brownie, this is Ralph. My jeep got hijacked."

The dispatcher's voice came rapidly: "Look, Ralph. Major Smith was just in here asking about you. In person. They knocked over a few A.W.O.L. black-market boys last night, and they found your jeep with changed numbers. And they picked up your hat with your name and serial number in it in the gang's warehouse. It's nothing to me, Ralph; but you've called me and I got to ask you where you are. This call might be monitored. O.K. Where are you?"

I hung up.

"You better clean up," Tom said. "My stuff's in the bathroom. Look, I'm stuck here alone and I haven't had any breakfast. How about listening for the phone?"

"O.K.," I said.

Tom went out and I investigated the wardrobe. Tom's clothes were hanging neatly from a bar; he bunked in the office nights. I took one of his caps and traded overcoats; he could salvage mine. His shaving things were on the shelf in the bathroom, along with his dog tags. I washed and shaved quickly and put the razor and dog tags in my pocket.

If my call to the motor pool had been monitored, I'd be picked up within a matter of minutes. I had to take a chance.

To get around in uniform, a man had to have papers.

In a basket on the main desk were some travel orders for war correspondents and officers. I selected a set of sixty-day orders, copied it in eight carbons, and added Tom Whitman's name and serial number to the list. It was my name now for awhile, and on the orders I could travel any place in continental Europe or the United Kingdom by air, land, or water.

I stuffed the orders in a pocket and got out of there. Just in time. As I came downstairs to the lobby, Lieutenant Tucker, Captain Slocum, and Bret Strain were getting in the dinky elevator. I dallied on the stairs until they were inside. It seemed more than coincidental that these three should be together. And if Captain Slocum was free, had Nona once more skipped out of a mess just in time? I still couldn't believe Nona could be involved.

WITHIN a few days I knew I'd been a fool to go A.W.O.L. I should have reported to the squadron and told my story. But every day made it harder to go back.

Thanks to the travel orders, I could eat and sleep in Paris. But I was flat broke. I didn't have a PX card. I missed the cigarettes and candy and magazines. Every day was like every other—eat, sleep, and drift around town.

I was eating one night in the casual mess when a G.I. sat opposite me and said, "Hi."

I said, "Hi." I'd seen him around here and there.

We got to talking, and he said he was on Stars and Stripes. I said I was in Public Relations. He said, "Got a cigarette, Mac?"

"Sorry; I'm fresh out."

He offered me a cigarette, then slid a fresh pack across the table. "A.W.O.L.?" he asked casually.

He was a buck sergeant with a friendly face. If he was C.I.D., I was hooked, once he'd asked that question. I nodded, "Yeah."

"Figured you was. Been watching you. Broke, I guess?"

"Flat."

"You don't know the ropes, Mac."

"Maybe I don't want to."

"Look, Mac, we all got to learn. I was in the same fix you are, three months ago. One of the boys wised me up, and I'm passing it on. You might as well live good while it lasts, and you don't have to murder nobody to do it. There's ways."

We went to a Montmartre café, and the G.I. ordered white wine at 250 francs a bottle. He paid for it from a bulging wallet. He said his name was Leo; I said mine was Tom.

LATER we went to a little hotel near the Madeleine. Leo's room had a big bed with clean sheets and a mattress, and there was a private bath. It seemed heaven to me.

Leo relaxed on the bed. "Not bad, eh, while it lasts? They'll pick me up sometime, but what the hell? I was combat infantry, and I went from D Day to the Rhine, the whole show. Me and two other guys was left out of the original outfit; everyone else replacements. Makes a man think, Mac. You can't be lucky forever. So I'm taking mine while I can. I get this room for fifteen packs of cigarettes a week."

"Where do you get the cigarettes?"

He got out the wallet and tossed two PX ration cards to me. "Take 'em; I got plenty more. You can pick 'em up for a song off G.I.'s who've gone busted on pass. And with the right connections you can make a thousand francs a week on a ration card. The night clerk downstairs will handle it. Got travel orders for the U.K.?"

"Yes."

"Then you're set. In London they pay plenty for perfume and cognac and silk stockings. Over here it's coffee, which there's plenty of in London. What's the harm in giving people what they want? Not to mention the money exchange. You can sell English pounds here for four hundred and fifty francs, and the finance office in London will give you a pound for two hundred francs."

"I'll leave the exchange alone."

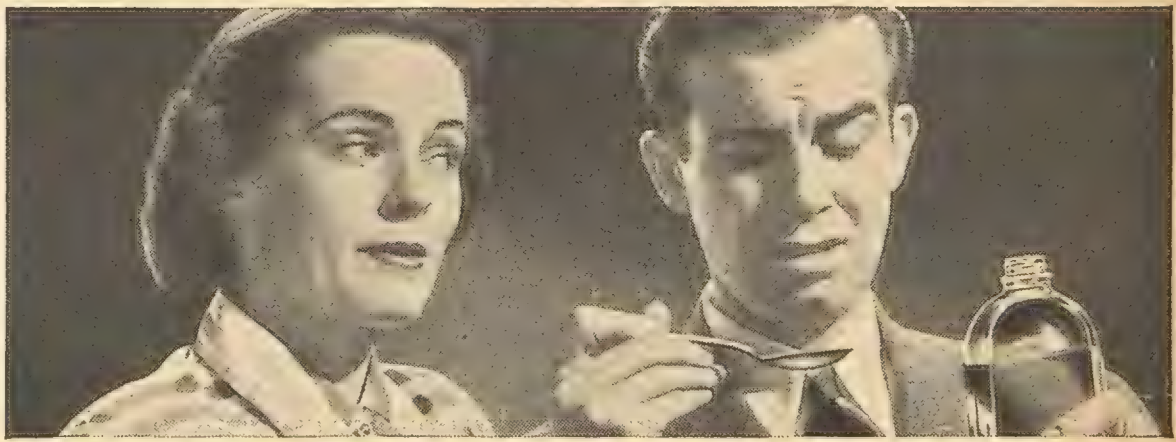
"Suit yourself, Mac. Well, that's the deal."

Leo financed me. Three nights later I was back in Paris. My flight bag held enough coffee to cover his advance, and in my pocket I had a

What kind of Man makes the Best Husband?

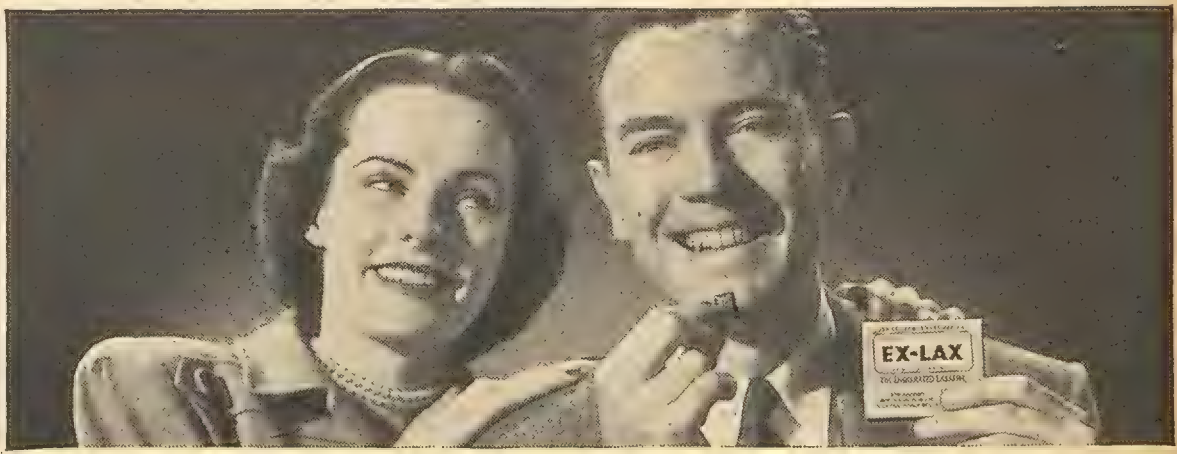
**THE CAVE-MAN TYPE**... You're apt to have trouble with this particular breed. He'll go to all sorts of extremes to prove how tough he is... even to the point of taking some mean-tasting laxative that acts like bottled dynamite. Even when the stuff knocks him for a loop, he'll be slow in admitting that

**Some laxatives are too strong!**



**THE MILK-TOAST TYPE**... This timid soul needs plenty of coddling. He likes to baby himself in everything, especially when it comes to taking a medicine. For instance, he'll go all-out for some wishy-washy laxative just because it's *supposed* to be on the mild side. Then, when it fails to give him the relief he needs, he'll begin to whine that

**Some laxatives are too mild!**



**THE UNDERSTANDING TYPE**... You'll have fewer troubles with this swell fellow. He listens to reason and avoids all extremes. So he's most likely to choose Ex-Lax when he needs a laxative. It tastes good — just like swell chocolate. And it *acts* good, too — gently, yet mighty effectively. Not too strong, not too mild...

**EX-LAX is the "Happy Medium"!**

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD!

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax — the Chocolated Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but it's kind and gentle, too!

*10c and 25c at drug stores*

*As a precaution use only as directed*

**EX-LAX**

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

hundred and three English pound notes to split fifty-fifty. It was almost too easy.

I rang the desk bell at his hotel, intending to close out my coffee with the clerk, but a new man came out of the back instead of the regular clerk, so I asked if Leo had 411, he said *oui,* and I walked up. I rapped on Leo's door and a stranger answered it.

The stranger was a corporal of medium height, rather slight, with mousy hair and steel-rimmed G.I. glasses. "Looking for Leo?" he said heartily. "Come in! Leo's out for a minute. How about a drink?"

He was, I knew, C.I.D. No A.W.O.L. friend of Leo's would greet a stranger that way. Leo had been picked up, and this joker was staying in his room to nab his friends.

"I'm looking for Leona," I said. "She told me this was her room."

"Leona?"

"That's right, Leona. What are you doing here, Mac?" I demanded. "Is this a racket? I gave her a thousand francs for some cognac, and she said she'd pick it up and meet me here. Where the hell do you fit in?"

The mousy G.I. shook his head slowy. "How long you been in Paris, Mac, to fall for a deal like that?"

I had a drink with him, and he explained to me the facts of life in the wicked city. We parted good friends, and I was free once more by the skin of my teeth.

A couple of weeks later I read an item in Stars and Stripes about a soldier who had been sentenced to twenty-five years hard labor for desertion. From the background facts, it was Leo.

I HUNG around the big G.I. recreation center at the Grand Hotel. It was a place where, if you waited long enough, you'd see every G.I. in Paris. I was waiting for Nona. I wanted to find out where she fitted into things, and then I wanted to take her to Major Smith and tell everything. And I wanted, very much, just to see her again.

Somebody called my name as I left the Grand one afternoon. From the entrance of the Scribe, just across from the Grand, a plump figure in officer's greens was hurrying. It was the correspondent, Bret Strain.

"Well, Ralph!" Strain said. "Why haven't we seen more of you? Say, you're looking good. Sharp, too. Doing all right, eh?"

We went to a sidewalk café near the Opéra and he ordered champagne. He certainly was feeling good. The waiter nudged off the cork and filled our glasses. "Yes, you're doing all right for an A.W.O.L. I admire a man who gets the best of the army. Hear about Nona?"

"Not for a little while," I said, trying to be casual.

"Tough break, poor kid. Five years. Well, mud in your eye."

"Five years?"

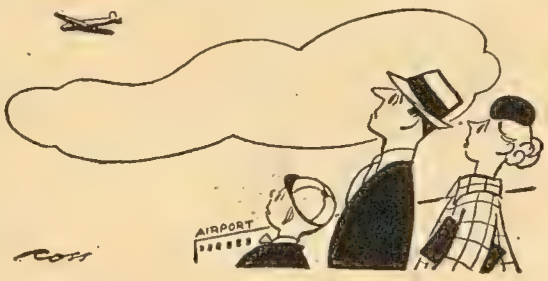
"They hung it on her for the stolen

(*Continued on page 85*)

# Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

WHEN A CONTRACT IS NOT A CONTRACT: American Airlines needs help in spreading the news about a policy recently adopted, so that other patrons will not be disappointed as my family was on a recent week-end jaunt to Washington. With our round-trip tickets in hand, we took a plane down Saturday morning. Our return tickets were for Sunday afternoon at 3.25, which should have got us back to New York in time for supper. Imagine our surprise when we checked in before three and were asked if we had verified our reservations three hours before! "No," said we, "but we paid for our tickets and here they are." The clerk was sympathetic, but sympathy didn't get us on the plane. He explained that the reason for this high-handed policy was that so many passengers canceled reservations at the last minute. Someone in the New York office had blundered by neither telling us of the new ruling nor putting a sticker on our tickets giving us the information. It hadn't occurred to air-line officials that they could have folders on the planes, warning passengers that their return tickets would be sold unless "verified." We stayed till plane time because the clerk said he would try to get us aboard. But no soap. At which point we didn't have time to make the four-o'clock train, but didn't dare take a chance on waiting for the 4.25 plane. The five-o'clock train got us home around ten. P.S.: Of course our money was refunded, but that hardly compensated us for the inconvenience. So, chums, when traveling by air, try your hardest to pry all necessary information out of the overworked air-line clerks, just in case they're too busy to let you in on further new rulings.



DOUBLE-BARRELED: Children's books these days are a boon to parents too—they're so well written and attractively illustrated. Of the new fall crop, three have made a special hit on our home front. One is an edition of The Cock, the Mouse, and the Little Red Hen, *animated* (meaning movable pictures) by Julian Wehr. It is a stirring account of how the famous hen outsmarted the wicked fox, but the original version has been embroidered with a colorful cock and a fetching young mouse. Another charmer is H.M.S. Pinafore in story form, adapted from Gilbert and Sullivan by Opal Wheeler, with illustrations by Fritz Kredel. Rippling through the book are Miss Wheeler's arrangements of fourteen of the Pinafore songs. Still another success is A Little Tale About Two Dogs—REX and LOBO, photographed and told by John Vassos. It is a simple story of a day spent in the woods by the two dog chums. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

SILVER TIPS: Belle Kogan, industrial designer and an expert in sterling silver, offers homemakers several bits of advice: "Select silver by a known maker with a dependable trade-mark. Test hollow ware at the weakest point. If it buckles under pressure, do not buy it. . . . Everyday use makes silver more beautiful; it prevents tarnish, and develops a satiny, soft luster. . . . Do not soak hollow ware in hot water, or even plunge it in and out.

BOSOM FRIENDS: Eleanor Lambert wears a provocative blouse with a watch embroidered over her heart. The hands say it's three o'clock, and when I asked why, she said, "That's the hour when I met my husband." . . . Walking through West Thirty-fifth Street, I was happy to see in a store window a yellow jersey shirt with a red crab embroidered on its left bosom, claws akimbo. . . . Cabana Beachwear (1410 Broadway, New York) features a collection of strapless bathing suits with built-in wired brassières. Shapely models showed the suits in action, and were pretty convincing evidence that two-piece and one-piece strapless bathing suits will stay put, even when in the swim.

(*Continued from page 84*)

jeep. That's the army." He took a sip, eying me steadily over the glass. "Would you like to help her out?"

I waited.

"The war will end sometime, Ralph, and things will be pretty thin over here after that. You'll want to go home."

Home. I hadn't allowed myself to think of home.

"If you want to play ball, Ralph, you can help Nona, and when the time comes, you can go home a rich man."

"I'm listening," I said.

IF Major Smith of the Criminal Investigation Department was surprised to see me, he didn't show it. I walked into his office, threw a snappy highball, and said, "Sergeant Todd reporting, sir!"

"Reporting?" he asked mildly.

"You told me to report when anything unusual happened, sir. I've been working on the case ever since."

"I dare say," he admitted dryly.

I talked faster than I ever had in my life, telling all that had happened. "It's not for myself, sir," I concluded. "I want a chance to clear Nona. I know she got innocently involved. She was friendly with Captain Slocum and Lieutenant Tucker and Bret Strain, and got wise to what they were doing. She phoned me that night because she wanted me to help her get the goods on them, but you monitored the call and had me picked up and it threw me late. Meanwhile the others had got suspicious—"

"For an enlisted man," the major murmured, "you're making charges that will take a lot of proving."

"Yes, sir, but it's the only way it fits. The gang found out Nona was on to them, and they figured I knew as much as she did. They took her to the garage and began cleaning it out in a hurry. I was picked up and taken there, and I would have been killed except that I knew Pete Butler and he gave me a chance to hit the window. I don't know what happened to Nona after she left in the jeep—"

"The jeep was wrecked and she was found in it. Any proof of this wild yarn of yours?"

"Two things, sir." I gave him Nona's note from my billfold. It was by now almost worn through. "When she saw me there, sir, she naturally supposed I was a member of the gang. But she was desperate, and—well, she knew how I felt about her—so she appealed to me for help."

"And the other thing?"

I wished the major would display some emotion. I was making a terrific gamble, and there was no way of knowing how it was coming out. "The other thing is Bret Strain's deal. He wants me to deliver a package to London, sir. It's to be given to me at Villacoublay airport tomorrow afternoon before I board the plane."

"Sounds like a bunch of hocus-

**Transplant your love overseas**

*In 4 Hours*

You can *actually* transplant your thoughts of love, of congratulations, or of remembrance for any occasion through beautiful Flowers by Wire. Your loved ones, relatives, or acquaintances on the European Continent and in the British Isles — receive them by speedy F.T.D. International Service, in only 4 hours.

- Your order will be handled quickly and inexpensively by any official F.T.D. florist, located in all U. S. and Canadian cities. Look for the Winged Mercury Seal displayed on their windows. Simply give him your flower order—if you want advice, you'll get it cheerfully. He'll handle the details. Your lovely flowers and personal message will then be delivered Overseas, easily and speedily.
- May we suggest that for Birthdays, Holidays, Anniversaries, for Business or . . .

IN *ANY* EVENT — WIRE FLOWERS.

**FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY INTERNATIONAL**
**484 East Grand Blvd., Detroit 7, Michigan**

pocus to me. Sergeant Todd, you are under arrest."

The gamble had failed. "Yes, sir."

"Under arrest, you will follow Bret Strain's instructions. If at any time someone mentions my name in your hearing, you will obey his orders. And when the job is done you will report to me for court-martial. And now get out of here!" he said, his voice rising. "This is strictly not channels, and I'm sticking my neck out."

AT Villacoublay next afternoon I felt like something out of a spy novel. Who, among the constantly changing crowd at the airport, would be watching me? Who for Major Smith's C.I.D. and who for Strain's gang? I put my bag by a post of the covered walk outside and strolled around; nobody paid any attention to me. A C-47 swung in and the loud-speaker announced the departure of flight 217 for London. I waited as long as I could, and then got my bag.

Then I noticed a briefcase with a zipper and a tiny lock beside my bag against the post. A tag on the handle was lettered, "S/Sgt. Thomas Whitman," my name for the past few months. Bret Strain was nobody's fool. I picked it up and got on the plane.

Two hours later I climbed out at Biggin Hill. I checked at the Security desk, got my clearance slip, good for a bus ride to London, and as I turned from the desk a lieutenant said, "You dropped this, sergeant," and handed me a slip of paper. The lieutenant was Pete Butler, who'd given me the chance at the window that night. There was an address on Bayswater Road, and below: "Apartment 4-A. 1800 hours."

Nothing except a pocket is as dark as London in a blackout. As I stood uncertainly among the alighting passengers at the ATG office on North Dudley Street, a dim figure asked an officer next to me, "Did Major Smith come on this flight, sir?"

"Sorry, I don't know Major Smith."

Here was my man, and as the dim figure walked away I followed him. He turned right on Oxford Street and turned into the Bond Street tube station. In the light I recognized the slight figure, mousy hair, and steel-rimmed glasses of the G.I. who'd been waiting in Leo's room.

He took the Central Line, changed, and got out at Piccadilly, and took the Regent Street exit. He turned in at the lavatory, put a penny in the turnstile, and went into a toilet booth. I took the adjoining booth. His hand came under the partition and I handed him the briefcase. After what seemed a long time there came a small click and the sound of an opening zipper. Then came a low whistle. The zipper whined again and the lock snapped shut. The briefcase appeared under the partition. I took it and the hand remained. I put the slip of paper containing the address in it. The hand disappeared briefly, then gave me the paper back and, opening, revealed the word "Okay" penciled on the skin of the palm. I went out.

THE house on Bayswater Road was one of a row of high dingy structures of dull red brick, the front steps rising over a basement well guarded by a rust-eaten iron fence. It was exactly six o'clock.

I flashed my torch on the row of buttons and pushed 4-A. The latch clicked and I went in. I climbed four flights and paused, puffing, at the door of 4-A. Slocum opened it.

"Come in, sergeant," he said. His heavy face and bald head were a bit flushed; there was liquor on his breath. He shut the door behind me and shot the bolt. We went through a short hallway into a spacious living room where four men were seated at a table playing cards, highball glasses at their elbows. One was the correspondent, Bret Strain. Another was my old pal Lieutenant Tucker. The other two men were British civilians, smooth, well-dressed, pale-faced men. One wore heavy horn-rimmed glasses and the other was evidently trying to look like Anthony Eden.

## SO THE WAR IS OVER?

(Joseph Auslander's answer to the question: "Why must USO continue through 1947?")

The war is over now? Like hell! It's not!
Not for that tortured lad who lost his mind;
Not for that farmer boy from Illinois
The Krauts stood up against a wall and shot
And dumped into a ditch and left behind;
Not for the armless, legless, faceless, blind.

The war is over? Not for them it's not!
Not for the homesick kid who kicks the traces;
The miles on miles of lone Pacific isles
Where G.I.s eat their hearts out, where they rot:
The fever-ridden Godforsaken places,
The steaming muck, the stink, the staring faces.

The war is over? Maybe for the dead—
Though even that is open to some doubt.
Go ask the hordes who crowd the hospital wards:
By their stark silence let the truth be said;
By what they don't say let the truth come out;
By what they can't say let it rise and shout!

—Joseph Auslander.

"Any trouble, Ralph?" Bret Strain asked.

"Nothing to it." I was fairly bursting with excitement and vindictive joy. These men were the top dogs, gathered for something important. And at any instant the C.I.D. men would break down that hall door.

Bret Strain got out a key case and slid a milled key into the tiny lock of the briefcase. The lock didn't open immediately. Strain swore, took the key out and looked at it, then looked at me. "Have you been fooling with this lock?"

AND then a new voice said, "Did it come?" It was a voice I carried in my memory. Nona was entering from the hall. She stopped on seeing me, her eyes widening with surprise. I hadn't realized how beautiful she could be with bare shoulders and a long evening dress.

"Ralph—you brought it?"

I nodded numbly.

"You told me she was in prison!"

"I told you she was *sentenced* to five years." Bret Strain said.

"I escaped," Nona said. "I couldn't bear to go to prison, I'd rather die. But, Ralph, why are you mixed up in things? I didn't think this of you."

I guess I went a little haywire. Maybe love is a little crazy. I knew that very soon the door would break down. I knew that soon everybody would be under arrest, with the briefcase evidence to convict them. And I knew that for better or for worse I would always be in love with Nona. She'd said she would rather die than go to prison. I couldn't send her there.

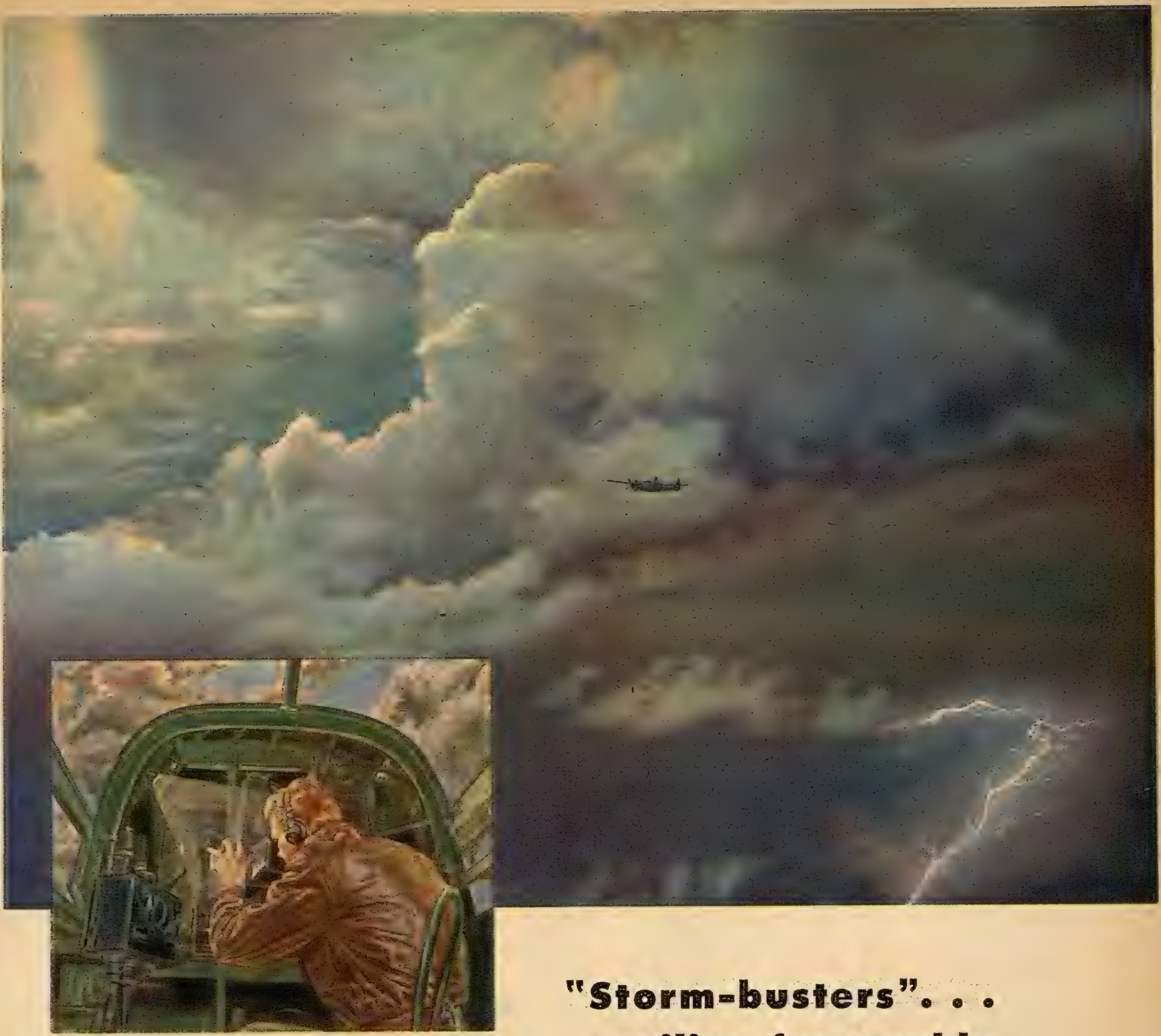
"Quick," I yelled. "The C.I.D. will break in any minute!"

There was a moment of silence. I heard Nona say, "Ralph!" and the word carried utter dismay and reproach. Captain Slocum flung me around and hit me in the face. I floundered to the floor. Somebody said, "Get rid of that!" The room was circling before my eyes. Figures moved with curious slowness as the men hurried through the door into the little hall. Nona paused at the door, looking back, "Ralph, what have you done?" Then she went out.

I took hold of a chair and got to my feet. The contents of one of the highball glasses braced me a bit. I staggered into the hallway. Straight ahead was the door leading to the stairs. No exit there. A door on the right of the hall opened into a bedroom. No exit. On the left, was a kitchen. Where everybody had gone, I didn't know.

The outside door shook under a heavy fist. "Military Police! Open up!" a voice called. The fist hammered again. There was a bit of silence, and the voice said quietly, "O.K., boys, break her in."

*The conclusion of this story will appear next week.*



A member of the Army Air Forces All-Weather Flying Crews photographs cloud formations while flying through the center of a thunder storm.

# "Storm-busters" . . . spoiling for trouble

Can you imagine deliberately flying an airplane into a thunder storm . . . ploughing head-on through the heart of a hurricane . . . trying to dodge the business end of a lightning bolt?

Uncle Sam's Army Air Forces have teams of men who do exactly that—day after day, all year round. Each morning they leave their bases . . . climb into the skies and look around by radar for thunder storms. If they can find a storm—as far as 300 miles away—they head for it full speed.

Approaching the storm, radar as well as regular photographic cameras are set. Hundreds of delicate instruments inside the plane are readied to record temperatures, acceleration, barometric pressure changes, static charges, the plane's over-all performance, stresses on wings and fuselage, and many other facts. The plane then drives into the storm and flies back and forth through angry clouds. Its mission completed, it heads for home base with a log of valuable information.

Weather information can save lives and property on land and sea and in the air. Gathering it first-hand is but one of countless research projects being carried on by the U. S. Army Air Forces as well as the entire Regular Army.

And within the ranks of the Army there are splendid opportunities for young men to take part in this great cavalcade of research. They can receive training and experience that are not only packed with adventure, but which will also equip them for fine, well-paid careers in the Army and civilian life.

The Army man of today can study more than 200 skills and trades in Army schools. He is receiving new, higher pay. He can travel abroad. He has good opportunities to advance himself in grade and pay. He has all of his food, clothing, quarters, medical and dental care provided for him.

Enlistments in the new Regular Army are open to qualified young men from 18 to 34 inclusive (17 with parents' consent). A 3-year enlistment permits choosing branch of service and overseas theater (of those still open). Get all the facts at your nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station.

---

*Listen to "Warriors of Peace," "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail" and Major Football Broadcasts on your radio.*

**U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE**

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE—CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESSION NOW

Pick of
HE PICTURES
Y
IRGINIA SPIES

# Deception

DECEPTION is the feverish, finely wrought backstage drama of musical artists trapped in a glittering lie. With Bette Davis and Claude Rains matching fire in roles excitingly tailored to their talents, and a score generously studded with the classics, this is a top-drawer movie.

Bette, a pianist with a past, tells glib lies to her new cello-playing husband, Paul Henreid, so he won't learn that her fancy furs and furniture came from an affair with Rains, a famous composer. Rains, an arrogant and elegant sophisticate, doesn't mind Bette's new attachment half so much as he scorns her frantic fraud.

He punishes her with exquisite tortures—sometimes threatening to expose her and sometimes promising to launch Henreid's career. Pent up in her penthouse, Bette broods herself into a neurotic stew and finally bisects the triangle.

The film gets its rare impact from the scenes in which Rains suavely needles the nearly hysterical Bette. Typical is one in a restaurant. Rains is going to audition Henreid, but insists that the bride and groom dine with him first. While Henreid sits restlessly and Bette twitches all over the place, Rains sniffs partridge, orders them, gives the headwaiter cooking hints, smiles, then changes to woodcock, calls for the wine list, smiles some more, and ends up with venison.

When the nerve-racking dinner comes to an end, Henreid, of course, fluffs the audition. The six-and-one-half-minute sequence, virtually a monologue, is one of the longest and best of Rains' film career.

Bette, as the foil for this sadism, has many first-rate moments in which she flies into rages, almost gets herself choked, and flings a mink coat back into her ex-benefactor's face. She's very good, but just this once the usual Davis runaway with acting honors is called off on account of Rains.

Complementing the performances is the musical score by Erich Wolfgang Korngold. Along with the Beethoven and Haydn used in the concert scenes, Korngold composed a brooding cello concerto which runs throughout the movie. To go through the motions of their musical roles, the three players spent weeks rehearsing under professional concert stars.

All in all, Warner Brothers' Deception is outstanding entertainment.

**Warner Brothers' drama involves a trio of musical artists—Bette Davis, brooding into a neurotic stew with her usual finesse; Paul Henreid as her jealous husband; and Claude Rains as her sadistic former lover.**

Playing an arrogant composer, Rains gives one of the better performances of his career.

Caught in a trap of lies, Bette sits back and listens to Henreid's accusations.

## OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

THE DARK MIRROR (International). This is an absorbing, super-charged thriller with Olivia De Havilland excelling at playing twins.

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST (Paramount). Alan Ladd and Brian Donlevy are part of the crew in this tough and tangy version of a great sea classic.

ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER (United Artists). Here is a wonderful fantasy that features slick performances by Paul Muni, Claude Rains, and Anne Baxter.

THE JOLSON STORY (Columbia). A schmaltzy, spirited, and unforgettable tribute to one of our greatest entertainers, with Larry Parks playing Jolson.

HOME SWEET HOMICIDE (20th Century-Fox). Peggy Ann Garner and some other youngsters make this an amusing adaptation of Craig Rice's comedy-mystery.

SISTER KENNY (RKO). An excellent film biography of the Australian nurse in which Rosalind Russell gives a performance of Academy Award caliber.

CLOAK AND DAGGER (Warner Bros.). Gary Cooper and talented Lilli Palmer (in her first American movie) dramatize O.S.S. operations in Italy.

THE KILLERS (Universal). Producer Mark Hellinger has expanded the famous Ernest Hemingway short story into one of the year's most exciting films.

BLUE SKIES (Paramount). A top-notch musical, with Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and Joan Caulfield doing justice to twenty-eight tunes by Irving Berlin.

## MUSCLING IN ON LABOR

Continued from Page 15

city-room gossip. Since then, however, in many of the country's big cities the successors of Lepke and Capone, some of them tougher and greedier than the men they succeeded, have begun to maneuver for control of a number of wealthy and powerful unions. Simultaneously, many of the old labor racketeers, sensing a new era of low morality and high profits, have begun to reassert themselves.

FOR example, "Umbrella" Mike Boyle, a convicted crook whom a Chicago Court of Appeals once characterized as a "blackmailer, highwayman, betrayer of labor, and leech on commerce," has again become a power in the big International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (A.F.L.)—a union able to turn off the current in a large section of American industry.

Last summer, at the I.B.E.W. convention in San Francisco, Umbrella Mike led a bloc of delegates in ousting the union's international president and in electing to the presidency Dan Tracy, until recently Assistant Secretary of Labor. This makes Boyle a power in the I.B.E.W., regardless of Tracy's honesty.

In St. Louis, John "Big" Nick, now on parole from Leavenworth and who before the war ran with the Capone syndicate, has been trying to take over the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, once the private domain of the master extortionist Willie Bioff. Big Nick was jailed in 1940, after having been convicted of violating the federal Anti-Racketeering Act on eleven counts. He was then a business agent of the St. Louis Motion Picture Operators Union, and controlled the stagehands there, too. After his release from Leavenworth, he and his goons tried to take over the affluent unions of stagehands and motion-picture operators in St. Louis by strong-arm tactics. There were bloody brawls and the police had to be called in to protect the members at their own meetings. Nevertheless, Nick's men continued to discourage attendance at union sessions, and a few months ago, at a meeting attended by less than 100 persons, Nick came within one vote of electing a henchman to the union presidency.

He was stopped only when Richard T. Walsh, the I.A.T.S.E. president who cleaned house after Bioff went to jail, stepped in and seized the St. Louis locals. Now the parole board is investigating Nick.

In New York, a man named Palatnik, and known to some persons as "Slimy Hymie," is reported to have taken over a section of the International Jewelry Workers, an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor. He is one of several persons who have recently turned up in the jewelry industry with organizing jurisdictions.

New Yorkers first heard of Palatnik in January, 1945, when officials of the Bulova Watch Co. testified before a National Labor Relations Board hearing that they had been threatened with "plenty of trouble" unless they paid a jewelry workers local $15,000. One of those who testified was Arde Bulova, chairman of the Bulova board, who revealed he had been promised that a "Joey Rao's mob" would protect him against the C.I.O. and independent unions if the company made a deal with the A.F.L. jewelry workers outfit run by Palatnik.

Bulova said that Palatnik had sent an emissary to him to say: "We're not so interested in organizing as in making a piece of money. If we could make a deal with you we'd go somewhere else." And, Bulova said, the emissary added: "I'm Hymie Palatnik's right-hand man. I work with him. . . . You make a deal with us and Joey Rao's mob will take care of you. He's financing Palatnik. He'll take care of all the unions."

Today, a handful of C.I.O. men, organized in a competing union, are fighting Palatnik's efforts to expand in the jewelry field.

It is common knowledge that Joe Fay, a New Jersey building-union official who has been convicted of extorting hundreds of thousands of dollars from construction contractors, is still one of the country's powerful union chiefs. A New Jersey governor once described him, with no great bruising of the truth, as "one of the real forces in American life."

The New Jersey boss is probably best remembered as the man who knocked down David Dubinsky at an A.F.L. convention because the International Ladies Garment Workers Union president introduced an anti-racketeering resolution, thus offending his sensibilities. In addition to his union job, Fay has a trucking and excavating business, and is said to be enormously wealthy. Convicted of extortion last year, his appeal is still pending, and he is still pulling strings in New Jersey-New York labor circles.

The mobsters, who rarely overlook an opportunity, also have been casing America's booming chemical and plastic industries. They see in this industry of hundreds of small business units and weak unions a sphere tailor-made for their operations.

Not long ago an Eastern mob sent a "messenger" to the manager of a small plastic workers union. The message was simple. "Look," the tough said, "the boys want you to play ball. If you don't, they're going to be pretty upset." He made it plain to the union manager that any failure to co-operate would probably end in his being murdered.

And during the recent runaway strike in the New York trucking industry, long a mobster stronghold, some of the hoodlums showed their hand. Though the public was unaware of it, one of the demands made by some rank-and-file strike leaders was the junking of a "supplementary clause" in the contract which barred New York teamsters from taking trucks beyond the Hackensack River in New Jersey. This clause was something the New York mobs, operating through sections of the Teamsters Union, had objected to for years because it limited the area over which they could use gangster tactics on New York drivers. Mayor O'Dwyer charged that Communists were prolonging the strike, but the charge could have been leveled with greater accuracy against the mobsters.

Anyone reading through the new agreement will see that the clause has been dropped.

Furthermore, all through the so-called "uncontrollable" strike, it was possible for truck owners to obtain drivers and to have their vans "escorted" through the tough, roving picket lines.

"There are three telephone numbers the operators can call for protection," one of the highest Teamsters Brotherhood officials told the writers during the damaging walkout which cut food and newsprint from New Yorkers. The telephone numbers were those of one prominent New Jersey and two Manhattan gang leaders, it was said.

The mobs also are active again along the New York water front. The kickback and loan-shark rackets, on which some of the hoodlum fraternity thrived, were badly dented during the war, but it is said there that organized cargo thefts and extortion are flourishing once more.

AMONG the influential men on the New York water front is John "Cockeye" Dunn, who has a formidable reputation. He has managed an A.F.L. federal local of platform loaders since 1935. The A.F.L. issued a charter to him for this local, although he had previously served a three-year sentence in Sing Sing for robbery.

He went to jail again in 1942 for coercive action during a wartime strike which kept two British freighters from joining a convoy. But on his release he resumed his position and still holds it. The A.F.L. has not seen fit to act against him, though during his trial in 1942 the head of the New York rackets bureau charged he was the leader of one of four mobs which had turned the New York water front into a "Western outlaw frontier." It is a matter of record that five men have been killed in a war over control of a single I.L.A. local.

Dunn's case is especially interesting because it involves a local holding an A.F.L. federal charter. These charters are issued directly by the A.F.L. office in Washington. Anyone who has the necessary connection

MBB
It's a Gift
ZIPPO
Windproof
LIGHTER
The Lighter that made the World Lighter-Conscious
ZIPPO MFG. CO. BRADFORD, PA.

**Exquisite Engine Turned Case in 14K Gold, $175*, or Silver, $20*. Plain Gold Case, $165*; Plain Silver, $15*.**
*(*plus 20% Federal Tax).*
**Silver-like finish $2.50. Three initials or facsimile signature, engraved, $1.00 extra. Sports motifs, fraternal or club emblems, also Firm Insignia, Trade Mark, etc., available as special gifts, prizes, etc.**
**ORDER FROM YOUR FAVORITE DEALER**

with the A.F.L. officialdom and is willing to pay per capita tax for a handful of members can get one. The federal locals are not subject to check or investigation by any agency except the national A.F.L. office and its regional directors. The laxity of these agents in all matters except per capita tax collection is notorious. As a result, hoodlums often have been able to use such locals in establishing themselves in the labor business.

A prize example of this is the operations of Ben Pross, currently the executive secretary of the New York branch of the Wine, Liquor, and Distillery Workers Union. Pross, who has served two jail terms for fraud and has been indicted and fined once for black-market liquor sales, has at one time or another been associated with seventeen unions, most of them federal locals. The A.F.L. officials in Washington, who are aware of Pross's record, as they are of Dunn's, have never done anything to discourage his participation. Officially they merely point out that they are much too busy with national and international matters to police thousands of small federal locals throughout the nation.

A vacation is a short period of time during which you go broke trying to make strangers believe you couldn't!—*Peggy Caroline Fears.*

The hoodlum fraternity gets its money in many different ways. It extorts money from employers whose workers it controls, using the threat to strike as a club. It collects fat sums from employers in return for signing agreements which constitute a "sell-out" of the workers. The mobsters also do a huge business in selling non-union employers protection against union organizers.

In most cases employers who hire hoodlums to protect them from unions live to regret it. There is one Eastern manufacturer who has paid a mobster $25,000 a year for the past ten years, and is unable to shake him. When the wartime boom came along, and with it closer government surveillance of rackets, some of the racketeers decided that it was bad economics to take merely "protection" money, and they "bought out" the manufacturers they had been protecting.

Manufacturers and labor officials who, for one reason or another, have been forced into dealings with the mobs say that the mob leaders now are even more onerous than when Lepke and Gurrah ruled the underworld. "Lepke was at least a business man," one employer observed recently. "When he made a deal he stuck to it, and he forced many of the lesser hoodlums to do the same. But the men who've taken over are greedier, and you never know where you stand with them."

These incidents are not isolated. Regrettably, they are part of a pattern emerging in many of our large industries. A veteran labor official who has been watching the gangs' renewed activities since V-J Day told the writers recently, "I don't think we're going to have a repetition of the days when the Capone mobs had more power in the A.F.L. than John Lewis, when they threw bombs, looted union treasuries, and kidnaped union leaders. But there is going to be trouble."

All this may surprise those who believed that the F.B.I. and a few tough district attorneys had squelched all the racketeers. Unfortunately, more racketeers were disposed of in newspaper headlines than in reality, though labor today is cleaner than at any time since the late '20s when the racketeers first fanned out in the labor movement. Some A.F.L. unions, formerly racket-ridden, have cleaned house.

THE C.I.O. has been free of gangsters because most of its leaders and organizers—such as young James Carey, national C.I.O. secretary, and Walter Reuther, auto union president — are ardent crusaders who swung into the C.I.O. to get away from old-line union practices. Some of the C.I.O.'s affiliates, however, are beset by a form of political corruption that has cost C.I.O. members hundreds of thousands of dollars. This corruption is centered in the small but voluble section of the C.I.O. controlled by Communists. This left-wing bloc constitutes the bedrock of Communist strength in America.

These Communist-dominated unions have spent large sums helping to finance the "peace," "civil liberties," foreign relief, and political front organizations created by the Communist Party in the past decade. Not a small part of the money which found its way — legally — from the left-wing union treasuries into pro-Communist coffers went for publications which follow the Communist line without deviation.

Honest labor officials eye the future with misgiving. They know that a revival of open labor racketeering, no matter how limited its scope, will again blacken labor before the public and create a vicious problem for them. Yet there is little that individual labor officials can do about it, despite the outcry against them.

"It is easy for people to criticize labor for failing to curb racketeers," one prominent union official said, "and some of this criticism is obviously justified. But how can the public expect labor officials to clean up racketeers whom the F.B.I., district attorneys, and police forces have failed to apprehend? How can we succeed where the government, with its vast power, has failed?"

That, for the American public no less than for labor, is going to be the sixty-four-dollar question in the months ahead.

THE END

LOOK! It doesn't show on my skin!

Why smear messy stuff on skin irritations when you don't have to? *Apply invisible Zemacol.* It provides a soothing film of medication that quickly relieves that itching and burning. *And it doesn't show on your skin!*

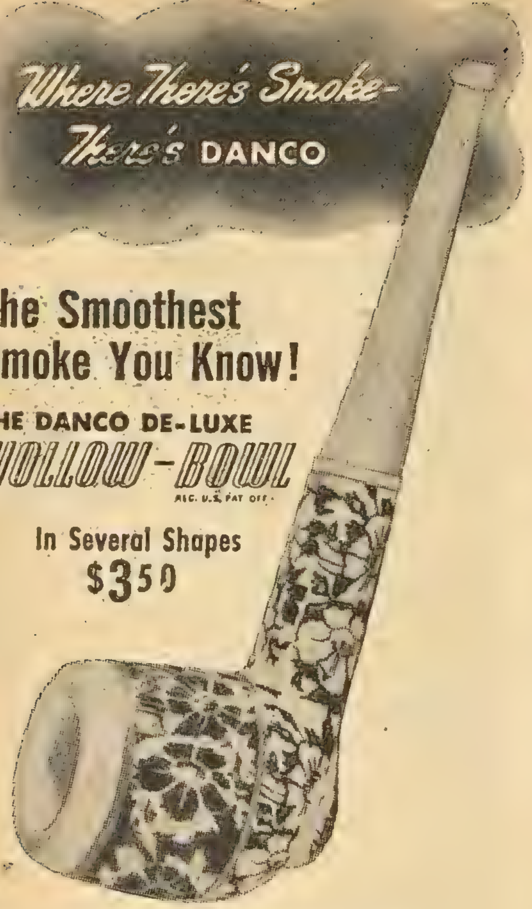
✓ **INVISIBLE**—*like a transparent bandage—no one knows it's there but you.*

✓ **GREASELESS**—*doesn't stain clothes or bedding.*

✓ **MEDICATED**—Antiseptic, Germicidal, Fungicidal. *Kills germs, bacteria, fungi on contact.*

Try ZEMACOL—50¢ and $1 at druggists.

Zemacol
RELIEVES ITCHING AND BURNING OF
✓ECZEMA
✓POISON IVY OR OAK
✓CHIGGERS
✓MOSQUITO BITES
✓HEAT RASH
✓SUNBURN, WINDBURN
✓HIVES
✓PRICKLY HEAT
✓DRY CHAPPED SKIN
FOR EXTERNAL USE ONLY
Norwich
A Norwich Product


Where There's Smoke-
There's DANCO

**The Smoothest Smoke You Know!**

THE DANCO DE-LUXE
HOLLOW-BOWL
REG. U.S. PAT OFF.

In Several Shapes
$3.50

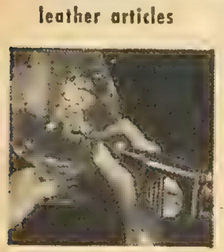
For that smooth, relaxing smoke there's nothing like the Danco De-Luxe Hollow-Bowl . . . the pipe with the famous double-bowl that traps bitter juices and is simply cleaned by washing. Attractive porcelain bowl permanently etched in brilliant maroon and gold designs. Inspired by old-world Bohemian glass masterpieces. A prize pipe for every man.

At better stores everywhere or write to:
**DANCO PIPES**
99 HUDSON STREET • NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

S. CLAUS
WORKSHOP
MERRY XMAS
FOLKS, HERE'S A GRAND GIFT FOR ANYONE!
BURGESS
vibro-tool

**COMPLETE OUTFIT FOR ONLY $16.50**

Tools leather and leather articles

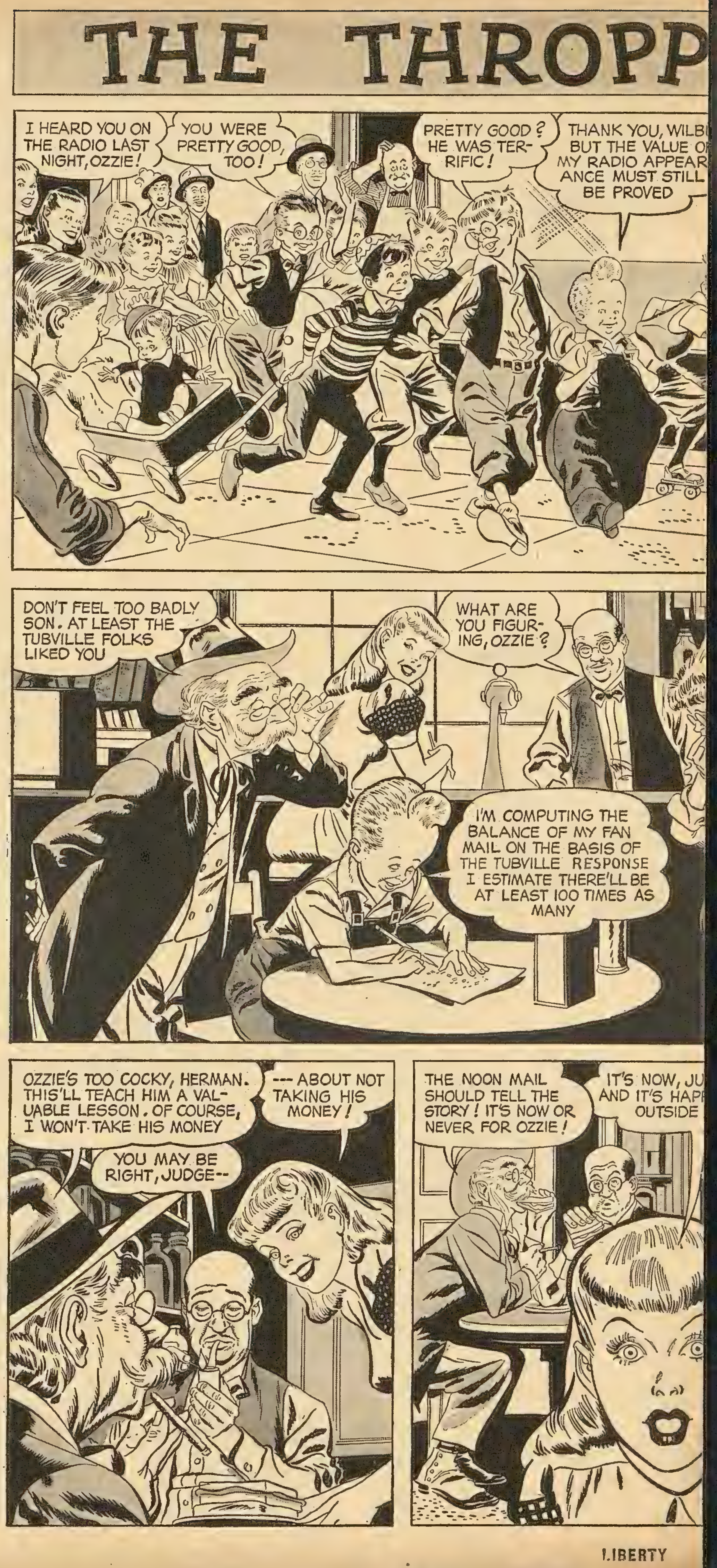


Decorates glass and glass objects.

Whatever your age...whether you're a real, dyed-in-the-wool hobbyist, or just like to "tinker"... you can get a new thrill every day from the Vibro-Tool. Engraves on jewelry; tools leather; decorates glass, plastics, metals; carves on wood; cuts out linoleum blocks, cardboard. Easy to use! Adds pleasure and profit to leisure hours. Plugs into any ordinary AC electrical outlet. The Vibro-Tool with engraving needle, $7.50.

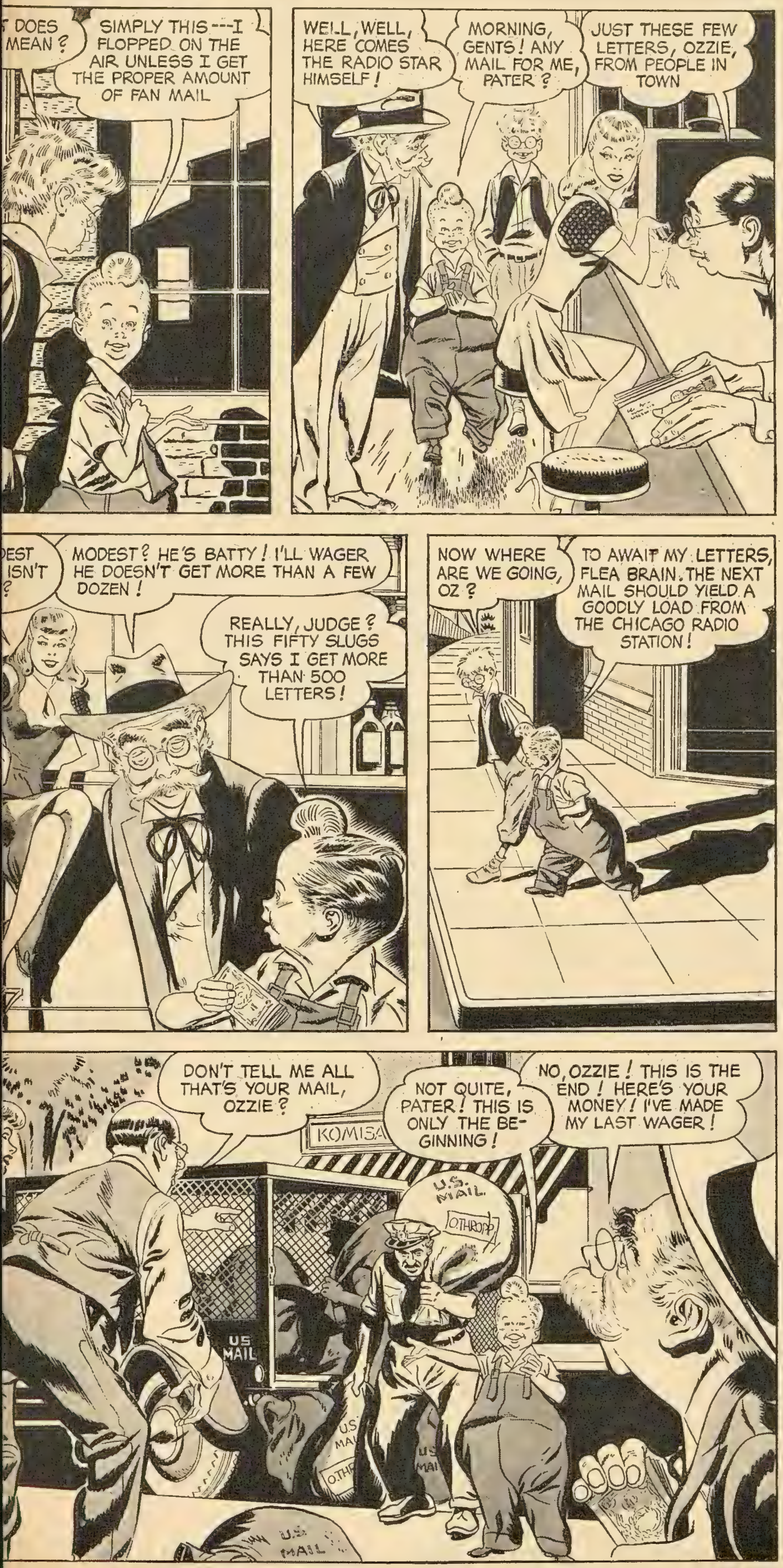
The Vibro-Tool, 22 attachments and sharpening stone in handsome polished wood case, as shown, only $16.50. See your dealer or order direct for pre-Christmas delivery.

HANDICRAFT DIVISION
**BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY**
194 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

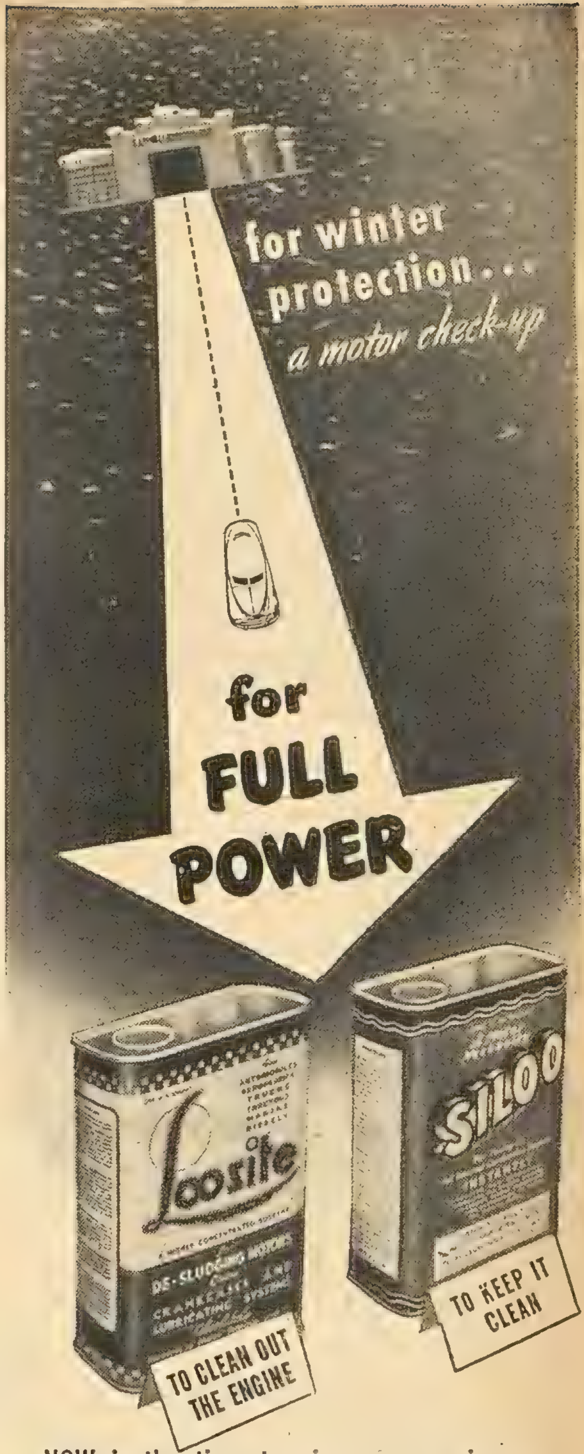

THE THROPP
I HEARD YOU ON THE RADIO LAST NIGHT, OZZIE!
YOU WERE PRETTY GOOD, TOO!
PRETTY GOOD? HE WAS TER-RIFIC!
THANK YOU, WILB BUT THE VALUE O MY RADIO APPEAR ANCE MUST STILL BE PROVED
DON'T FEEL TOO BADLY SON. AT LEAST THE TUBVILLE FOLKS LIKED YOU
WHAT ARE YOU FIGUR-ING, OZZIE?
I'M COMPUTING THE BALANCE OF MY FAN MAIL ON THE BASIS OF THE TUBVILLE RESPONSE I ESTIMATE THERE'LL BE AT LEAST 100 TIMES AS MANY
OZZIE'S TOO COCKY, HERMAN. THIS'LL TEACH HIM A VAL-UABLE LESSON. OF COURSE, I WON'T TAKE HIS MONEY
--- ABOUT NOT TAKING HIS MONEY!
YOU MAY BE RIGHT, JUDGE--
THE NOON MAIL SHOULD TELL THE STORY! IT'S NOW OR NEVER FOR OZZIE!
IT'S NOW, JU AND IT'S HAP OUTSIDE

# FAMILY

*Written by* **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
*Illustrated by* **DONLOU**


T DOES MEAN ?
SIMPLY THIS---I FLOPPED ON THE AIR UNLESS I GET THE PROPER AMOUNT OF FAN MAIL
WELL, WELL, HERE COMES THE RADIO STAR HIMSELF !
MORNING, GENTS ! ANY MAIL FOR ME, PATER ?
JUST THESE FEW LETTERS, OZZIE, FROM PEOPLE IN TOWN
DEST ISN'T ?
MODEST ? HE'S BATTY ! I'LL WAGER HE DOESN'T GET MORE THAN A FEW DOZEN !
REALLY, JUDGE ? THIS FIFTY SLUGS SAYS I GET MORE THAN 500 LETTERS !
NOW WHERE ARE WE GOING, OZ ?
TO AWAIT MY LETTERS, FLEA BRAIN. THE NEXT MAIL SHOULD YIELD A GOODLY LOAD FROM THE CHICAGO RADIO STATION !
DON'T TELL ME ALL THAT'S YOUR MAIL, OZZIE ?
NOT QUITE, PATER ! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING !
NO, OZZIE ! THIS IS THE END ! HERE'S YOUR MONEY ! I'VE MADE MY LAST WAGER !
KOMISA
U.S. MAIL
OTHROPP
US MAIL

*Continued next week*


for winter protection . . . a motor check-up
for FULL POWER
Loosite
DE-SLUDGING MOTORS
SILOO
TO CLEAN OUT THE ENGINE
TO KEEP IT CLEAN

NOW is the time to give your engine a check-up in preparation for the tough winter driving ahead. The first and most important part of a good check-up is a **LOOSITE** treatment to clean the engine thoroughly — because only a clean engine can be adjusted properly for full power. Then **SILOO**, poured in the crankcase with every oil change, keeps your engine factory-clean — makes starting easier — also minimizes winter rust and corrosion.

If you have a new car, **SILOO** will assist in the break-in. But whether your car is new or old, always use **SILOO** with every oil change to assure a continuously clean engine.

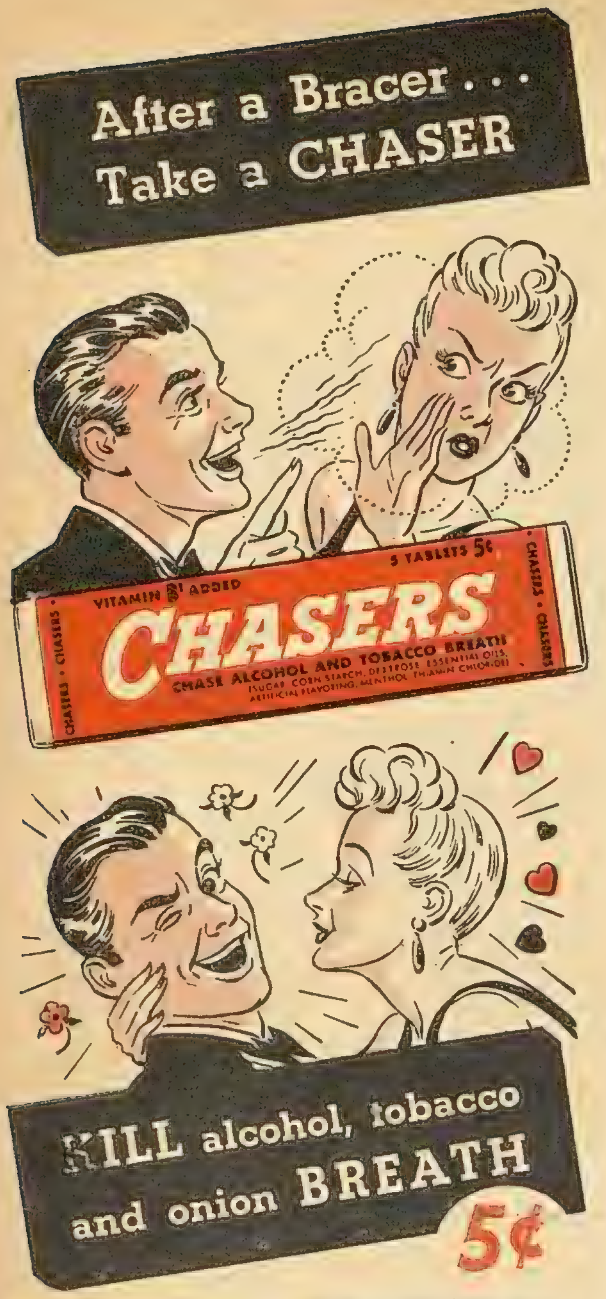
A **LOOSITE-SILOO** treatment will show immediate results in power, pick-up and performance on any make car regardless of type or brand of oil used. Compounded by the world's largest exclusive manufacturer of all kinds of petroleum solvents.

**see your dealer or service station today**

SOLVENTS FOR ALL TYPES OF PETROLEUM RESIDUES
**Petroleum Solvents**
CORPORATION

General Offices: 331 Madison Avenue, New York 17
Petroleum Solvents Corp. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal
Plant and Laboratories: Port Reading, New Jersey

**IF YOU HEAT WITH OIL — WRITE FOR INFORMATION ON SILOO FUEL OIL TANK SOLVENT**



Why does a $6,000 House Cost $10,000?

Practically everything that goes into a house is Black Market. An outspoken builder tells why in next week's Liberty. Why nails are scarce as hen's teeth. Why shingles worth $7.25 cost $11 . . . if you can find them. Why poor plumbing costs more than good plumbing should. Is this another case of too much control . . . with profiteers-in-the-middle growing rich? Get the facts, in

BLACK MARKET IN HOMES

in November 30th Liberty
out November 22nd

## A HUSBAND FOR JULIA

Continued from page 31

"Wait here," I said "Julia's going up to have a reunion with Hugo."

Curt gave me a paternal kiss on the cheek. "I met Julia on the bus. I thought I might take you youngsters to the zoo this afternoon and stuff you with peanuts. It's a nice day. But who's Hugo?"

"Millionaire," I said urgently. "Texas. You know."

Curt's face cleared. "My Lord, yes. The penny-hoarder. I'll be damned if I'll take him to the zoo and match him for a round of ice-cream cones."

"You won't have to. We'll leave him and Julia alone. I think he wants to marry Julia."

Curt sank down on a step. "You don't mean Julia would marry—Annie, don't be ridiculous."

"You don't know Julia," I said darkly. "She has quite a taste for mink coats. Suppressed, naturally."

"She'd never get Hugo to buy her a mink coat."

"You don't know Julia," I repeated. "Besides, mink is the sort of thing Hugo would think of as an investment. Hugo likes things that have value."

"Does Julia's family know about this?"

I sat down beside him. It was a close fit but I liked it. "Julia's twenty-one. Lots of women are married and have children at that age."

He put a friendly arm around me. "Sure, sure, I know. But what is your burning interest in getting Julia a husband?"

"No house is big enough to hold two women," I said. "And when the house is only a one-room apartment—"

"You mean you two girls aren't getting along so well together?"

I HESITATED. Curt has a sense of responsibility about us. If he decided there was something wrong between Julia and me, it would be just like him to write mom.

"Not at all," I said. "But you have no idea how tough it is for two girls to live in a one-room apartment. When one of us brings a date home, the other has to lurk in the bathroom. We never have any privacy at all, we— Besides, Julia is terribly in love with Hugo."

"Oh," he said. "Oh, and what are your plans, ducky? Whom are you planning to lure when you get Cousin Julia out of the way?"

My face flamed. Some faint hope had flashed through my head that with Julia out of the way, I might fix Curt a few steak dinners and see if that were the way to his heart. But you can't tell a man that!

"Why," I said, "I'll just be able to get more sleep nights so I can do better on my job."

He looked at me oddly. "O.K. Only I'll be dropping in on you once in a while, to be sure you're getting your rest."

I took his hand. "Of course, Curt. And there's just one more thing. I know it's an imposition, with hotel rooms so hard to get, and you know how Hugo's father is about spending an unnecessary penny and—"

Curt returned my hand to me. "What on earth are you chattering about?"

"Curt, Hugo hasn't any place to stay except with an uncle way out in Stamford and he is only going to be here for a month. During the daytime he will be busy with some business for his father, and if he has to take the train and go out to Stamford every night—well, it's going to make it awfully hard for him to see Julia often—as often as he'd like."

"Too bad. Only what has that to do with me?"

"Curt, you have that couch in your living room. I know it isn't very comfortable, but it's only for a month."

"What are you talking about?"

"It's unfair for you to leave a veteran out in the street to sleep on park benches when—"

CURT shook his head. "Hugo has been out of the army two years. Besides, he never did anything but sit at a desk in Washington and shine his brass while I was getting a sun tan in Okinawa. Besides, he's rich. Besides, he has an uncle in Stamford. However. Does it mean a lot to you?"

I nodded vigorously. "Oh, yes, Curt. Julia has dreamed of marrying a millionaire ever since she was a little girl."

"I said *you*, bunny? What's your pitch?"

I gulped. "I—I guess I just want to be alone and have the use of my own stockings."

He stood up. "O.K. I'll do what I can. Maybe I can take it for a month, if Hugo isn't quite so grim as I remember him. Let's go up and give a look."

We didn't go to the zoo, after all. The four of us spent a long day together. We went for a walk, and we sat on benches in the park and enjoyed the free scenery, and afterward we had dinner at an outside café. All through it I was thinking how much I ought to be enjoying everything.

For everything was working out fine. Curt had offered his living-room couch to Hugo and Hugo accepted gratefully. Julia's blue eyes were blazing with excitement. Every time she picked up a cigarette, there was a race between them to see who would light it. Every time she opened her mouth to make a simple remark, they both doubled over at her wit.

I lighted my own cigarettes. It was understandable that Hugo would be attentive to Julia. It was understandable and advisable. But Curt had always before treated her the same way he treated me, like one of the brats from home. It made me mad to think that Hugo's interest in Julia would make Curt jealous.

For jealous he was. There was no mistaking it. After the boys argued over the check, and Curt won in a breeze, they walked us home, and Curt didn't give Hugo and Julia a moment alone. And after I had showered and was getting into bed, Julia was still standing at our long mirror admiring herself.

"Annie," she said, "I think this dress of yours does something for me. Would you sell it to me?"

I pulled the covers up around my ears. "No, and that's final. Now take it off and go to bed. I have to be at work at nine o'clock tomorrow, even if you don't."

She made a face. "I think you're mean. Why—even Curt acted differently toward me tonight. Didn't you notice?"

"Yes," I said.

I was late to work the next morning because I decided to wear the red dress myself and I had to stop to clean a spot Julia had dropped on it.

THE department was in a tizzy because we had a new manager, a fat-faced boy named Jim Hocker who had been promoted from advertising. It was a bad break for me, because Jim had asked me for dates a couple of times and I had given him the brush.

This morning he looked pointedly at his watch and told me I would have to wait until he had given out the rest of the assignments. Comparison shopping is not an easy life at best. You spend your whole day running around to other stores to find out how their sales are doing, and whether the fish bowls they are offering at $2.79 are better than the ones you are selling. The worst assignments are the bargain sales. To spend a day checking a sale, and to be pushed and stepped on by women and to keep out of the sight of the floor manager so he won't suspect you of being a pickpocket or a spy—you should try it sometime.

Jim had a honey for me: a girdle sale in the wilds of Brooklyn.

"Jim," I protested, "you ought to know that I'll be spotted if I go to a girdle sale. I haven't the kind of figure that needs a girdle. If I hang around there all day—"

"Please call me Mr. Hocker," Jim said. "I'm head of your department now, Annie."

I ate a large chunk of humble pie. "Mr. Hocker," I said, "I can't tell you how thrilled we—I am at your appointment. It's not often that we girls get a young and handsome boss."

He looked stern. "Annie, you run along to that girdle sale. Just find out how it is going. Then come back and have lunch with me—business, of course. This department hasn't been functioning very well and I hope you can help me reorganize it."

I fled to Brooklyn and fled back again to late lunch in the employees' cafeteria with Jim Hocker. He soon made it evident that his interest in me wasn't limited to the price of girdles. I was a slick chick, and he bet I could jitter, and maybe you wouldn't believe it, but he was quite the night-life boy himself. I smiled numbly and said it was a wretched shame, but right now I was bogged down by a visiting fireman from Texas. He said, get rid of him fast, and I promised; and every time I looked up from my reports all afternoon, he winked at me.

It was awful. When I got home at six o'clock, my head ached, my feet hurt, and my red dress was a mess.

Julia and Curt and Hugo were having cocktails, some venomous green concoction. Hugo poured me one and it tasted just as bad as it looked. But Julia and Curt were sitting close together on her studio couch drinking one after another and giggling quite a lot. For dinner, Hugo had in mind a little Italian joint which was cheap, filling, and fast. But Curt vetoed him blandly and suggested The Village Gold Coast, which is famous for hot music and high prices. He and Julia wanted to dance, he insisted. I said my feet couldn't take it.

I went to bed with scrambled eggs and the radio while they went out. It was a pattern for the following evenings. The three of them did the town, while I stretched out on my bed of pain. Finally, on Saturday night, they invited me to go with them to some new Russian spot which had a rumba band. They all urged me to go, especially Hugo, and I was getting tired of sitting home not answering the telephone for fear it might be Jim Hocker. So I said yes.

THE Russian place was a typical hole, with a dance floor the size of a pea pod, waiters in high boots, and a menu that was absolutely unintelligible. The orchestra started blaring out a rumba, Julia and Curt clapped hands and leaped to the dance floor. Hugo stared at me.

"I'm going to have a double whisky," he said. "Will you join me?" I said yes, and he ordered that for us and something called a Vodka Bomb for Julia and Curt. He paid for the drinks with a staggering indifference toward a ten-dollar bill.

"Annie," he said, "I'm getting depressed."

I took a long swallow of my drink. "Sure, why not?"

"Julia's letters were so friendly and I came to New York planning to have a fine time with her, and what do I do? Sit around in expensive dives while they dance. Does Harrison want to marry her?"

I shrugged. Then the highball glass shook in my hand and I put it down quickly. The rumba beat in my head like a tom-tom and I thought I was going to be sick. Curt marry Julia? Well, why not? Curt was just a junior member of his law firm now, but everybody said he was

What does PRE-TIMED BY ELECTRONICS mean?

It means a new and higher standard of timekeeping performance . . . the removal of all uncertainty and guesswork in checking the accuracy of a watch.

That's why every Pierce Watch is *electronically pre-timed . . .* subjected to the most scientific and rigid test ever devised to assure accurate and dependable timekeeping.

Honored the world over for their superb craftsmanship, Pierce Watches are now available in exquisite Parisian-designed models for men and women. $25 to $1000. Write for Booklet Y-4.

SINCE 1883
**pierce**
Official Watch of Trans Caribbean Airways

★ WATCHES OF TESTED ACCURACY

Pierce Watch Co., Inc., 22 W. 48th St., New York 19
THE GOLDSMITHS' CO. OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO
Makers of the Famous 4-in-1 CHRONOGRAPH and PARASHOCK

SAFEGUARD AGAINST ATHLETE'S FOOT and BLISTERS with DALE VENT-O-SOLE MED. WT.
1.00 post paid Per Pair
U. S. Army and British Govt. bought millions. Woven plastic shoe ventilator flows air under feet—helps prevent infection, keeps feet dry, rids shoes of perspiration. Retards fungi. Guaranteed. Order heavy duty ($1.25) for sport shoes.
Dale Vent-O-Sole, Inc., 45 Halleck St., Newark 4, N. J.

Again Available!
TWENTY GRAND RAZOR BLADES 10¢ PER Package
WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Spencer, Ind.

Marlboro
Shirts ★ Sportswear
FOR MEN AND PREP MEN

Don't forget my 'Chap Stick'

**Susie's 'CHAP STICK'** is as personal as her toothbrush—and just about as important when wind and weather chap and crack those tender lips. *Specially medicated—specially soothing*—'CHAP STICK' is the lip balm that proved a boon to our Armed Forces in all parts of the world. *Buy* 'CHAP STICK' *for everyone in your family.*

GET THE ONE AND ONLY
FLEET'S ChapStick
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
25¢ *no tax*
KEEPS LIPS FIT

Get Well
QUICKER
From Your Cough
Due to a Cold
FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

TEACH HIM HOW TO SHAVE WITH MY UNUSUAL BELLO
Avoid old blade cuts
hollow-grinding abrasive strop. sharpener. Gives 50plus, CONSTANT COMFORT. fast, clean shaves per double edge blade. HE-MAN'S GIFT. SERVICEMAN'S GODSEND. *Col. J. Joy, Texas, says: "3 blades 15 years in my Bello; one 1917 paint scraper gave perfect shaves."*
SEND $4.95 OR WRITE
Bello. Ltd., N. E. Frissell, Gardner 9, Mass. & 5176 dealers
Hammacher Schlemmer; Marshall Field; AMA stores like Lewis Conger; Filene; Macy; Higbee; W-Lothrop; DevPaxon; HarveyC; Pogue; May; Mandel; EKern; JReed; Dayton; FBarr; FNelson; MFranz

LEG SUFFERERS
Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used *while you walk.* More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.
FREE BOOKLET
LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. 37-M Milwaukee, Wisconsin

PROVES WONDERFUL
to promptly relieve itching of
SKIN RASHES
Also Aids Healing!
Here's a Doctor's antiseptic formula—Zemo—a stainless *liquid* which appears *invisible* on the skin—yet so highly medicated that first applications relieve itching, burning of simple skin rashes, Eczema, Athlete's Foot and similar skin and scalp irritations due to external cause. Zemo is backed by an amazing record of success! First trial convinces. In 3 sizes. For severe cases ask for special *Extra Strength* ZEMO

smart. He would make money himself, and when his father died he would come into a nice chunk of Harrison money. Curt might not buy Julia mink coats now, but he would some day. I groaned. I had been a very smart girl. I had asked Curt to help me get Julia married and he had co-operated. How he had co-operated!

"I guess so," I said. "He always used to treat her like a kid, but now—well, he seems to realize that she is grown up."

Hugo finished his highball in a gulp and summoned a waiter.

"Have another?" he asked me.

I shook my head. He ordered for himself and turned back to me.

"Whisky is the only thing that keeps me alive," he said hoarsely. "If my father could see me now!"

The rumba crashed around us and the ice melted in the Vodka Bombs, and I wished I could be struck by lightning. In fact, I thought I was when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked up into Jim Hocker's pig eyes.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

He winked. "I told you I was more of a playboy than you'd suspect."

I tried grimly to smile. After all, he was my boss.

"Annie," he said, "my date's in the powder room. Would your friends mind if I danced with you until she came back?"

"Hugo," I said. "Hugo darling, this is Jim Hocker."

Hugo presented a glazed face.

"No," I said, "he won't mind."

Jim—I assumed that I could call him Jim on social occasions—steered me toward the dance floor. He was an energetic if unorthodox dancer. In fact, he managed to achieve a kind of jitterbug effect on the rumba. Everybody on the floor was staring at us, even Julia and Curt. I closed my eyes and ground my teeth. It was for such as Jim Hocker that I was going to have an apartment alone.

THE dinner ended with Hugo paying the check, but I was beyond surprise. Curt and Julia were off dancing again. Pretty soon they came back to the table and said that the dancing was over until midnight, so hadn't we better go someplace livelier?"

"I have to go home," I said. "I'm expecting a telephone call."

Julia looked at me in surprise. "Why, darling, who—"

"Nobody you know. You haven't been home enough to catch up with my private life lately," I said. "You go on, I'll get a cab. Or maybe Hugo would like to take me home."

Hugo squared his shoulders. "No. No, I think not. I'll go on with Curt and Julia. I might like to dance myself."

But he took me to the cab and gave the driver a dollar to pay for the trip.

I took a cold shower and a hot bath. I remembered that I had eaten almost no dinner and fixed myself a peanut-butter sandwich which stuck in my throat like sawdust. I went from a mystery story to love poems and back to the mystery story. Then the telephone rang. Jim Hocker, I said to myself. His girl is in the powder room. I didn't answer. After a long time, it stopped. I tried to go back to my mystery story. Then the telephone screamed again. I threw the book on the floor and went toward the telephone.

It was Julia.

"DARLING," she said, "I was so afraid you weren't there. Pack a bag for me, will you, like a lamb? Curt will be down for it."

"A bag? You're going to move in with the boys?"

She laughed. "Don't be a goose. Just a few things are all I need, but be sure to get my best underwear. And if that chiffon nightie of yours is back from the wash, could I—"

"Julia! What are you doing?"

"Why, darling, we're eloping. We're up here at the Troc in the most divine little booth and we have a phone at the table and I'm going to call Gailsburg in a minute and tell the folks and— What's wrong, Annie?"

"Nothing," I said. "Nothing at all. What will your mother say?"

"Oh, mother is delighted. I've already hinted what was happening, and I had the most thrilled letter this morning. I—Oh, Annie, don't be mad because you can't come with us. There just isn't room in the cab, what with the bags and all. You understand."

"Of course. I'll have the bag ready for Curt."

I packed for Julia's honeymoon. I couldn't feel even bitter toward Julia, either. I couldn't blame her for falling in love with Curt. I could only blame myself.

The chiffon nightgown was back from the laundry and Julia was almost out of handkerchiefs, so I dumped in half a dozen of mine, figuring the bride should have something to cry into if she wanted to shed a few honest tears of emotion.

I was just locking up the suitcase when the doorbell rang. Two twirps—Curt's joke for man-on-the-way-up. I drew my old robe around me and ran my fingers through my hair; but I didn't even bother with lipstick, because what would a prospective bridegroom be doing looking at my lips?

Curt took the stairs three at a time and plunged into my room panting like a buffalo.

"You'd better have a glass of water," I said coldly. "You're too old to run up five flights of stairs."

He accepted the glass of water and grinned at me. "I'm twenty-five, which isn't exactly decrepit. And I feel fifteen."

"Between you and me there is a difference. I'm twenty and I feel precisely eighty-five."

TWO-GUN TONTO
NOW PLAYING
H

"It wasn't worth being good all week for!"
LIBERTY

Curt stared at me. "Aren't you glad? Aren't you pleased about the way papa worked it out?"

"Yes. Yes, indeed. Congratulations, Curt. Only it really wasn't such a terribly difficult trick, was it?"

He reached up and pulled me down on his lap. "What on earth's the matter, kitten? You wanted the apartment to yourself, didn't you? You asked me to help you get Julia married."

Tears came into my eyes and I turned my head away so he wouldn't see them. "Sure, sure, I just want to be alone."

He stopped in the middle of a laugh. "Who in heaven's name was the gent you were dancing with?"

"That was my boss, Jim Hocker. But he's not against combining business with pleasure."

Curt got to his feet, dumping me on mine at the same time. "What are you yapping about? You're not interested in that two-footed creature, are you?"

"How many feet do you expect a man to have?"

Curt put an arm around my waist and with a swift gesture upended me over his knee. I began to struggle, when the telephone rang.

"Damn, that's probably Julia. She's an impatient woman."

Once again I found myself right side up. I got the telephone before Curt, and it was Julia.

"Darling, what's happened to Curt? Is he still there?"

"Yes," I said. "Do you want to talk to him?"

"No, only tell him to hurry. Hugo's awfully impatient."

"Hugo? Is Hugo still there?"

"Why, of course, darling. And, by the way, Annie, if the suitcase isn't closed, would you mind terribly letting me have your red dress? I saw it was just back from the cleaner."

I said the pleasure was all mine, and hung up. Curt took me in his arms and I pulled away.

"You've certainly turned into a senior wolf on the eve of your marriage," I said.

Curt began to laugh. He laughed so hard he had to sit down on a chair. I opened Julia's suitcase and added the red dress.

"You have a wonderful sense of humor," I said. "Julia is going to find life one long scream."

Curt stopped laughing. "Did Julia tell you she was eloping with me?"

"Why, yes—no—I don't know. But the way you two have been acting about each other— Aren't you eloping with Julia?"

He reached for my hand and I found myself sitting on his lap again. "No. No, darling. Listen carefully. Julia is eloping with Hugo. He proposed right in front of me tonight. As a wedding present, she is getting a mink coat. Even if summer is coming on."

My ears were humming. I put a shaking hand on Curt's shoulder.

"Curt. Curt, I'm sorry. Do you feel —awful about it?"

"Listen, you idiot. I feel good. I feel wonderful. I pulled it off. Didn't Julia tell you about our little scheme?"

The blood was beginning to come back into my veins. "What are you talking about?"

"Why, you gave me the idea yourself. You said that Hugo didn't appreciate anything unless he felt it was of value. I figured out that if Hugo thought some other man wanted Julia, he would grab her quick instead of stalling her along, which he might have done if things had looked too easy. So Julia and I played this little game — I thought you knew."

"No," I said. "No, I didn't know. I didn't know anything. I thought that you—Oh, Curt!"

THE tears spilled out of my eyes. Curt released my head and I dropped it down on his shoulder. He patted my back.

"Why, Annie. Why, Annie. I wouldn't have hurt you for the world. Why do you think I've been hanging around here all these months?"

I shook my head.

"Annie, listen. I've been in love with you for ages, only you were such a kid. Look, baby, I wanted you to have your fling in New York. I wanted you to have an apartment alone for a change, and stand on your own feet. I even wanted you to have beaus, but not serious ones. Or maybe I just thought I did, because when I saw you dancing with that goon tonight—"

I put my arms around Curt's neck. I turned my head and his lips landed right on mine. The telephone rang and Curt stirred.

"No," I murmured. "It's only Julia. She can wait a few minutes more. Or then again, it might be Jim Hocker."

We let the telephone ring.

THE END

STOP CORNS!

HERE TODAY
GONE TOMORROW
SORE TOES
CORNS STOPPED

Instant Relief

NEVER wait! ACT at first sign of sore toes from new, tight or stiff shoes! Protect them with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You'll have instant relief. Corns won't have a chance to develop. So, always keep a box handy. But—if you have corns—these thin, soft, soothing cushioning, protective pads will give you almost magical relief—INSTANTLY!

SPEEDILY, GENTLY REMOVE CORNS

You'll marvel, too, how Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly remove corns when used with the separate *Medications* included. Cost but a trifle. Largest selling corn pads in the world. Try them!

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

POEMS WANTED

— For Musical Setting —

Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic or any subject. Don't Delay — Send us your Original Poem at once — for immediate consideration and FREE Rhyming Dictionary.

RICHARD BROTHERS
48 WOODS BUILDING — CHICAGO 1, ILL.

You Can Get Quick Relief for Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Put two drops of Murine in each eye. Then feel your eyes relax. Feel that refreshing, soothing sensation that comes in seconds.

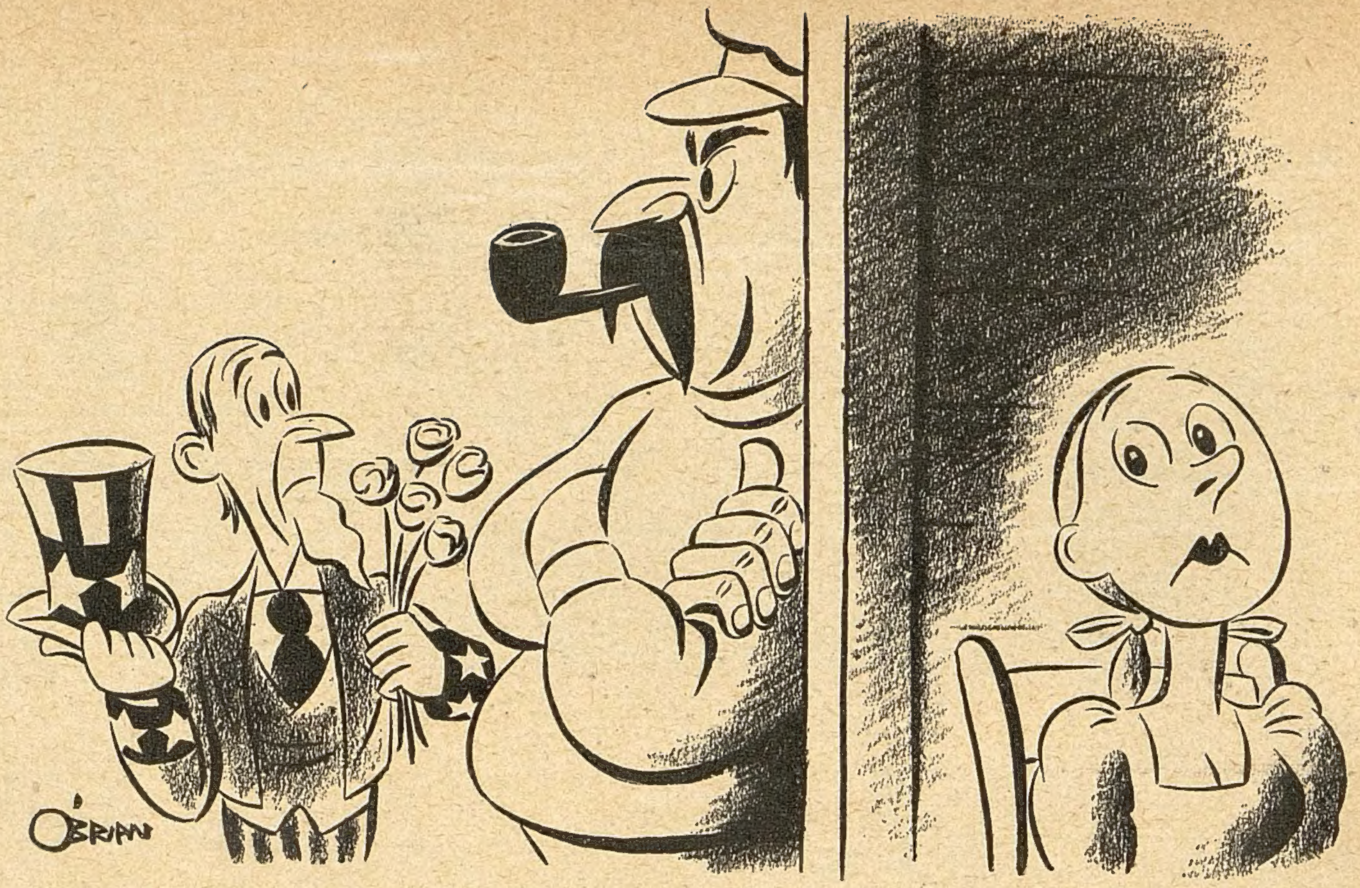
WHAT IS MURINE?

Murine is a scientific blend of seven important ingredients . . . so safe . . . so gentle . . . so soothing . . . so quick. It relieves the discomfort of eyes that are tired from overwork, exposure to sun, wind, dust or smoke. Try Murine today.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

NOV. 23, 1946

**PAUL HUNTER**
*Publisher*
**EDWARD MAHER**
*Editor*



# IT'S NOT OUR FAULT RUSSIA WON'T WARM UP

HENRY WALLACE'S outburst of several weeks ago, which resulted in his departure from the Cabinet, at least has had the effect of focusing attention on our growing difficulties with the Soviet Union. Many citizens who were inclined to look upon these differences as merely the bickerings of diplomats now realize there are ominous undertones. It is evident that Soviet-American relations constitute the greatest problem which the world faces today and which it will face for some time to come.

All of us can agree with Henry on the desirability of getting along with Russia. No one in his right mind wants to go to war with her now or at any future date; but according to Wallace, *we* are responsible for the growing enmity. Our attitude has caused relations to deteriorate. Now, Henry is either right or he is wrong. Each of us, in deciding which, must disregard what he thinks of Wallace personally or, for that matter, what he thinks of Communism. Let's let the record talk.

We came out of the war believing all the slogans and expecting to set up in co-operation with Russia and our other allies a brave new world based upon the Atlantic Charter and aiming at a square deal for all nations. We sought to create an organization of nations empowered to remove the causes of war. We sought to place at its disposal a police force for use if mediation failed to forestall conflict.

It is the Russians, not us, who, through abuse of the veto power, have made a farce of the United Nations. It is the Russians, not us, who have balked repeatedly at setting up the contemplated police force for the United Nations.

We have gained no territory from the war, nor do we seek any. The Russians have annexed three whole countries outright and helped themselves to big chunks of several others. We have dismantled our armed forces at a rate which alarms our less optimistic citizens. The Russians still maintain an army of upward of five million men. We have offered to give up our atom bomb provided we have reasonable assurance other nations don't start making them. Russia, while continuing to cast churlish doubts on our every motive, wants to give only her bare word as such assurance. Our government and our free press have leaned over backward to give Russia the benefit of every doubt. The Soviet organs of propaganda controlled by the government continually whip up hatred and mistrust of the United States through a policy of deliberate lying.

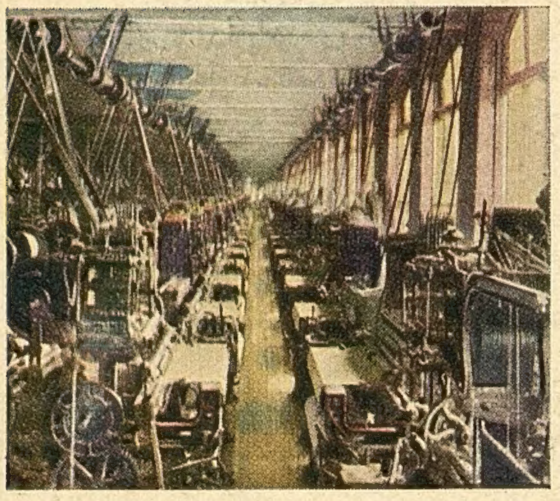
On the record, it seems either naïve or sinister, you can take your choice, to attribute the current state of affairs to our chivying the Russians around when all the known data prove conclusively they have been chivying us around. We have held out the hand of friendship. The Russians have given us the back of theirs.

No one regrets more than the average American this spectacle of the brave new world we fought for deteriorating into the same kind of mess we fought against. However, we've done our best to win the Russians over by displaying the amplitude of our love for them. It's time they came to meet us at least part way.

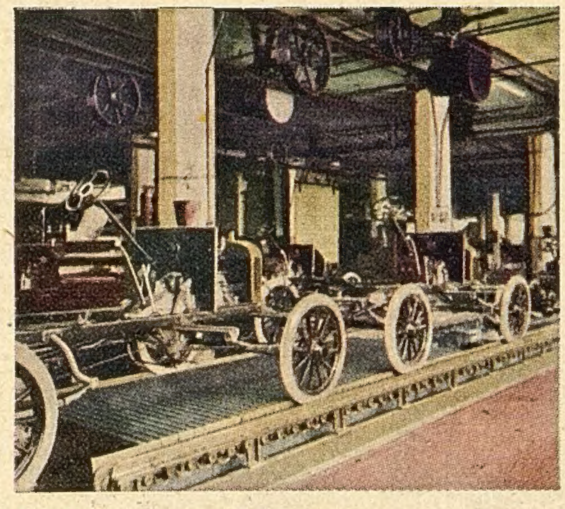
Paul Hunter

**Liberty**
...THE PRESERVATION OF FREEDOM IS THIS MAGAZINE'S PURPOSE

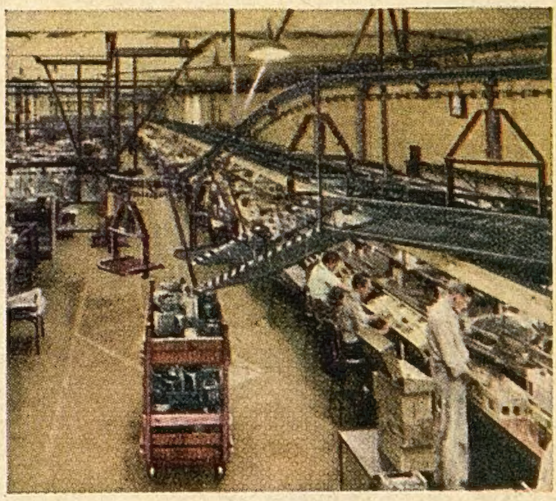
# Will machines rob you of your job?



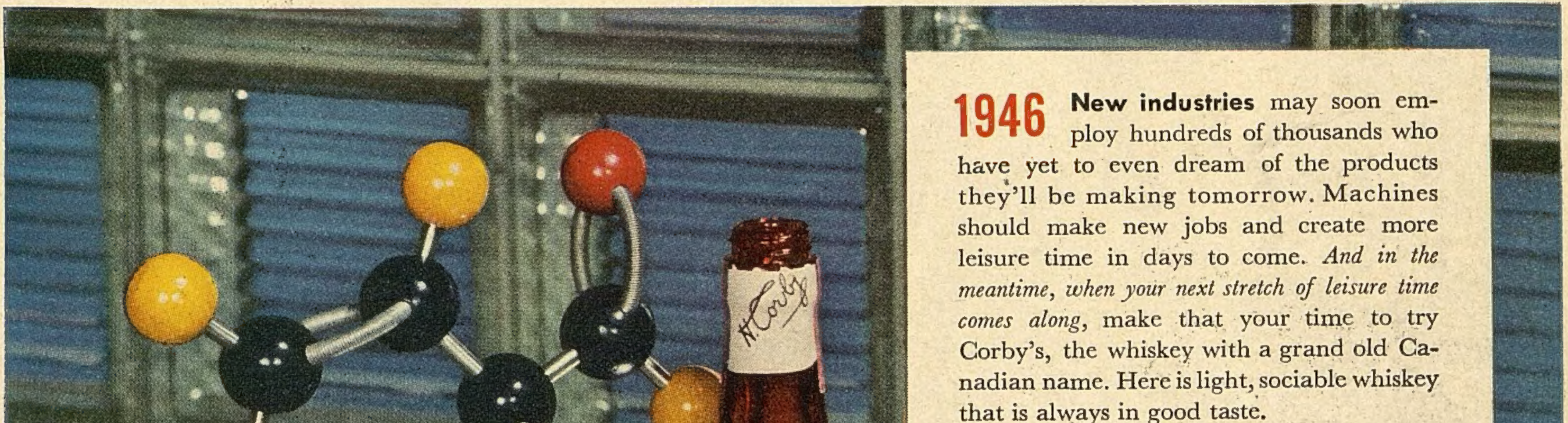
**1878** **Loss of jobs** due to machine production has long been feared by many. In 1878, twenty years after the name Corby's came to Canada, steam driven machinery appeared everywhere. Some of the two million factory people then employed wondered about their futures.



**1915** **Assembly line** methods and machines began to reduce man hours of work for each item made. But these methods brought products once luxuries into mass markets. Factory employment jumped to over six million in Corby's 57th year as a famed Canadian name.



**1926** **Machines helped** create new industries—radio, aircraft, mechanical refrigeration. Seven million were at work in factories, many making products unknown 20 years before. Yet "technological unemployment" became a topic as Corby's reached its 68th year of renown.



**1946** **New industries** may soon employ hundreds of thousands who have yet to even dream of the products they'll be making tomorrow. Machines should make new jobs and create more leisure time in days to come. *And in the meantime, when your next stretch of leisure time comes along,* make that your time to try Corby's, the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Here is light, sociable whiskey that is always in good taste.

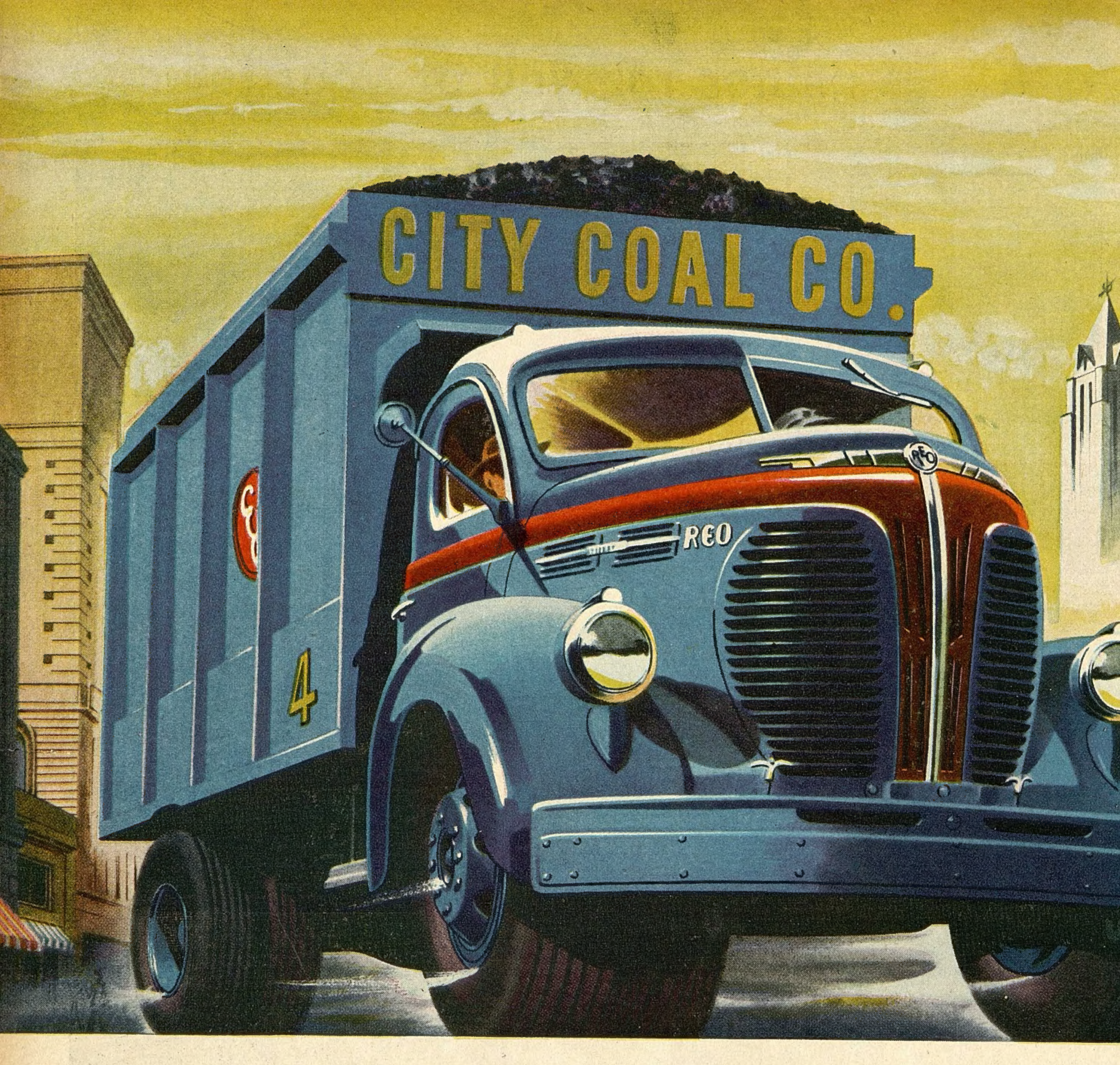
**Peg-and-ball** model above shows how atoms combine to make a molecule.

# CORBY'S

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

## A Grand Old Canadian Name

**PRODUCED IN U.S.A.** *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



## For strength and lugging power... STANDARDIZE ON

# REO

1904 • AMERICA'S TOUGHEST TRUCK • 1946

When fuel deliveries reach their peak, fortunate is the distributor who has standardized on Reo trucks and tractors. Massive, cold-riveted frames—heavy-duty axles, wheels and springs—extra-strength in every chassis part—*all* assure day-in, day-out handling of capacity loads. Abundant lugging power for the heavy loads, long hauls and steep grades is provided by the precision-built engines—and there's speed to spare.

Reo More-Load design gives more load space per inch of wheelbase, with balanced weight distribution and shorter turning radius. Check on the many maintenance and operating features today. There's a dealer, distributor or factory-operated branch nearby. REO MOTORS, INC., Lansing 20, Michigan.

**BUILT, SOLD AND SERVICED BY TRUCK SPECIALISTS**